IS CAROLE LOMBARD IN LOVE AT LAST?

NOV. 14,
1936

Liberty

5¢

JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

WILL THE VETERANS DEMAND MORE MILLIONS?

A STARTLING PROPHECY by WILL IRWIN

KORY BLUFF STORE
BOATS CANOES FOR RENT
CANDY SODA
CIGARS
FISHING TACKLE
VOTE FOR
THOMAS W.J
CONGRE
ETHYL

"Who'd you vote for, Elmer?"

"THERE'S NO CHOICE FOR WINTER BUT ETHYL"...

IT'S ELECTION TIME for gasoline, too. People are picking the gas they'll use to start their cars quickly in the cold weather months that lie ahead.

So most oil companies are now presenting, as their candidate, a special winter motor fuel sold under the Ethyl trademark that keeps its "quick-starting" promise.

These oil companies and their dealers have just filled their Ethyl pumps with the finest kind of quick-starting gasoline —*blended* with enough Ethyl fluid to keep that money-wasting knock (or "ping") out of your engine *after* you've started.

And that's important, because knock cuts down power as it wastes both gasoline and oil; and in winter, driving and road conditions are at their worst. Your very safety depends on instant, full-powered engine response.

It will pay you to change to Ethyl as you change to winter oil and put anti-freeze in your radiator. Your driving this winter will be more comfortable, safer and more economical. And your motor will be in better condition when spring at last arrives.

For Quick Starting **NEXT TIME GET ETHYL**

ETHYL
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

ELECTION NEWS FLASH!

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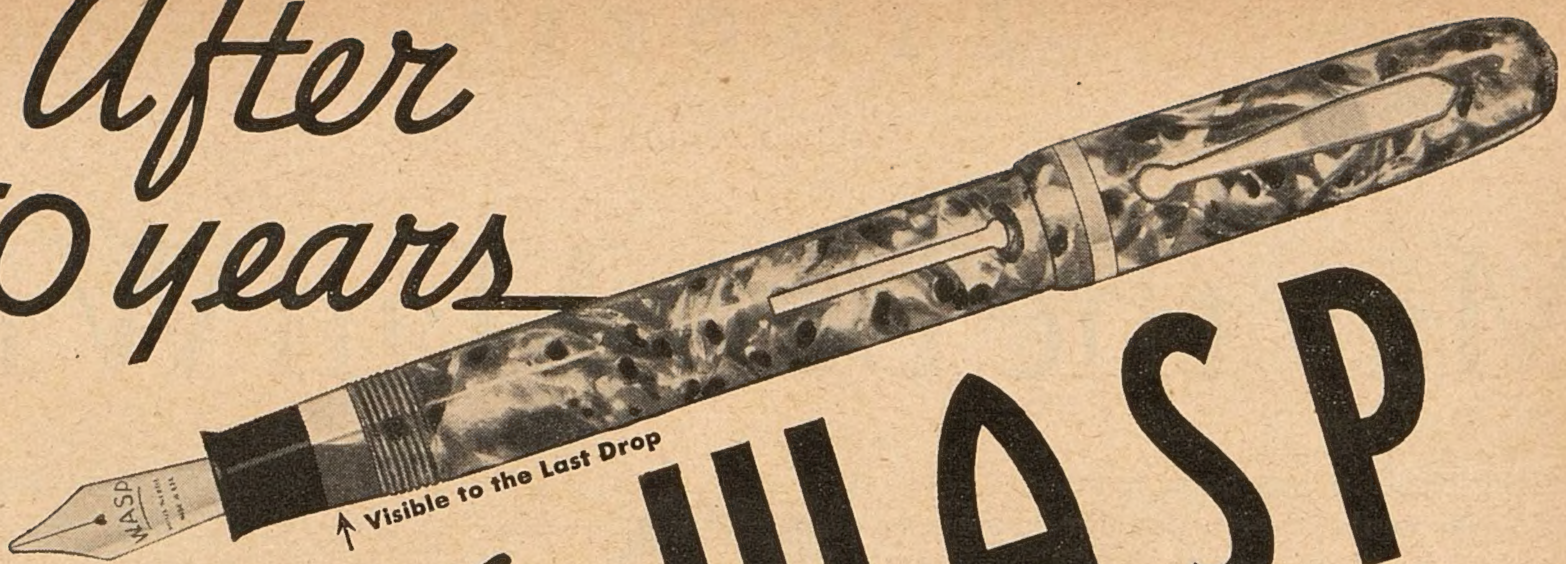
After
50 years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The WASP

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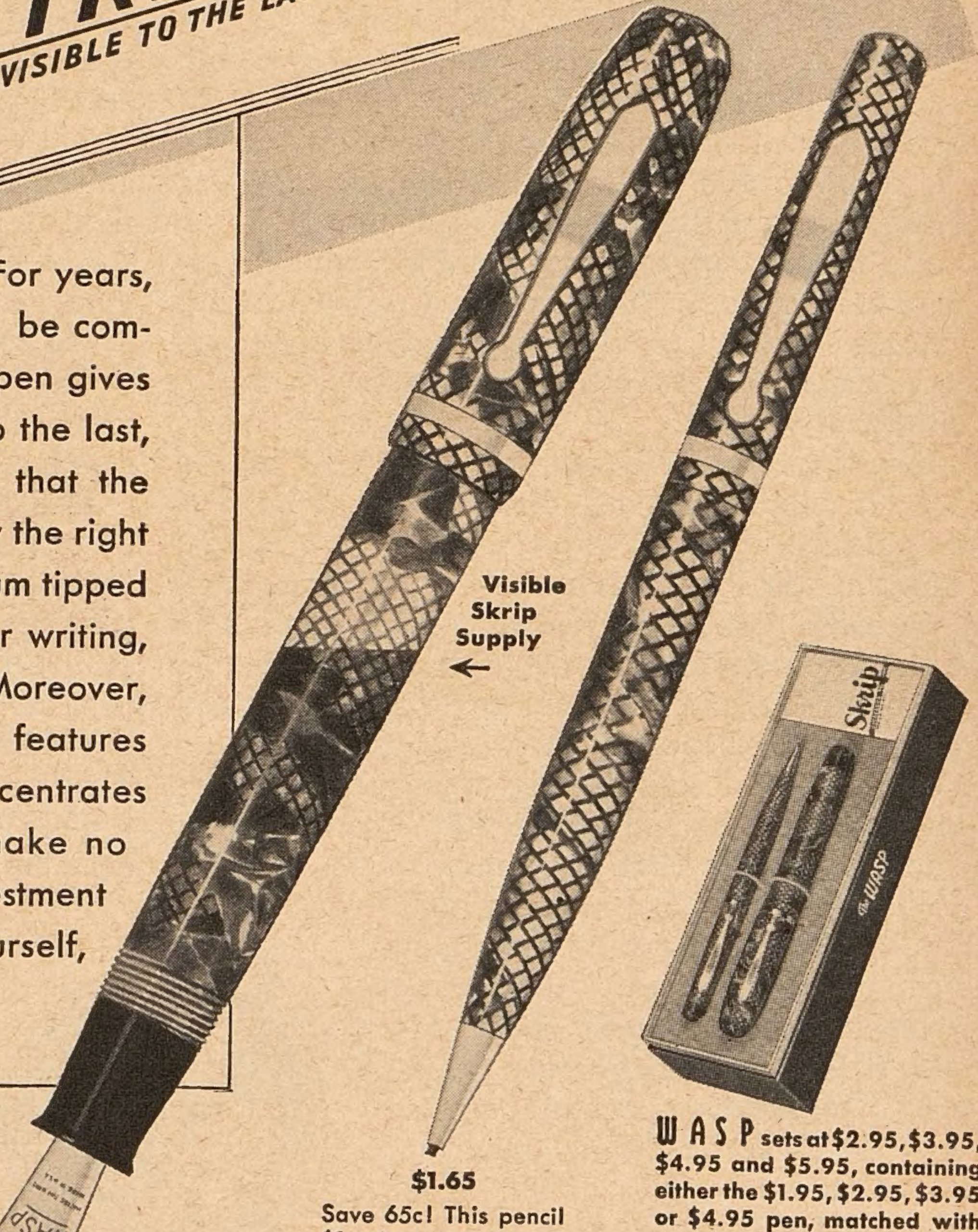

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NOVEMBER 14, 1936 **Liberty** VOL. 13, NO. 46

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

May the Best Man Win!

BERNARR MACFADDEN

THIS election has been a bitter, hard-fought contest. No quarter has been asked or given by either of the major candidates.

But when this magazine is placed before the readers, the election will be over.

It is the duty of every citizen to vote in accordance with the dictates of his conscience and intelligence.

But there can be only one general in an army and there can be only one President, and all the resentment that may have been aroused by this campaign, fought with such vehemence on both sides, should be buried and forgotten.

Every citizen should line up behind the victor—work for him and with him to help remedy our defects, whatever they may be.

None of us are perfect, and there is a wide difference in our opinions. These various viewpoints are advantageous. Our conclusions, whatever they may be, are sometimes radically changed after a careful, critical analysis.

I have severely criticized many defects of the Roosevelt administration. But there was no personal animus.

Many of the President's critics have questioned his sincerity. But I have always believed that he had the interests of the people at heart—that he was convinced that the various governmental activities were for the benefit of the whole public.

Now that the election is over we should get down to business. We should accept the improvement in business generally that has come to us with an appropriate feeling of gratitude, and help to the best of our ability to stabilize our financial forces.

A big boom in business is not desired. It is always dangerous. That is what brings on the gambling mania. Everybody is turned into buyers at such a time and values of all kinds climb to dizzy heights. One can secure a profit almost regardless of his investments.

BACK TO THE JOB NOW

But at such times we are " riding for a fall."

Florida had her wildcat land boom. And our national financial madness was similar to the experience of that state.

But it is now time to pay election bets. Political enemies should shake hands and forget all their differences. There won't be another Presidential election for four years.

We are living in a troubled world, with the possibility of a great European war breaking out at any time. Let us hope that we can be saved from joining this bloody horror.

But we will need the assistance and advice of our substantial citizens, and there will be no time for fighting among ourselves. We should cement our forces, put our shoulders to the wheel and work together as a common unit.

We are all American citizens.

The brotherly love that we hear so much about is rarely in evidence. But to a large extent we have common interests.

It is difficult for one group to be prosperous while other groups are suffering financial reverses. And if, in our fight for national stabilization, we could acquire the attitude that moved our country with such an inspiring force during the World War, profitable results would be assured.

We have had many bitter campaigns in the past. They are gone and mostly forgotten.

This hectic election is now past history. Let the dead bury the dead. Today is ours and tomorrow and next year will soon be here. Let us use our opportunities with an attitude of thankful appreciation, for here we have a country which has evolved the genius that has revolutionized the world.

Let us hope the glories of the future will greatly surpass those of the past.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Feeling Great Today?—

Look Ahead 10-20-30 Years

Will Nature begin to "lose interest" in you around 50? Not if you give her a "lift" *now*. Watch your diet. Exercise all over, but not over-much. Enjoy moderation—it pays . . . And, if you drink, choose a *kind* whiskey—one that *AGREES* with you.

YOU can judge fine whiskey-taste. Do you still "grope" for whiskey-kindness? The research instituted by the House of Seagram has provided a reliable guide to whiskey-kindness—to the form of whiskey most likely to agree with you.

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In addition to all the rich, mellow taste of the finest whiskies, Seagram's Crowns bring you *kindness*, a protection which thousands of moderate men rely upon, for today as well as for the years to come. Ask for Crowns. Serve them to your friends at home. You may choose them with confidence.

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The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old, 25% straight whiskey, and 75% neutral spirits distilled from American grain. Bottled under this formula since May, 1936.

If you like a richer whiskey, choose Seagram's Seven Crown Blended Whiskey
The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old, 37½% straight whiskies, and 62½% neutral spirits distilled from American grain. Bottled under this formula since May, 1936.

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90 PROOF

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Seagram's
Seven Crown
Blended Whiskey
Seagram's
Five Crown
Blended Whiskey

Seagram's Crown

BLENDED WHISKIES

A MOST WHOLESOME FORM OF WHISKEY

Shaving Oddities

BEARD TAX!

DURING THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND A LAW WAS PASSED TAXING BEARDS OVER TWO WEEKS OLD! TODAY, IF IT WEREN'T FOR GEM MICROMATIC BLADES, MANY TENDER-SKINNED MEN WOULD RATHER PAY A BEARD TAX THAN SHAVE!

SIZZLE SHAVE!

SOME SOUTH AFRICAN SAVAGES BURN OFF THEIR WHISKERS WITH SULPHUR PASTE! IF YOUR FACE FEELS FIERY AFTER SHAVING, CHANGE TO GENUINE GEM BLADES AND ENJOY COOL REFRESHING SHAVES.

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IN ANCIENT EGYPT THE SIZE OF A MAN'S BEARD INDICATED HIS SOCIAL RANK! BUT TODAY, GEM MICROMATIC BLADES GIVE YOU CLEAN-SHAVEN, ALL-DAY NEATNESS THAT HELPS YOUR BUSINESS AND SOCIAL STANDING.

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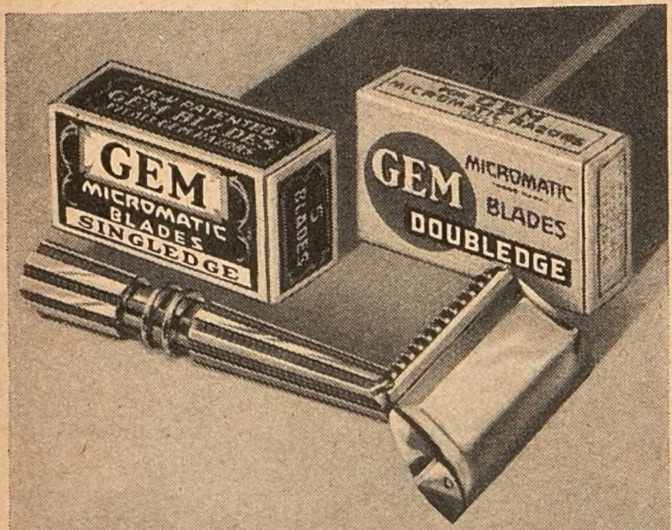
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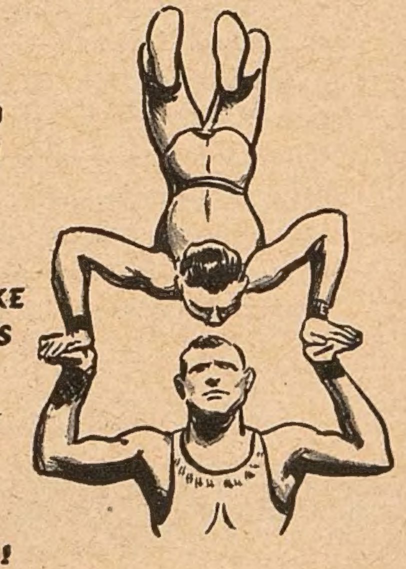

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WILL THE VETERANS DEMAND MORE MILLIONS?

Pensions for Everybody, at Five Times the Cost of the War Itself!... A Startling Prophecy of a "Final Push" to Come

by WILL IRWIN

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE veterans of the World War have their "bonus money" at last. In reality we paid them a comparatively modest service bonus a few years after their discharge. Within two years more they were demanding a larger and much more substantial payment. In the Coolidge administration they achieved a compromise—the "adjusted service certificates." This amounted to a form of annuity insurance. Meantime, the government was giving regular payments—pensions, really—to men wholly or partially incapacitated by the war and to war widows. Further, it was maintaining first-class hospitals where the human wreckage of 1918 might find care and rehabilitation.

Then came a new drive—this time to make the adjusted service certificates a real bonus by payment of the full sum due at maturity. Again the veterans struck a compromise with Washington—an arrangement whereby they might borrow on the certificates up to half of their value at maturity. A brief rest; and the most persistent, insistent, and able lobby ever known was bedeviling Congress again. The bill passed both houses. President Roosevelt vetoed it. Congress passed it over his veto. And the adjusted service certificates became at last a real bonus, paid in full.

The administration cut off most of the payments for disability and expanded the hospital program to take care of all handicapped veterans. But almost simultaneously the veterans secured a ruling that they might be cared for in hospitals whether or not their disabilities arose from the war. This saved hundreds of millions of dollars in the first year. Nevertheless, it is a heavy draft on the future. Most veterans of the World War have passed forty. A few years hence hospital care will cost the taxpayers much more than the old pensions for disabilities incurred in service.

The powerful and all-victorious veterans' organizations seem now to be resting after the battle. Apparently the slate is clean. Really it has been cleaned only for a new column of debits. At some time during the next few years the veterans are coming back at us with a demand for service pensions to every man who fought and drilled for more than three months in the A. E. F. Already small free-lance groups are beginning openly to make the demand. The new Order of World War Veterans, with headquarters in Iowa, has begun the campaign. Baldly, it proposes a life pension for every veteran of the World War, for every widow of such a veteran, and for every minor orphan whom he may leave behind. It has a plan to pay the cost: first, legalize and tax gambling; second, organize an official government lottery; third, impose federal taxes not on net incomes but on gross incomes. Also, the National Tribune, once the organ of the vanishing G. A. R., has begun to demand direct pensions for all veterans handicapped by physical flaws—which could possibly be interpreted to apply to all men over forty. It offers no program for raising the money. Finally, an old lobbyist of the American Legion, traveling from post to post throughout New England, is stirring up an agitation for widows' pensions.

No insider doubts that a new drive for outright service pensions is coming within the next decade. We may see a beginning in the Congressional elections of 1938. Experts have calculated the probable eventual cost. Such figuring is of course slippery business. But, judging from experience, if within a relatively short time we vote universal pensions on the Civil War scale to all veterans of the World War, together with their widows and minor dependents, if we maintain our plan of universal hospitalization, and if we add the nine billions already spent, the eventual cost will be at least seventy-five billion dollars. And if—as is distinctly possible—we raise the Civil War ante a trifle to compensate for the lesser value of the dollar, the figures may reach to a hundred billion dollars. That was the estimate of Calvin Coolidge, and he was only quoting the figures of his Treasury experts. The World War itself cost about twenty billions—to which we may fairly add ten billions more for repudiated Allied debts.

The lobbyists have guided their course, so far, by the lamp of experience. The Civil War, one of the most desperate in history, lasted four years. Its survivors included an unusual proportion of cripples. Almost from the first the federal government began to compensate them with pensions. Then came the Grand Army of the Republic. By the 1870s, the G. A. R. had become in all the North and West our main symbol for patriotism. These unified and indulged veterans opened an agitation for more and more liberal pensions. Presently they had a powerful lobby at work in Washington. They increased the allowances to disabled veterans, they won pensions for all widows and orphans of men killed in action. And they stood like pillars in support of doubtful claims. There were many of these, for we kept our Civil War records very loosely. Notoriously, claims for disability were widely interpreted, to say the least. President Grover Cleveland, pledged to a program of economy, moved to eliminate doubtful and fraudulent claims. He began by putting investigators into one district of Ohio. They found plenty. He published the report, hoping to rouse public opinion. It worked in the wrong direction. The whole North, led by the G. A. R., rose up in arms, and Cleveland found himself for once forced to quit. The G. A. R. thereupon went on to secure pensions for all veterans of the federal army, and for their widows. We have done just that, in the end, for the survivors of all our wars. We are still paying four pensions for the War of 1812.

Will Irwin wouldn't write this himself, so we are saying it for him. Even though he never enlisted in any army, he won in the World War his right to a hearing on this subject of pensions. He began his service as a war correspondent in August, 1914, when the Germans made him temporarily a prisoner in Belgium. Before we entered the war he had been gassed and put to bed with shell concussion. Before we had a division in the front trenches he took a wound which left him with a permanent disability. "I'd be a swanking fool," he wrote us once, "if I said that I endured anything like the hardship and danger of the average soldier who got to the front line. But at any rate I was sticking around most of the time between August, 1914, and November, 1918!"

© Henderson

I should wrong the tottering survivors of the Union armies in the Civil War if I left the impression that the pensioners were generally sailing under false colors. The great majority of them had served from three months to four years in a war marked by nearly three hundred battles rated as major engagements. But there was always a border of fraudulent claims which no one dared attack.

False claims cut very little figure in the payments or relief to World War veterans. The enlistment rolls, meticulously kept, included fingerprints, photographs, notes on physical flaws. The army surgeons examined the recruits upon enlistment, recorded their wounds, injuries, and illnesses while in service. Even in the merry days of Harding there was little or no connivance or fraud on the part of applicants. The Veterans' Administration has even acted as its own detective. In the period when we paid allowances to the totally disabled, it found a few instances where men enjoying this benefit were in perfect health. In such cases it has cut the culprit off from any benefits whatever.

OTHERWISE the rhythm is that of the pension drives after the Civil War—after all our old wars, for that matter. A campaign for benefits to veterans has seldom taken a backward step and never suffered a final defeat. True, inspiring the general public with sentimental feeling is not so easy for the World War veterans as for those of the Civil War. The late struggle lasted—for us—a shorter time, and only between a third and a quarter of the men who took up arms were ever called upon to face enemy fire. It was hard, then, to create among them the sense of solidarity which marked the men of the G. A. R., and harder still to generate sentiment in the outside public. But the art of propaganda has advanced to an astonishing degree since 1865. Take the late bonus payment, for example. Every observer of Congress knew that the average representative and senator was against it in his heart. However, when he considered voting "nay" he stood to antagonize not only the veterans and their families but, in many cases, massed opinion.

But this moment, when the Treasury is engaged in shoveling out two billion dollars or so to pay the bonus bill, is no time to make further demands. Any good political tactician realizes that. And so those elements among the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars which intend some day to force pension legislation have united in spirit with those who are trying to squelch the minority groups which have already raised the war cry, "Full justice to our soldiers!" But the very existence of the minority groups, in this unfavorable period, shows that the issue will not down.

Why should it? Probably the greater part of our four million surviving veterans, like any other cross section of the population, live only a little above the margin of existence. That first big "bonus" payment may have been spent rather loosely. The second and final payment, made at the end of a long depression, went for wiser purposes—payment on a home, settlement of pressing debts, release from mortgages. Even the large purchases of automobiles have their full justification in the American standard of living. But the money came, in either case, like manna from heaven. It is only human that the veteran, remembering all this, should look with sharpened appetite on thirty to fifty dollars a month while he lives, and protection for his widow after he is dead.

HE may remember that the American Legion has twice repudiated pensions. That, however, will cut very little figure. In modern politics we permit any party to change its mind. Did not the Democrats in 1932 promise economy and proceed to pour out the public moneys like water? Did not the Republicans endorse the World Court in 1924 and repudiate it in 1926? And if a small voice of political conscience whispers that general pensions would impose an almost intolerable burden on the taxpayer, some agitator whispers that the veteran offered himself for death in 1917 or 1918, and that no sacrifice on the part of his fellow citizens can repay that debt. No informed person doubts that this psychology will work with ever-increasing force through the coming years. And few doubt that sooner or later the veterans will win. Some of our congressmen, indeed, have begun to struggle for the honor of fathering universal pensions. Even while the fight over the bonus was on, the House killed in committee two bills to this effect.

As to what form the initial demand will take, no one ventures to prophesy with any exactness. The old-age-security legislation enacted by the last Congress complicates the question. Uncertainty as to the fate of the old-age pension bill is one reason for the hush-hush tactics of the moment.

Even though the lobbyists gain in the end only some of their minor objectives, the after-cost of the World War may amount to more than its current actual cost of twenty billions and its repudiated debts of ten billions more. With payment of the bonuses, with disability allowances, with the original cost and running expenses of those veterans' hospitals, the cost so far amounts to nearly nine billions. And if we take off the lid and treat World War veterans exactly as we treated those of previous wars, the whole bill, as aforesaid, will run between seventy-five and a hundred billions.

Let me put this in another and more comprehensible way. The final "bonus" voted and paid this year will probably amount to a sum somewhat under two billion dollars. It has thrown our national budget still further out of balance and forced the administration to adopt such desperate measures as the tax, probably unsound, on undistributed corporation profits. Well, the actuaries who have been trying to calculate the cost of universal World War pensions, plus such standing expenditures as the maintenance of veterans' hospitals, say that in the "peak years" of payments on the Civil War scale the cost would be just that—a little short of two billion dollars—not occasionally but *annually*.

It would mean, finally, that Germany, Britain, and France, which fought the World War for four years on their own soil, would pay far less for the madness of 1914 than we, whose actual intensive military operations lasted only about six months.

It all sounds absurd; but nothing is too absurd to happen nowadays.

THE END

THE *Truth* ABOUT IRRITATION OF THE NOSE AND THROAT DUE TO SMOKING

THE FACTS BEHIND THE *Swing* TO PHILIP MORRIS

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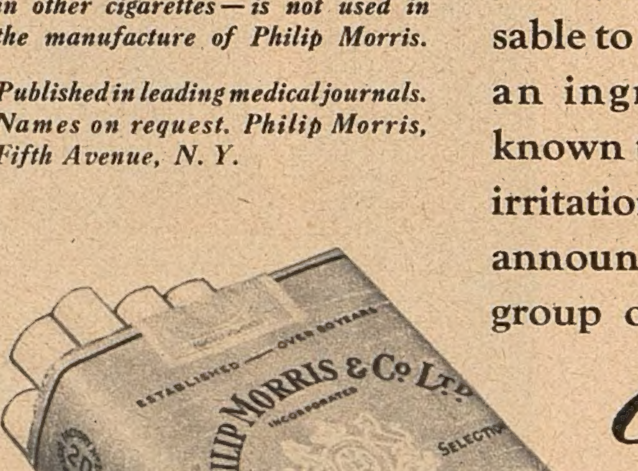
**Published in leading medical journals. Names on request. Philip Morris, Fifth Avenue, N. Y.*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Ghost OF GLORY

by RITA WEIMAN

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRYSON

ALL of you who lived through the shattering years of 1917 and 1918 and have not had that memory dimmed by the holocaust of 1929 will recall the name of Major Timothy Hoagland. Like a star it shone through the clouds of war. Mothers teaching their little boys the meaning of the word courage; fathers searching for an example of unswerving loyalty; ministers lifting their voices in plea for self-effacement; purveyors of Liberty Bonds to serve the country's great cause; instructors at training camps lecturing to young men about to be crowded into darkened ships; officers striving to uphold the morale of these men as they were about to plunge over the top; women making bandages; statesmen making speeches—throughout the land the name of Major Hoagland—later Colonel—became a household word.

They told proudly of Hoagland and a small detachment of men losing their way near the enemy lines. They described as though they had been present the enemy's demand for surrender dropped from a plane to the accompaniment of a bomb that wiped out almost half the small company. Major Hoagland's fighting reply: " Not while I have a breath or a bullet! " became as famous as Patrick Henry's " Give me liberty or give me death."

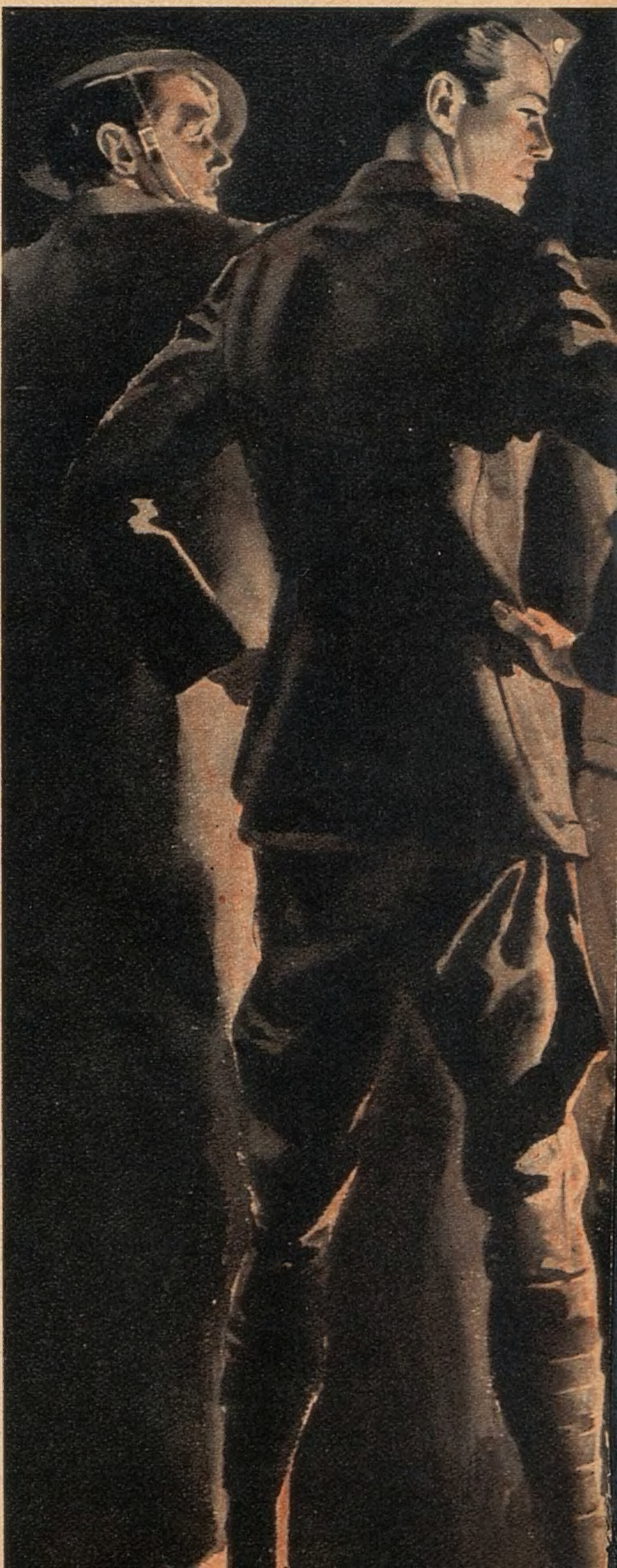
Every child in the street knew how this brave soldier, with the enemy to the north, sent three of his men east, south, and west to try to get back to headquarters; how, with no food, and men dying like flies, he held his ground, never closing his eyes in sleep, never taking a minute from his vigilance, until at the end of a week aid came. One of his lieutenants had reached headquarters. The other two were never heard from.

When reinforcements arrived Hoagland dropped where he stood, babbling an apology. He was as full of holes as a sieve.

Months later, when he was able to hobble out of the hospital, they invalided him home, and nobody could have been more surprised than Tim to find himself alive, let alone a hero.

I know, because Tim and I were like brothers. We came from the same upstate town. Neither of us had ever been away from the place until the war took us away. Long before fighting side by side made us buddies in the trenches, we were buddies in the neighborhood of Main Street. Not only the two of us but our parents had grown up together.

Believe it or not, Tim was a shy lad, overtall, overlanky, narrow-shouldered, and slightly stooped because of his height. As a little fellow, his hair was carrot, but with the help of plentiful soakings and constant application of bear's grease Tim managed to tone it down to a moist mahogany. From the



She teased the men in pidgin English. She let them teach her fox trots and tangos—to glide instead of hop.

time he was a kid he had to wear thick spectacles. They gave him a slightly abstracted expression but the eyes behind them were the kindest a man ever looked into.

Tim was an omnivorous reader, a profound student, a fine friend. He loved youngsters and they seemed to have a sort of blind confidence in him, so it seemed natural for him to become a teacher. They gave him the post of history instructor in our high school. The boys and girls used to stay after hours to talk to him. He had a gift for transforming the dry dates and chronicles of a textbook into vivid historical pictures. Yet away from the schoolroom he was a man of little conversation.

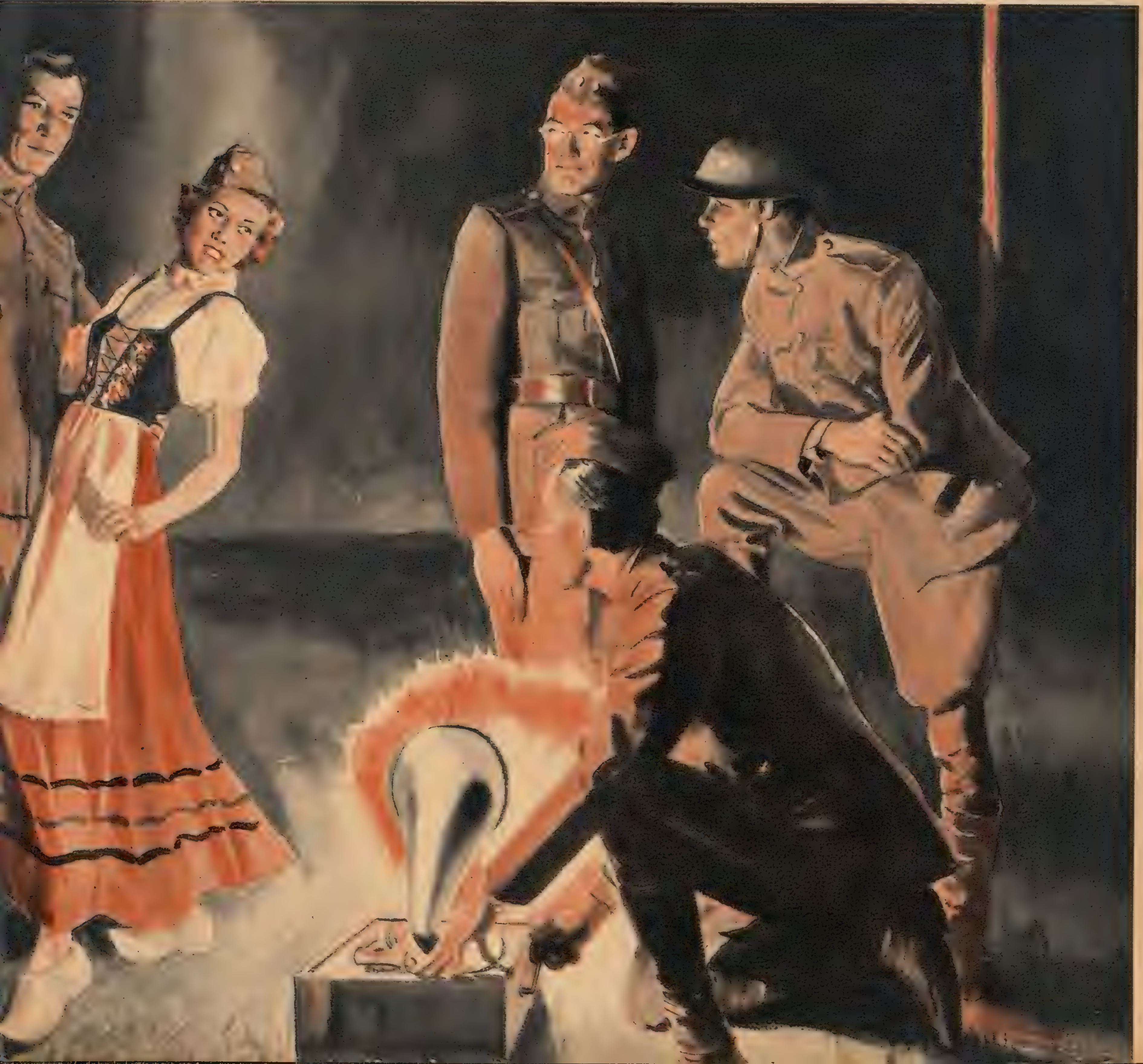
This doesn't sound like much of a description of a war hero. But it's a true photograph of Major Timothy Hoagland, in spite of all the newspaper accounts to the contrary.

Tim actually expressed doubt of his fitness when we both volunteered for service in 1917. He doubted he was the stuff soldiers are made of.

"Now, you, Bert," he smiled—"you're all brawn and muscle. Your body will always be dominant. You'll plunge in the thick of it the way you went headlong into a fist fight when we were kids. I'm not thinking of my physical shortcomings. They can be overcome. But, hang it, I'm a theorist. I'm likely to try to work out the whole damned thing like a geometrical problem. I'm likely to stop and figure out the most strategic approach and get shot where I stand without any glory to anybody. Just another useless carcass on the battlefield."

Well, those who went over with Tim, who saw him advance rapidly from first lieutenant to captain, from captain to major, those who followed his quiet cool-headed orders and realized how seldom his strategic reasoning failed, never guessed his doubts of himself.

The Story of a Soldier's Secret—of the Love of a Girl Made for Man's Adoration, and a Haunted Hero's Strange Escape from Fame He Didn't Want



So, on an August day when, with blistering feet and the dirty sweat soaked through our uniforms, we found ourselves in a dark pocket of woods, not one man in Tim Hoagland's battalion realized that we were lost, that Tim did not even know the name of the forest into which he had led us.

We had been billeted in a French village whose name (for reasons which you will understand later) cannot be revealed.

Tim and I—his first lieutenant—bunked together in a little stone farmhouse. The animals slept in the barn at the back; the family in the front. But it was all the same building. We soldiers were assigned the main rooms. The family—consisting of Père and Mère Carneau (not their actual name, of course, but it will do), Félice, aged seventeen, and Mariette, aged twelve—occupied the attic. Three sons were at the front. Two others had been killed.

FELICE was a bronze-haired, warm-tinted beauty. I've never seen such a pair of deep brown eyes. A mother's and sweetheart's eyes in one, if you get what I mean. Tender and sympathetic because of all the misery she had seen and suffered—passionate and laughing when some quip or compliment made her forget she had known a woman's sorrow and remember that she was a girl made for man's adoration.

All of us knew she was in love with Tim. All of us, that is, except Tim. She teased the other men in the pidgin English she had picked up. She served and scolded, let them teach her fox trots and tangos. In their arms she learned to glide instead of hop. She made no bones about liking to have them hold her. But it was Tim she chose to spend the lush summer evenings with, of all things instructing him in French—what consonants to drop, which vowels to accent. If ever there was a waste of hot moonlight! If ever blood that might any minute be shed should have surged to meet the rich red lips above a cleft little chin!

And Tim spent hours at the edge of a clover-decked meadow studying French. We'd hear his voice stumbling over some particularly difficult pronunciation and Félice's softly correcting him. We'd marvel at his absorption in maps and plans or in a game of chess with Père Carneau, when anybody who cared could see Félice's warm intense eyes embracing him as though her arms were around his neck. She practiced no guile. She played no game. She knew that soon marching orders would come and this man who had catapulted into her life must go out of it.

Only, when the moment arrived, she did an extraordinary thing—for a French peasant girl, that is. She came into the room where Tim and I bunked and pressed a tiny silver crucifix into his hand, begging him to wear it always. Then she looked him straight in the eye and said:

"I have teach you French, m'sieu', but you have teach me love."

Tim looked startled.

"Me, Félice?" he muttered with bewilderment, with complete disbelief. "You mean you actually love *me?*"

"Is it so strange, then?" she asked softly. "I love you because you are grand. Too grand a soldier to waste your time on a girl. I will never see you again—so you will forgive me that I tell you."

Tim did not answer. Not for a second anyway. He just took her two hands, held them against the breast of his jacket where he had thrust the crucifix. Then, all of a sudden, a sigh like a cry broke from him. His arms closed on her and his face pressed down to hers. I slunk out of the room. Neither one of them knew I had gone. It made no difference anyway.

Only once did Tim mention Félice to me. When the dark forest shut in on us and he realized I knew, as he did, that we were like mice in a trap, unable to find a way out, he warned me not to give a sign to his men who, poor devils, welcomed escape from the sweltering heat, dry dust, and danger of the open road.

"Bert," he grumbled, "we're in a helluva mess. My fault, my stupidity. With all the maps, with everything set for a checkmate, I made a wrong move somewhere. Worst of it is, I don't know how or where. Told you I was no good. I got us in this jam and I don't know how to get us out. The Huns'll smell us, of course. No escape. When I'm finished, see that Félice has this, will you?"

Not if, mind you, but when. Tim never dreamed he'd see daylight again outside that dark forest. You may ask how he imagined I might. Well, it was only a hope. I was the first man he sent to try to find the way back to headquarters. In my pocket I carried a ragged note scribbled in pencil and wrapped around a little silver crucifix. I'm not superstitious, but often I feel that Félice's token was what led me to my destination.

At that, I didn't have the chance to return it to Tim until we met in New York. Tim had landed in the midst of a crowd big enough to fill the Hippodrome. The mayor had greeted him at City Hall and pinned a medal on him. A procession had escorted him up Fifth Avenue to the old Waldorf, where a suite was engaged. Confetti covered him like snow. Pretty girls scrambled to peck at him, to cry on his coat sleeves, to push flowers in his arms.

A personal bodyguard of policemen escorted Tim, his mother and father who had come to New York for the reunion. I'll never forget the three of them standing in the ornate parlor of his suite, plump little Mother Hoagland having a hard time to hold back her tears long enough to smile for the cameramen; John Hoagland, tall and lean, frowning in disapproval of all the publicity, yet so proud of his boy; and Tim between them in uniform and shining boots—he was Colonel Hoagland then—looking about as comfortable as an Eskimo on the equator.

Tim posed for newspaper photos. He posed for movie cameras. He posed for sketch artists. But he refused to be interviewed. From journalists who ranked at the top to young women reporters sent to wheedle some word out of him, he met the fusillade of questions with tight lips. His reticence only made him more completely an idol. Newspapers, women's clubs, political organizations, army circles attributed his silence to the fact that his sorrow at the loss of so many of his men had sealed his lips against any recital of their experiences. The dark forest had run red with blood. The subject was too painful for their hero to discuss. But they did insist on his attendance at banquets, at luncheons, at receptions in his honor. Not a minute did he have to himself, except the few night hours granted for sleep.

IT was during one of these nights, which for Tim were sleepless, that I sat in his bedroom alone with him for the first time.

I handed over the tiny silver crucifix in its crumpled wrapping. He spread the bit of paper on which his penciled note was almost erased. He stared down at the crucifix in his palm.

"Wish you'd had to deliver this, Bert. Wish I'd never come out alive," he said at last.

"Fine gratitude!" I came back furiously. "Here's your country slopping over like a sentimental woman. The whole populace at your feet—"

"That's the trouble." The eyes in Tim's plaster-white face were strained and anxious behind his spectacles. "The whole trouble, boy. They're setting up a golden calf with clay feet. They're worshiping an idol that's bound to topple over. God—what a joke! Putting me in a class with Washington, with Lincoln. Giving me decorations—medals—the D. S. C. Giving me tribute I don't deserve."

"Nonsense! You deserve every ounce of tribute."

"A lie," Tim answered brusquely. "A damned lie, and

you know it. I cost my country hundreds of men. Some of our best. Young Buckley, who went to his death because I needed somebody reckless and fearless to try to get help for us; Harrison, who tried to find a way out and never came back—all those brave fellows who trusted me, who were shot to pieces because of my blunder."

"That's war, man. We all expect it."

"No—that was my incompetence. I led those men to their deaths as surely as if I had tried to trap them. And my country covers me with glory. What a farce! What a faker!"

"What the hell are you talking about?" I let go at him. "You held off the Huns, didn't you? You held your own when they were closing in on you. You fought them to a finish, made them turn in their tracks. How do we know you didn't definitely prevent their advance—"

"Cut it!" Tim broke in. "Cut the soft soap." His hands shook, his mouth worked. "They all hand it to me. Over there, when I tried to tell them the truth. Do you know, Bert, I talked hours—days, no less—trying to show them how, except for my mistake, the catastrophe they were glorifying needn't have happened. I couldn't convince them. They called the whole story the result of my hypersensitiveness, the long illness I'd been through. They pointed to my wounds and said I was overmodest." The muscles of his face twitched. "God, Bert, can you guess what it's like, parading the streets in a laurel wreath and knowing that you ought to be court-martialed?"

"Don't be an ass," I told him. "Not a man who stood by you in battle and who's alive to tell the tale but would agree you're every inch the hero the public believes."

"And next week I go to Washington," he rushed on, paying no attention to me. "An audience with the President. He'll want to know all the facts. I'll tell him—yes, I'll give him the whole truth. And he won't believe it either. Or if he does—if I can convince him—what good will that do now? It's too late. The public can't be robbed of war idols. Besides, this thing is like a snowball that starts at the top of a mountain and ends in an avalanche. No stopping it, no matter what's said or done."

"ALL right," I smashed in. "Give them their idol. It's not as though you didn't have all the stuff they credit you with—courage, strength, honesty, decency, loyalty. Not one I ever saw you fall down on. Don't take my word for it. Take any of those boys and girls you taught back home. Get a line on what they think of you. You were their hero long before you were your country's. What's all the row about? You're not a criminal."

"I'm not a hypocrite either. When I look at the crowds—men, women, children—stampeding me, I keep seeing the torn bodies and bloody faces of my men. At night they come out of the dark. They close in on me. I can't stand it, Bert. I—" tears began to stream down his thin cheeks—"I tell you—I can't stick it!"

I went over and laid a hand on his slumped shoulder. I'd never seen Tim like this. It knocked me off my pins. It brought a lump to my throat. There was nakedness of soul in his abject wretchedness. I felt I had no right to see it. I felt I ought to leave him, yet I couldn't.

"Look here, old man. This can't go on. You'll drive yourself crazy."

"Do you know any escape? Is there any place a hero can go to run away from being a hero? Except one—yes, there's one—"

The look of him scared me more than a charge into no man's land.

"They'll forget," I assured him quickly. "You'll be a nine days' wonder. Then you'll be just one of the rest of us."

"I hope to God you're right!" Tim said it like a prayer.

I was wrong though.

Following the armistice Tim wanted to go home to return to his post of high-school teacher. He went home, to be fêted, photographed, fawned upon as he'd been in the greater cities. He could not leave his house, he could not cross the street without being mobbed. The Board of Education laughed at the idea of placing him in his old position. He must be exploited. He must give a series of lectures. He must bring honor to the home town. They would not be outdone in paying homage. He could never go back to the job he loved. He was at the beck and call of Washington, of points north, south, east, and west, where patriotism demanded his presence. Tim Hoagland no longer belonged to himself. He belonged to the glory of the army and the American people.

JUST once during the next eight months did I see Tim. I had a job in New York, and on the several occasions of my visits home he was away on official business. But one day in July he called me on the phone and asked me to have lunch. He was in town for only a few days.

Again we met at the Waldorf. He apologized for having the food served in the parlor of his suite.

"Not that I'm trying to be exclusive, old man. But I've come to hate public restaurants. Besides, we can talk here."

I tried not to show how shocked I was at the change in him. All the time he was telling me how swell I looked and we swapped accounts of our doings, I was ready to break down and cry over what I saw. Lines in his face that aged Tim fifteen years. He was thin to the point of emaciation. The hands holding his fork and knife trembled like a palsied old man's. His eyes were sunk in holes and the muscles of his face twitched, although he tried plainly enough to control them.

Every now and then his hand went up to cover the telltale nervous contraction.

"Boy," I burst out finally, "you look done up! Why don't you go away?"

"I'm going. That's why I wanted to see you. This is good-by, old man."

I didn't like the way he said it. I made an attempt to fasten his restless eyes with mine.

"Where you going?" I put sharply.

"I'm booked on the Umberto, sailing tomorrow midnight."

"The Mediterranean in midsummer? What's the idea?"

"It's out of season. Won't be a crowd on board. I'll have time to myself. Time to think."

"Why not give yourself a good time instead? Dance, play, get tight, forget to think."

He smiled, a slow diffident smile.

"What I want more than anything is to find a spot on the top deck under the sky *alone* and try to plan some kind of future. I wanted to go back to what you and I had before the war—the peace, the sanity of being nobody. But that appears to be impossible."

"Well, whatever you map out, take a good rest."

"That's what I hope for," he nodded—"a good long rest."

"How long you planning to be away?"

"I don't know. Can't say. Haven't anything set."

The phone rang. He went into the bedroom to answer, and I noticed that his plate was as full as when the waiter set it before him.

"Listen," I said, when he came back. "I'm in mufti. The war is a nightmare I lived through and came out of. The thing you've got to do is prove your right to live the kind of life you damned well want to live."

"If I could!" said Tim. "If I could do just that!"

When, two days later, I saw the headlines, I thought I must still be going through the war nightmare. A newsboy shouting "Extry!" and mumbling further unintelligible information waylaid me. He was at the corner of Forty-third Street and Sixth Avenue—queer, how these unimportant details stick in a man's memory—and I almost knocked the little fellow down in my rush for the Grand Central. There was a girl in Darien. Catching the five twenty-three was of more immediate concern than the most startling news item.

Then those stark black letters hit me between the eyes:

COLONEL TIMOTHY HOAGLAND
SUICIDE

I bought a paper and backed blindly against a lighted store window.

WORLD WAR HERO DISAPPEARS FROM LINER
UMBERTO ON WAY TO ITALY

For a few minutes I couldn't read it. Tim Hoagland was dead. Tim had killed himself. And only two days ago . . .

I suppose we all feel like that when some one close to us takes his life. I suppose there's nothing unusual about the news being no more than stalking black words that we can't somehow accept. Standing there at Forty-third Street and Sixth Avenue on that sweltering July night, I wasn't equal to reading on down the column. What was the use? Tim was dead. What else could be said beyond that?

After a while I made my way to the Grand Central. But I didn't go to Darien. I took the train to the town upstate where Tim and I were born. I wanted to tell Tim's parents about our last talk. On the way I read more of what the press had to say of Tim's suicide.

He had gone aboard the Umberto sometime before the hour of sailing and told his cabin steward that he did not wish to be disturbed for the next twenty-four hours. The man was not even to serve him food. He wanted to sleep. That was all he wanted. Rest.

Twenty-four hours later the steward had knocked, and receiving no answer, decided the distinguished passenger must still be asleep. But at the end of thirty-six hours he became alarmed. He turned the knob. The room was empty.

He rushed to the purser. A thorough search of the ship revealed the fact that Colonel Hoagland was not on board. They returned to the cabin. His bags were still shut, all except a small suitcase. The bed was rumpled and across it lay a dressing gown.

Stuck in a corner of the mirror was a note on the ship's stationery:

> To Whom It May Concern:
>
> I have always felt unworthy of the honors my people and country have heaped upon me. If now I seek the only means to find the obscurity and oblivion which should be mine, I hope they will forgive me.
>
> TIMOTHY HOAGLAND.

EDITORIALS commented on that brief message. It befogged the editorial mind. How could a man to whom highest honors had been granted, to whom a nation had been on its knees, desire obscurity, oblivion? Under phrases of tribute to Colonel Hoagland's record were regret and disappointment. This was not in the cards, this suicide. A leader might give his life—he did not take it. Timothy Hoagland's self-extinction robbed the populace of their idol. You couldn't keep on his pedestal a soldier who was not brave enough to face life, could you?

All this puzzlement and more I read beneath expressions of praise and sorrow. The writers could only conclude that Colonel Hoagland was temporarily deranged as the result of his physical suffering and the nerve strain of what he had seen and gone through in France.

But I knew better. It was all there in those few words and in the words he had spoken to me: Tim's anguish, his shame, his longing to escape the fame and glory he had not sought and did not want. . . .

Last year, on our first trip abroad, I took my wife—yes, the Darien girl—to some of the historic spots, for me, of the World War.

Motoring through those reconstructed villages, stopping here and there for lunch, for dinner, for a night's lodging, we made our way to the Carneau homestead. It had changed little. The same picture-post-card stone farmhouse with housing for cattle at the back. The same garden abloom. The same shade trees. Only the manure pile was missing, relegated to a shed some distance from the house.

Mère Carneau studied me with hazy eyes as I introduced myself. Plain that she did not identify or remember me. But she spread a checkered cloth on an iron table under the trees and brought wine and bread and cheese. I asked for Père Carneau, and she told me he had passed away. Her three sons were married. So was Félice. Mariette, alas, was unmarried but she had hopes.

My wife, who couldn't understand a word—I understood little enough myself—fell in love with the peace and charm, the immaculate cleanliness so rare in the byways of France, the shady fragrance of the place. It was late afternoon and we were planning to stop at the next city overnight. So there was no hurry.

I lingered, for sentimental reasons perhaps. I had no desire to do anything but give myself up to recollections. And while we sat there an astonishing thing happened. A little boy in a blue smock came running across the fields and into the house, and I could have sworn I saw Tim Hoagland as a kid.

I started to my feet, then sat down as quickly. Of course the thing was a vision. The scene had brought Tim so vividly to mind that memory must have hypnotized me.

But a few minutes later the boy appeared in the doorway. He motioned to me and I went indoors. He said, "*Bon jour, m'sieu',*" and took my hand and led me to the room where Tim and I had bunked.

A MAN came toward me, a tall sturdily built man with the ruddy color so common to Frenchmen. The eyes behind his spectacles held calm gentleness. He wore a dark clipped mustache and beard. At that, no disguise was necessary, for although I recognized him because of the boy, the Tim Hoagland so familiar to me was gone.

He spoke in a low voice which had the same calm quality as his eyes.

"No," he answered my dizzy unspoken question, "I'm not a ghost. I'm 'Monsieur Jean Smeet,' which translated spells 'John Smith.' My neighbors will tell you I'm an Englishman living in France since the war."

"When I saw your boy just now—" I began and couldn't go on.

"The other two resemble their mother. Félice will be here in a minute. We couldn't let you go without a word." He motioned me to a chair and sat down facing me. "You don't know how I've ached to talk to you, Bert—to explain. You see, except for you I'd have been where I'm supposed to be now, at the bottom of the Atlantic. I had it all set. I was going overboard. Then you told me, 'The thing you've got to do is prove your right to live the kind of life you damned well want to live.' That summed up all I asked. Dying was no way out. But up to that minute I hadn't considered I had the right to do anything else."

He had gone aboard the Umberto, presented himself to the purser, given instructions not to be disturbed, and disappeared into his cabin. He had then changed his clothes, waited until just before sailing, and slipped out to mingle with the crowd of departing visitors.

"Astonishing," he went on, "how easy it is to lose yourself in New York. I started on my way to South America the following day on a freighter, under an assumed name. Nobody ever questioned me."

"Did your parents know?"

"They knew, of course. My one regret is that I haven't been able to see them since."

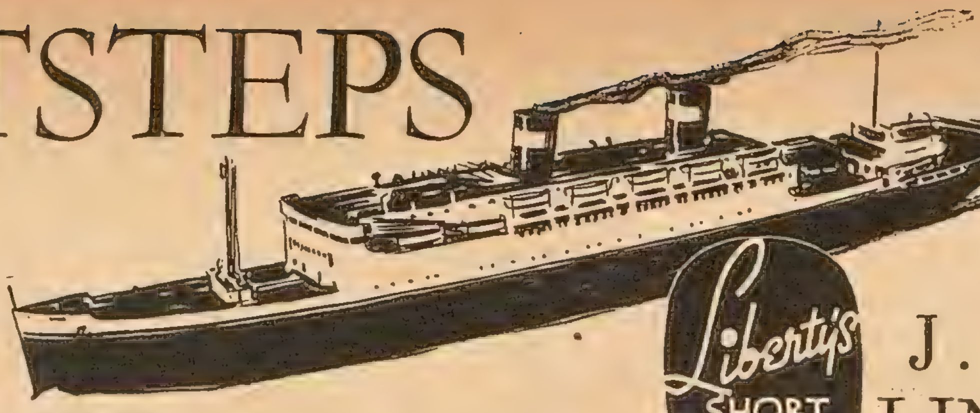
I looked into the steady peaceful eyes of the man who had been Tim Hoagland.

"You're happy?" I asked, but the question wasn't necessary.

"Yes. I'm teaching the youngsters English at a school in the next town. And I have Félice." He paused, studying my expression. Then he smiled. "I know what you're thinking, Bert. What I did wasn't decent. It was cowardly. It was cheating. Maybe. But it accomplished the thing I wanted above everything else. It erased the name of Timothy Hoagland from the nation's scroll of immortals. It gave me back my self-respect and the right to be myself."

THE END

FOOTSTEPS



Liberty's SHORT SHORT

by

J. LANE LINKLATER

READING TIME
5 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

LAIR, the killer, was coldly calm, his thin pale face placid. But Tomson, the crook for whom he worked, was obviously distraught. They were sitting on the wide bunks in Cabin 17 on the small combination freighter-passenger, a quart bottle within easy reach.

Tomson looked up sharply.

"There he goes again!" he muttered. "The damn sap!"

He was obviously referring to the slow steady footsteps of some one on the deck just outside the cabin.

Lair merely nodded absently and reached for the bottle.

"Maybe Pine ain't such a sap," he said in his soft voice. "He's got a system, all right."

"System? I don't get you—"

Lair smiled thinly. "Well, young Pine can't prove nothing. But he knows you took his sister away from San Diego while he was in the navy. He knows you got scared maybe she'd talk too much and had her bumped off. And he figures I done the job for you."

"Sure. But—"

"He knows, but he can't prove nothing, see? Well, he gets off his ship at San Diego and finds out about his sister. He hunts around until he picks us up at St. Louis. We go to Chi, and he tags along. We go here and we go there, but we don't lose him. We finally get to New York, and he shows up in a few days. Then we take this tub for the West Coast—and here he is!"

Tomson gurgled a long drink out of the bottle.

"Sure," he mumbled. "But what's the system?"

"Just keeping close until something breaks. Figures his chance will come some day."

Tomson got up, stared out of the porthole.

The footsteps approached again. The young man tramping past the cabin was as pale-faced as Lair. His deep-set eyes were troubled but steadfast. He was as thin as Lair, too, but a little taller, and wiry.

Soon he had passed out of sight again.

Tomson growled a curse.

"We—we'll just lose him, see? What time do we get into Pedro?"

"Six in the morning."

"Then we got to do it tonight."

Lair smiled faintly. "Sure. And there's no better place for bumping a guy off than out at sea—if you do the job right."

"How?"

"The guy takes a last turn about the deck about midnight before turning in. And every night he stops a little while and leans over the stern rail. O. K. He's leaning over the rail. I'm coming up right behind him. Quiet. He don't know it. I crack him against the side of the head with my rod. He slumps. I ease him over the rail into the drink." Lair chuckled. "And that's all!"

Tomson's befuddled face brightened a little. "It'll be a cinch—"

He stopped abruptly. The footsteps were passing again. Tomson held his breath until they were gone.

Presently it was close to midnight. Tomson was sitting on the bunk, alone. He had turned out the cabin light; Pine might squint through the porthole on his way past and notice that Lair wasn't there.

Lair was back aft, waiting.

Soon they came—the footsteps, going aft, past the cabin. Tomson's muscles tightened. Then the footsteps were fading again. And Tomson relaxed.

He was talking to himself: "Anyhow that's the last time I'll have to listen to them footsteps. They was enough to drive a guy nuts."

The footsteps ceased.

The young man, Pine, would be overboard any moment now. Tomson had nothing to do but wait—just wait for Lair to return after he had done his job.

Tomson found himself listening again—listening, this time, for *Lair's* footsteps.

SUDDENLY Tomson sat up straight. Instinctively his hand darted under the pillow and grasped his gun. He listened tensely.

Footsteps!

Tomson was as motionless as a post. Footsteps, plodding methodically along the deck toward the cabin from back aft. He had expected footsteps — Lair's light shuffling footsteps. *But these were Pine's.*

Then, without realizing it, Tomson was on his feet, facing the door. Those were Pine's footsteps — but Pine was dead! Tomson couldn't believe otherwise. Pine was pitched overboard into the water. . . . Footsteps of the dead!

The sweat that oozed on Tomson's forehead was ice cold. There was a fierce tingling in his head, but everywhere else he was as numb as if he himself were dead. The hand that clutched the automatic, trained toward the door, was without feeling.

Footsteps of the dead!

They were coming closer, slowly, steadily, getting just a little louder with each fall of a foot. Pine's footsteps—and Pine's alone!

Where was Lair?

Tomson's eyes were fixed on that door. The footsteps stopped just outside. There was a wait of a long, long moment. The cabin was dark. Outside, too, was dark. A sudden breeze swung the door wide.

There, just beyond the threshold, stood a vague human form.

Tomson shrieked and fired at the same time. Shrieked curses at the top of his voice. Fired one shot after another until his gun was empty.

THERE was a moment of silence. Tomson dropped his gun on the floor and laughed loud.

"We killed you twice!" he exulted. "Twice! We killed you—"

The human figure just outside was collapsing. It flopped forward, crashed into the cabin at Tomson's feet. Tomson stared at it, fascinated.

It wasn't Pine. *It was Lair!*

Then another form emerged from the darkness—the slender form of young Pine. He was standing just outside the cabin now. Others were hurrying along the deck toward the cabin. And Tomson seemed quite unconscious of the fact, presently, that he was being manacled.

Pine was talking to him in his flat, serious, unhurried way: "Lair killed my sister—for you, Tomson. Now he is dead, as he deserves to be. You killed him, Tomson, and for that you'll hang, as you should have done before." He paused a moment, then went on: "I noticed your light was out as I passed the cabin. It made me suspicious, so I was ready for Lair when he attacked me. Then I brought him back here, walking behind him—"

"But the—the footsteps!" babbled Tomson. "They were yours! Not Lair's. Just your footsteps—alone!"

A sardonic smile flitted across Pine's face. But he said nothing, merely looked down at Lair.

Tomson looked too. And then he understood. Of course, Lair had planned to approach Pine from behind, very quietly, so that he would not be heard.

Lair had removed his shoes!

Pine turned calmly, stepped across the threshold into the darkness outside. Tomson could hear him plodding in measured tread down the deck.

THE END

Six Thousand Miles

The Inspiring Story of How Two New York Office Workers Made a Dream Come True

by EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

Geoffrey Pope at the end of a long portage — a far cry from balancing books.

SO you're planning a little trip!

You're probably thinking of streamlined air-conditioned trains, or incredibly fast planes with Pullman beds in 'em, or ships—luxurious big liners, or slow, easy-going freighters that carry passengers.

Or maybe you'll just throw the luggage into the back of the car and step on the gas, your route mapped out for you, your favorite hotels all listed. Have you a trailer?

Some of you will take the bus lines, and some will hitch-hike.

Have you ever thought of Alaska? The most majestic scenery in the world. Mountains with their white heads sleeping in cold mists; glaciers so white and so blue they shock you. Totem poles. Indians. Eskimos. The midnight sun.

Have you ever thought of Canada? A beautiful, rugged, picturesque, quaint, he-man country. A fisherman's paradise. A hunter's heaven.

Perhaps you're going up through Canada to Alaska this coming spring or summer; but it's a million to one you won't go by canoe.

Nobody's ever gone to Alaska by canoe—at least from New York. Perhaps nobody ever thought of making the trip the hard way except Geoffrey Pope and Sheldon Taylor. They're halfway there now.

Sheldon Taylor, somewhere in Canada, on the trail to health.

But then, these two young men aren't making the voyage just to see the country. What they're after is the joy of living. And they have given themselves plenty of time.

Are they wealthy? you ask.

No. Like millions of other men their ages, they had to work for a living. They had average jobs. They got average wages. Like millions of others, they spent every nickel they made—clothes, rent, carfare, quick-lunch meals, cigarettes, a few drinks now and then, parties every night or so.

They were bookkeepers in the Broadway offices of the Macfadden Publications, a couple of tall, skinny, undernourished young men in their early twenties. They were sallow of skin. They were underweight.

One bleak day last December they took inventory of themselves. They were in a Times Square restaurant. Outside the wind howled and the snow flew and there was slush on the sidewalks and the streets. They had walked a few blocks and found themselves puffing. They sniffled with head colds.

"So let's get out of here," they said. "Are we mice or are we men? Is this life or is this living?"

They stepped on the penny scales in the restaurant. Pope, six feet one inch tall, twenty-three years old, weighed 145 pounds.

"I should weigh at least thirty pounds more," he said.

Taylor, twenty-four years old, five feet eight inches, weighed 130 pounds. He needed fifteen pounds or more.

Well, all over this country, wherever you look, you'll find men in just these circumstances. They want to get away, to get back what they've lost of health and strength, to see strange places, to have adventures, to get rid of the monotony of the city, if only for a little time.

Pope and Taylor had been athletes; but years of working indoors, taking no exercise, gulping down indifferent food, and staying up late at night had sapped their strength and weakened their resistance.

But these young men had ideas—and sufficient will power to make them effective.

"We'll get out of New York as soon as we can scrape up enough money," they determined. "We'll quit. We'll go some place far away. We'll live in the open. We'll have some fun out of life. Where'll we go?"

Taylor had an old map of the waterways of Canada. They decided to get a canoe and put a sail on it and skim over the lakes and rivers of the Dominion. Many an hour in their dingy furnished room they pored over that map, marking routes, dreaming aloud. It didn't seem possible they could do it.

They cut down on cigarettes and pipe tobacco. They quit going to so many parties. They spent their evenings getting data for their trip, or in reading catalogues of sporting goods—hunting knives, rods and reels, canoes, tenting equipment, camp utensils, cameras.

One night Pope looked up from a map furnished by the Canadian National Railways.

"Look!" he said. "Alaska's on this map. Let's go through Canada as we planned—but let's go farther. Let's go to Nome."

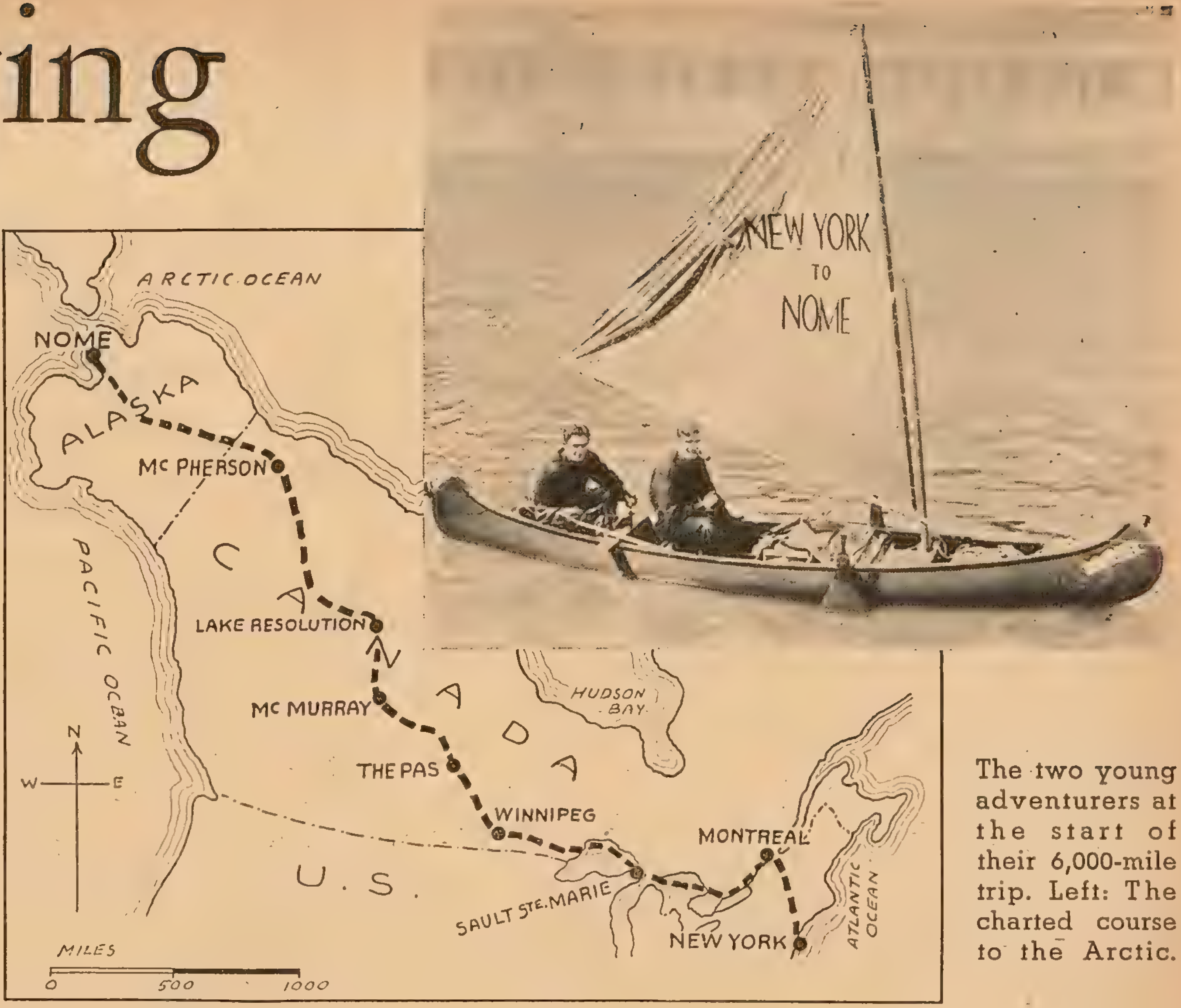
"Grand!" Taylor shouted. "We're on our way!"

For weeks and weeks they saved. April came, and they had only fifty dollars. They needed at least $100 more for their equipment.

That was the hardest part of getting started—getting that $100. One of the boys finally achieved the miracle. One of his relatives came through.

They bought what things were essential—nothing more. They christened their seventeen-foot craft Muriel, painted "New York to Nome" on her sail, put the equipment in her, the extra clothes, and the food—rice, corn meal, cracked wheat, dried fruits,

# of Living



The two young adventurers at the start of their 6,000-mile trip. Left: The charted course to the Arctic.

hardtack, cocoa, chocolate, and bannock—a mixture of flour, sugar, salt, lard, and baking powder. They had a few slabs of bacon too, but no other meat.

"We'll live on fish and vegetables and fruits," they told newspapermen who came down to see them off.

"Got any money?" a reporter asked.

"Not enough to count," Taylor answered. "But we'll get by. The first six thousand miles are the hardest."

A few days after they sailed away, Bernarr Macfadden, who had read about them in the newspapers, sent them a sum of money to reward their grit, their courage, their determination, and their unique method of proving there still are rugged individuals in America.

Mr. Macfadden liked their idea of traveling in a canoe for health; and he was touched by the "ten commandments" that will shape their conduct throughout the eighteen months they will be together:

"We will decide minor disputes by the flip of a coin.

"We shall not try to settle major disputes while fatigued.

"The day's work shall be evenly divided.

"We resolve not to settle any differences with our fists.

"We will not kid each other excessively on any subject.

"We will abide by the law of cleanliness.

"We will permit no annoyance to smolder, but will face our differences intelligently.

"It shall be 'we' in all cases; and not 'I.'

"We shall be tolerant of each other's viewpoints in all matters.

"We promise faithfully to live up to these commandments."

Yes, they sailed away. A light breeze caught the sail and Muriel went winging up the Hudson. At dusk they'd reached Tarrytown, twenty-five miles from Forty-second Street. They were congratulating themselves on the ease with which their first day had passed, when a squall came down out of the Storm King, hit Muriel amidships, and spilled both sailors into the icy water.

It was almost disastrous. But they got ashore with all their equipment. They were exhausted. They were soaked. They were chilled to the bone. But they stood and laughed at each other. They had just come through the first big adventure in all their uneventful years—and they had made good. They spent the night in the cabin of a state trooper, and got an early start the next morning.

There was no wind. They had to paddle now. They had to paddle all day, and all the next day, and the next, and the day after that. There were ugly blisters and calluses on their hands when they arrived at Albany. They could hardly move their arms or legs. They ached in every muscle and creaked in every joint. Their hands were swollen out of shape. Their faces were sunburned and sore. But they would not quit.

They slept twelve hours and went on again, paddles chunking, blue water ahead, white water behind. Through good weather and bad they kept it up, making approximately twenty-seven miles every day.

Day by day the torture lessened in their bodies. Day by day the work grew easier. Day by day life grew sweeter. They woke with the sun and the birds. They filled their lungs with pure clean air. They sang as they paddled. They laughed a lot. They ate prodigiously. At night, sometimes too tired to eat, they slept like dead men.

There was rough weather all through upper New York, moments of seasickness, moments of danger. They went through it smiling. Canada welcomed them with delightful weather. And wherever they landed, government officials, sportsmen, and out-of-door enthusiasts welcomed them, insisted on playing host to them.

By and by they noticed they were seldom tired. Frequently they decided not to quit paddling at nightfall, but to go on another hour or two. The water was so beautiful with the moon on it. The night was so thrilling, the stars so near. One June day they traveled forty-five miles. They were not tired.

Every day was one of thrills and beauty for them. They saw sights you may have missed, whizzing by in your motorcar or bus or train. They got pictures of things tourists seldom have a chance to notice. Sometimes they were miles and miles away from any one. They became acquainted with porcupines, grouse, elk, and other animals.

They are far up in Canada now, hobnobbing with Indians, with red-coated "Mounties," with tourists, with hunters and trappers, with old prospectors. They expect to reach Fort Chipewyan, in northern Alberta, before the waters freeze. And there they will spend the winter, taking pictures and writing.

They keep a logbook. Perhaps, when they return to New York next year, they will write a book.

The latest bulletin from them states that Pope has gained twenty pounds, and Taylor eighteen.

Well, you'll probably have a good time on your trip, no matter where you go, or how you go. But, just between you and me, doesn't this six-thousand-mile canoe trip, this six thousand miles of living, leave a sneaking little feeling of envy in you? Me too.

THE END

IS Carole Lombard IN LOVE AT LAST?

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

ROMANTICALLY speaking, the most important news to come out of Hollywood this year is the often-repeated story that Carole Lombard and Clark Gable are in love.

At first practiced observers close at hand were inclined to set down all this talk as just another fan writer's disordered dream.

Carole, the socially mad! Clark, the socially rebellious! It didn't seem possible.

Now Hollywood is looking forward confidently to the marriage of this strangely assorted pair.

The wedding won't take place next week or next month. It can't. For one thing, there's Mrs. Gable.

Property settlements are hard enough to arrange in any divorce. They are especially difficult in California. And when the divorce is in California and there's also a seven-year movie contract at five thousand dollars a week—well, a property settlement is hell.

Not that Rhea Gable is the grabbing sort. She had more money than Clark had when she married him, and she has it still. But even if she were inclined to let Gables be bygones, her lawyers wouldn't let her. Right now Clark Gable is just beginning to cash in on the world's greatest drawing power. You can be sure they won't let Rhea give him up too easily to any Botticelli blonde.

But Carole Lombard is a Botticelli with a square chin. She is a girl who gets what she wants—and she wants Clark Gable.

So, you say, do fifty million other women.

True; but Carole has the advantage of propinquity. She can move right in close—and does. For months, now, she and Clark have been so close as to be practically indistinguishable to the naked eye.

Carole has another advantage: Clark Gable wants her.

And why shouldn't he? Venus de Milo is five feet four inches tall. So is Carole. Venus's hips are thirty-six inches around. So are Carole's. Venus's bust measure is thirty-four and three quarters inches. Carole's is thirty-four. Venus's waist is twenty-eight and a half inches. Carole's — listen, Venus! — is twenty-four.

Carole wasn't always that way. Back in the Mack Sennett days she was decidedly on the plump side. Even when she broke into big time at Paramount, she was a "sixteen." But Madame Sylvia pummeled her down to a "twelve" in thirty days—and she has never gained a pound since.

Carole is very proud of her acquired symmetry. She wears the tightest dresses in Hollywood, with as little under as the law allows. Production was held up for minutes not long ago while the property department found her a pair of white silk panties.

Of her face she thinks little or nothing. Photographers think a great deal. She shares with Dietrich and Colbert the distinction of having had her picture taken more than two hundred thousand times. This is some kind of all-time record, which only Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, and Loretta Young have even approached.

Aside from her physical perfections, Carole Lombard is just about the squarest shooter in Hollywood. She has a glorious flair for friendship. Madeline Fields—Fieldsie to all Hollywood—was a sister bathing beauty in the Sennett tank. She has been with Carole ever since as companion and secretary.

When the reporters cracked down on Clark Gable to find out if he had picked his next wife, the big boy was characteristically noncommittal. All he would say about the hypothetical new love—he hadn't fallen for Miss Lombard then—was: "She's got to be a good sport and have a sense of humor."

Carole has shown herself a good sport in many different ways—never more effectively, perhaps, than in keeping her cheerful optimistic attitude through a childhood in Fort Wayne, Indiana, which was shadowed by the unhappy marriage of her father and mother.

"It left scars on my mind and heart," she once said.

Her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Peters, brought her to Los Angeles when she was seven. She was Jane Peters then. Later Jane Alice Peters; then Carol Jane Peters; then Carol Lombard; then Carole Lombard. The Lombard came from an old friend of her mother. The *e* on the Carole came from a numerologist's say-so.

At fifteen she went to a party, sat next to a Fox Film official, and came home with a movie contract. Her first role was in Marriage in Transit, opposite Edmund Lowe. The critics gave her a hand. Her future seemed assured. Then a runaway motorcar busted itself into a tree and Carole's face into the windshield. It would have been good-by career for most girls, but not for Carole. She

Six whom Carole thought (or whom Hollywood said) she loved: William Powell, Gary Cooper, George Raft, Gene Raymond, the late Russ Columbo, and Robert Riskin.

An Intimate Look at Hollywood's Newest Romance and Most-Discussed Question—Has the Screen's Blonde Venus Captured Clark Gable?

All this leading up to the big boy, Clark Gable, with whom it looks like real love at last. Will they marry?

by FREDERICK LEWIS

went to the best plastic surgeon in California, and—well, you can judge for yourself as to results.

On the screen the heavy make-up powder hides all trace of the scar. Even across the dining table, where I sat not so many moons ago, it is wholly imperceptible. But if it hadn't been for the girl's own gameness and patience, all might have been different.

"My mouth was so stiff," she explains, "that for several months I could hardly move it. I just *had* to keep a stiff upper lip!"

She has kept it ever since. When she recovered, her studio had troubles of its own and forgot all about the plump little girl who had played with Eddie Lowe. Undismayed, she took her curves over to the Sennett laugh factory and sold them camerawise, as Gloria Swanson and Marie Prevost and Phyllis Haver had done before her.

Then, as the Sennett vogue passed, she played a season in the horse operas with Tom Mix and Buck Jones. She was good. But the horse age was passing, too. So the glamour girl hung up her saddle, took off her poundage, and went in for heavy dramatics on the Paramount lot.

All of which is by way of showing that Carole squares perfectly with Clark Gable's first requirement. As for her sense of humor, she is an incurable ribber. In the early stages of her palship with Gable, he was emerging from a triumphant Chinese Theater première of one of his pictures, autographing programs, waving to the cheering multitudes, when a Western Union boy bearing a huge ham fought his way through the crowd. On the outside wrapper was Gable's own picture. Inside was Carole Lombard's card.

Carole is almost a replica of the famed Venus. At the waistline, however, Carole wins by four inches!

A few weeks later, on the eve of St. Valentine's Day, he drove his car into the garage of the Beverly Hills Hotel, where he was staying, and steered for his usual stall.

"I'm afraid it's already occupied, Mr. Gable," said the watchman.

Clark got out, and, to his amazement, discovered a dilapidated Model T Ford, painted white, with a pattern of large red hearts. Tied around the body was a huge red ribbon with a card reading:

"To My Valentine, from Carole Lombard."

This isn't a pose. She has an insatiable appetite and a bottomless capacity for amusement. "I'd like never to do anything in my whole life but laugh," she once said.

It is easy to see how this would appeal to a somewhat repressed but actually fun-loving fellow like Gable. Both Josephine Dillon, his first wife, and Rhea Langham, his second, were thoroughly serious women. Both were ten years older than he. In Carole—imaginative, modernistic, unconventional, and oh, so young!—he finds the exact antithesis of the women he had known.

Here is a girl who talks in a brisk slangy lingo; who is frankly thrilled by sapphire jewelry, perfumes, new hairdresses, and sleeping raw; who is ready at a moment's notice to go more places and do more things than Josephine and Rhea ever dreamed of.

But don't think that there is anything childlike about Carole Lombard's mind. Latterly she has acquired a poise which amounts almost to dignity—and a well-aimed eye for the main chance.

A good deal of this worldly wisdom was doubtless acquired in Carole's frequent jousts with Cupid in the years before she met Clark Gable. In 1931, when she married Bill Powell, she declared that she had already experienced six of the seven kinds of love, and that the one with Junior, as she always called Powell, was to be the seventh. In other words, it is not so much a question whether Carole is in love at last as it is whether she is in love again.

On her prenuptial list were child love, which she claims to have felt deeply at the age of eight for a playmate named Ralph Pop; emotional or physical love, which she went in for in her teens (in a nice way, of course); ideal love, which doesn't exist; on-the-rebound love; companionship love, which is all right in its way but doesn't get you anywhere; maternal love, which takes a little boy and sends him on a man's errand; and, as she naïvely added, "real love—my love for Junior, Junior's love for me."

They met in a picture called Ladies' Man, which Bill Powell certainly was not at that time. Five years of unhappiness with his first wife, Eileen Wilson; five years of separation before divorce; a long lonely mood-shadowed absence in Europe—then Carole. At their first meeting they talked nine hours. But it was months before Bill could persuade her to marry him.

"We'll never get on," she used to say at this period. "Bill will strangle me—or, at least, he'll want to. He likes order and dignity and an organized sort of life. I can't live that way. I always do whatever occurs to me at the moment. Bill won't be able to stand me. He wants to marry and settle down. I couldn't settle down. It would kill me!"

Following this blast, they were married. Whereupon Bill blossomed socially into the most popular man in Hollywood. Now he went everywhere and did everything. He even outdid his wife in perpetrating practical jokes and laughable folderol.

EVERYBODY commented, too, on how much love had done for Carole. She became lovable, tender, still witty but with less sting. She seemed suddenly to mature, to acquire graciousness.

But hard luck dogged the young wife's footsteps. She became ill on her honeymoon, and remained so, off and on, throughout the first year of marriage. She would no sooner get started on a picture than she would have to quit.

Bill worried about her. There is no doubt but that he tried to get her to give up her career and take it easy. Well, Carole has fought hard for the position she holds and she isn't the type that gives up easily.

Then, too, there was the question of hours. Bill was making a few big pictures a year. Carole, at that time, was making a good many smaller ones. Between pictures Bill would want to run away for a little vacation. If he did so, he ran alone. So they talked it all over one Fourth-of-July morning. "Bill and I are adult persons," Carole explained—and the next day Carole was on her way to Reno.

All Powell would say was, "For Carole and me there simply was no married life."

Their story that there had been no quarrel was accepted by Hollywood as true—and their conduct after Carole returned abundantly confirmed it. Divorce seemed to make little or no difference to the friendly relations between them. The very first night after her return, Gloria Swanson gave a dinner for them; then the Barthelmesses; then the Clive Brooks. They were seen tête-à-tête at the Derby, the Grove, the Colony, and the Clover Club. They went to the première of Dinner at Eight. When Ronnie Colman came home from the Goldwyn wars, Carole gave him a party—such a party!—and borrowed Bill's house to give it in.

Of course the pace couldn't last. The studios were calling. Bill went into his routine. Carole went into her dance; it was Bolero, with Georgie Raft. Presently the gossips went to work.

Carole's bungalow dressing room on the Paramount lot is right next door to Gary Cooper's. Hers is a social center for Paramount players. Everybody is always dropping in —but the fan writers made a good deal of the fact that tall Gary was among the droppers.

Cooper was, at that time, at the peak of his romance with the Countess di Frasso. Everybody knew that. When some one ran to Bill Powell, he laughed:

"A romance with Gary? Don't be crazy!"

Then the gossips switched, first to George Raft—who, it turned out, was concerned only because he couldn't have his own favorite cameraman and was forced to take Carole's—and later to Gene Raymond. But Carole squelched all these rumors with:

"I do not believe that screen stars should marry."

SOON, however, she had fallen under the spell of Russ Columbo's golden voice and ebony eyelashes. When he met his tragic death, she put on black.

"Russ and I loved each other," she explained. "Eventually, I believe, we would have married. How soon I don't know. His love for me was the kind that comes rarely to any woman. I never expected to have such worship, such idolatry, such sweetness from any man."

But she promptly consoled herself with Bob Riskin, champion screen writer. He was not only seen everywhere with Carole, but was said to do his most inspired writing in the patio of her new house. All she would say was:

"I have always attached myself to interesting minds, to people who stimulate me mentally and spiritually."

It can't be that Bob's mental stimulus died. He wrote Mr. Deeds Goes to Town after he was superseded in Carole's affections. So it must have been something spiritual that the brawny Mr. Gable supplied.

Mrs. Donald Ogden Stewart, wife of the writer, was not strong enough for an evening party, so Donald and Clark and Jock Whitney threw an evening party for her in the daytime. Hollywood arrived for luncheon at the Stewart homestead in full evening dress. Practically all of the guests had assembled when gongs sounded, an ambulance backed up to the front door, and a beautiful lady in startling white and ostrich-plume hat was carried in on a stretcher. It was Carole.

Now, Gable had seen Carole before. They had played together in No Man of Her Own. But that was when they were both married and working hard at it. Now Clark was separated from Rhea, Carole divorced from Bill. All afternoon they were inseparable. They have been ever since.

Will it last?

With Carole, yes. Whatever she may have been before, there is no doubt about her being in love at last.

There was a little flurry when Carole and her delightful ex went to Universal to play in My Man Godfrey. Jean Harlow, who had moved into the blonde vacancy in Bill's life, was said to be not a bit keen about it. How Clark felt, nobody knows.

But after it was all over Bill went back to Jean, and Carole—well, it can't be said that she had really left Clark, but she is certainly with him now.

Whether she will be with him a year from now, five years from now, depends largely on whether she is willing to fit into his life.

I know Clark Gable. He won't keep up this social whirl long. And now he is running around with the partyingest girl in the cinema capital.

Bill Powell followed the Lombard pace for two years.

How long will Gable follow it?

Will he follow it to the altar?

THE END

ARMISTICE LUNCHEON

Stranger Than Fiction: A True Chronicle of Peace After War—An American Ace's Dramatic Discovery

by STEVE HANNAGAN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

FOUR famous wartime aviators: three American — one America's ace of aces and one with an arm shot off—and the ranking German war ace were having luncheon on November 11 in a quiet restaurant. I was the fifth guest.

They drank their truce in a loving cup—a stein of beer. It was the first time they had all met together.

"Today they would hang me for shooting you, Ernst," smiled Captain Eddie Rickenbacker. "Only a few years ago they'd have given me another medal for knocking you off—a big medal, too, for a big shot like you."

He was addressing Major Ernst Udet, the German war ace. Everybody laughed loudly. Udet slid an arm around Rickenbacker's shoulder. They drank some more beer.

Alan Winslow, the one-armed veteran, was one of the handsomest men I have ever seen. The dangling left sleeve of his coat was a constant reminder of his war service as a member of Rickenbacker's forces.

He was downed in combat and was a German prisoner at the end of the war.

Rickenbacker, the eldest of the group, was host. Udet, the youngest, is short, plump, blue-eyed, and the little hair he has left is blond. He looks more like an engaging salesman than like the flyer who replaced von Richthofen as commander of Germany's "Flying Circus." Udet downed sixty-two ships.

He was only twenty-two when he had become a war flyer. "It is a good age for that," he reflected, moving his right hand in a gesture about his head, "for there is not much up here then."

He was interested to hear that the youthful Winslow had been the first Yankee flyer fighting as a part of an all-American flying unit to bring down a German plane.

"You lost your arm in the war?" he asked Winslow.

"Yes."

"It is too bad!"

"Might have been worse. I salvaged my life," Winslow replied.

Winslow went on to say that for years he had been trying to learn the identity of the German flyer who had shot down his plane. Did Udet think he could help?

"It is possible," said the German ace. "I have traced many men with whom we were in combat. It is amazing how they want to get together now — after these years."

"Well," flashed Winslow, "I'd like to meet my foeman in that fight. He was a real sport."

"Tell me the details and I'll try to help," said Udet.

Winslow drew on the tablecloth a map of the Château-Thierry sector where he had been downed.

"Rickenbacker, our squadron commander," he said, "had just returned from the hospital. I was flight commander. With fifteen ships we took off in formation. Over the German lines at twelve thousand feet altitude I saw a German squadron. I signaled. We prepared to attack.

"One German ship was drifting several thousand feet higher than the formation. I pulled away to keep an eye on him while the other boys went into a dog-fight with the German squadron."

"I commanded a squadron in the Château-Thierry sector," said Udet. "On what date was this combat?"

"July 31, 1918," said Winslow.

Udet reflected. "We were on patrol there then."

"Just as I was in a position for combat with the lone German," Winslow continued, "a second German plane appeared directly beneath me. I didn't see it until it was within a few feet of my ship. Just as I did, there was the crack of a machine gun and everything went black. I fell several thousand feet, out of control. I could see the ground whirling up at me. Now everything was red; blood on my goggles. With a supreme effort I worked my controls and got my bearings. The motor was dead. I started to glide back to French territory. Suddenly the German appeared again and began shooting at me. My plight was hopeless.

"He waved to me to glide back in the opposite direction. As soon as I headed for German territory he stopped shooting. He was a real sportsman."

Winslow landed between the second- and third-line German trenches. He was a prisoner until the end of the war.

"Was it a red-nosed or a black-nosed German ship?" queried Udet.

"I have always remembered it as black-nosed."

"It wouldn't have been my squadron, then."

But Rickenbacker, who had seen the combat, and Reed Chambers, who had been in it, were certain that the German planes' noses had been red. Winslow readily agreed it was a detail that was none too clear in his memory.

"You remember landing?" Udet asked him.

"Perfectly."

"You pancaked down?"

"Yes, from a height of six or eight feet."

"The landing gear was washed out?"

"Yes."

"And the ship rolled up on its nose, tottered there a moment and, instead of turning over, as they usually did, settled back?"

"Exactly!" snapped Winslow, excited.

It was evident to us all that he had found his sporting foeman. The mutual discovery was signalized by silence.

"Let's have another drink," broke in Rickenbacker. It eased the tension. The table hummed with small talk. The war, as a topic, was ended. Conversation switched to the aviation industry. Winslow and Udet were warming up. Like long-lost friends suddenly reunited, they seemed to have much to talk about.

Before they separated, they made a date to have dinner together that night—alone.

THE END

Three at the Armistice Day luncheon: Captain Eddie Rickenbacker; Major Ernst Udet, the ranking German war ace; and Alan Winslow.

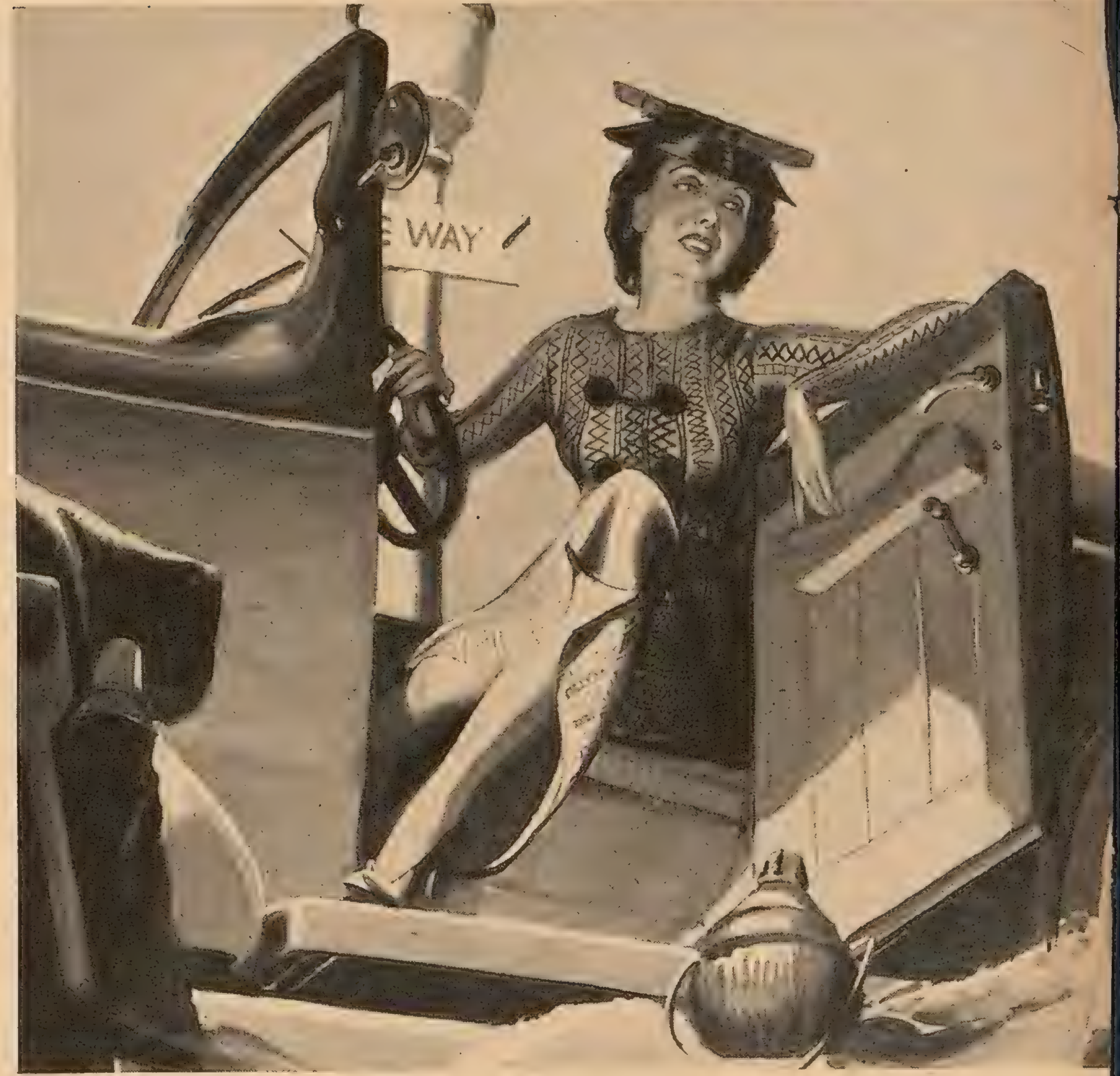
EDITOR'S NOTE: Early in 1933, the gallant Alan Winslow told Liberty's readers his own story of his World War service, in the series entitled No Parachutes. In August of that year he died.

ELECTION FLASH! BOY TAKES DARE, LOV

A STORY FOR VOTERS—A ROLLICKING TAL

Quintuplets TO YOU

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 2 SECONDS



Silver City.

DEAR BILL:

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up at class reunion. But does that excuse my working on a road gang the next morning in my dinner jacket? Does it even excuse my running for mayor?

Still, worse men have been mayors, and why don't you move out here and vote for me? Worse men have voted, though I can't think who. I'm running on a platform of fewer speeches, more money, and briefer bathing suits.

Which brings us again to the somewhat puzzling subject of *why* I'm running for mayor. I hardly know, myself, unless it's an act of God.

I found myself heaving rocks out of the roadbed one scorching dusty morning while perspiration gurgled down my tux and a gang of Irish section hands made very personal remarks. They commented especially about my tux. But I like the Irish. I had a football coach once who was Irish.

I merely grinned at them, a sunny grin, and offered to fight. I bowed and said it would make me very happy to bash in all their silly skulls. I complimented the foreman on his features and volunteered to remove them. Butch Mehaffey is his name, and he's the mightiest Mick of all. Great guy, too. Has the distinction of being the only man in Silver City the present police chief has ever arrested. It makes Butch a sort of minor saint. Brennan is noted for arresting honest men while crooks go free. In fact, I hear the crooks get a bonus. Sweet city we have!

Well, my tactics cleared the air, and we were all buddies and old pals before you could say "Public Works Administration."

Still, it was no picnic. My eyes smarted, my head ached, and blisters burgeoned on my palms. I groaned and thought of the night before. The world would be saved a lot of trouble if boys just *wouldn't* be boys.

While I was brooding on this great truth, a steam shovel cocked its saurian head at me—and spat. A deluge of dirt struck me amidship and sank me with all on board. When I finally dug myself out, muttering brightly of murder, I looked straight into the eyes of a girl. A devilish pretty girl, too, damn it all!

She was sitting in a smart little roadster, looking at me with eyes of wide and startled gray. A kitten watching a mousehole and finding a St. Bernard couldn't have been more astonished. She looked like a nice girl, though she was wearing one of those knitted-suit sort of things designed to please the eye and bring out the worst in man.

"Goodness!" she cried.

I bowed from the waist and some dirt ran down my neck.

"Your explanation," I said, "is very kind. But as Mae West put it, 'Goodness had nothing to do with it, dearie!' I suspect a certain fine Irish hand, and when I get hold of him I'm going to beat hell out of him!"

"If you aren't careful," she murmured, "you'll get your pretty suit dirty. There's a *little* smudge on your face now—"

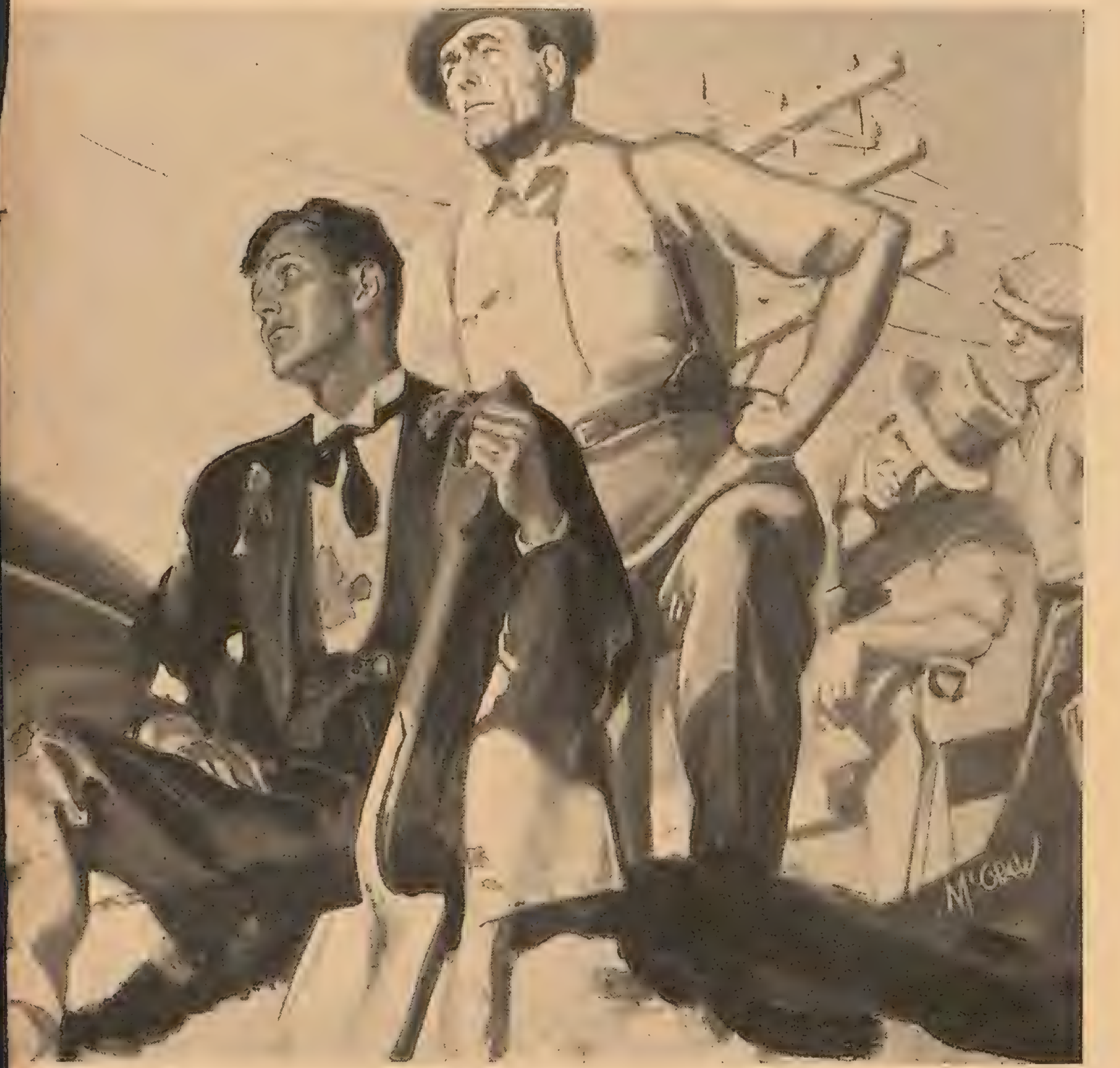
"You don't," I suggested hopefully, "have a Turkish towel and a bucket of suds about you?"

"It would be better," she said, "if I were a Turkish bath. Or a cloudburst."

"Oh, don't apologize!" I managed to get some of the silly studs out of my shirt. "We can't all be cloudbursts, you know. If you're in a hurry"—I bowed politely—"don't let me keep you!"

I started taking off my shirt. This action caused a

RAFT AND GIRL CONTRIBUTE TROUBLE IN
F ROMANCE AND RIVALRY AT THE POLLS



She was sitting in a smart little roadster, looking at me with eyes of wide and startled gray. She looked like a nice girl. "Goodness!" she cried.

by OLGA MOORE

ILLUSTRATION BY EDGAR McGRAW

small landslide of dirt and pebbles down my back. The girl didn't take the hint. She merely looked at me out of those wide fascinated eyes.

"I just can't figure it out," she murmured.

"Stick around," I grinned, "and all will be revealed. These rocks itch like the devil."

She flushed indignantly but held her ground. "*Why,*" she demanded, "are you wearing a dinner jacket to work on a road gang?"

"I thought they might serve oysters. May I have the next dance?"

"No. Dust storms give me hay fever, kind of. Is it a publicity gag? Or were you drunk? Or maybe you're an aphasia victim?"

I groaned and sat down to remove my shoes. "Nothing so whimsical. I'm just the type who takes dares and calls bets. Some fellows I'm beginning to dislike very much bet me fifty dollars I couldn't do this. They said the rest of the gang would beat me to a pulp. And they're crazy about me. Ask anybody—ask Butch."

Butch grinned at me fondly. "He's nuts!" he assured the girl with quiet pride.

"You see? I'm going over big. And now, if you—"

"Don't tell me what comes next!" she begged. She had a cute grin, impudent and dimpled. "Let me guess! If I'm going any place, I'd better go to it. And if I have any business to mind, I'd better mind it. Well, I *am* minding it! Will you support J. G. Gorham for reelection as mayor?"

"Why should I? He's perfectly able to support himself. Besides, he's a skunk and a fraud. He robs workingmen and protects crooks. Ask anybody. Ask Butch."

"Sure!" said Butch. "He's lousy."

The young lady grew dangerously quiet. "So he's a skunk and a fraud?"

"Absolutely. Look at his appointees. Look at Toady Myers, the city attorney. A shyster of purest ray serene. Look at Bill Brennan, the police chief—there's a sweet mess for you! Gets his cut from every dive in town. I wouldn't be surprised if he owns some of them. It stands to reason Gorham fishes a few plums out of the municipal pie and says, 'Oh, what a smart boy am I!' What's J. G. Gorham in your life, anyway?"

"Nothing!" said the young lady ominously. "Just my father's best friend, that's all. I'm the governor's daughter. And if Mr. Gorham's a crook, we're all crooks."

A loud silence fell that could be heard for miles. I mechanically took off the other shoe. I have an impression my face got red. But I stuck to my guns. No chit in a knitted suit, no matter how seductive, is going to blast me loose from my ideas.

"I'm sorry, miss—I'm an uncouth lout. But, honestly, I *do* think your father's on the wrong side of the fence. And not in a million years would I vote for that crowd he's training with—Gorham and Brennan and Finnerty. They're crooked and greedy and stupid—and they don't know the first thing about economics."

Butch nudged me in the ribs. "No hittin' in the clinches, buddy. The kid can't help her old man being mixed up with the gang. She probably don't look like him, anyway."

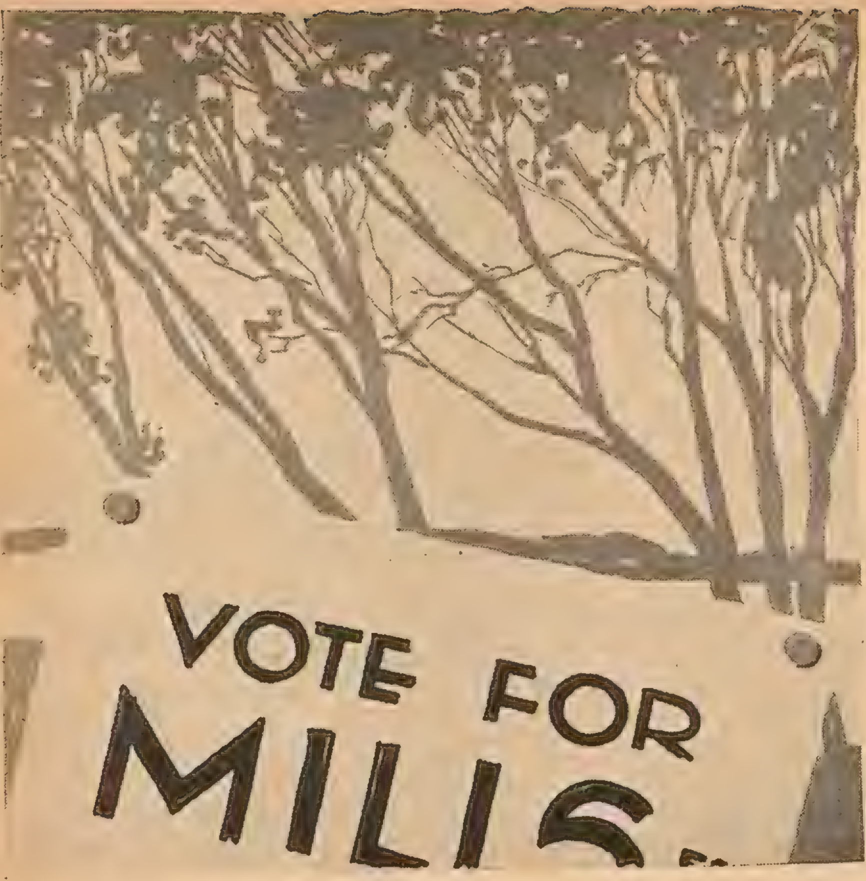
I glanced again at the knitted suit. I saw he spoke with some reason.

"Miss Allen, I'm awfully sorry! When these hairy-handed hyenas aimed that steam shovel at me—well, I'm never my best in dirt piles!"

"How odd!" She lifted her brows and drove away.

I looked after her with some regret. She had been a cute trick, at that.

Hardly had the indignant snorting of her car died away when Scoop Bruner of the Tribune hove in sight. I regarded him with a cold and bitter eye. Not only is he a newspaperman, but he's a fraternity brother and



one of the "boys" who brought me low. He looked pleased at my state of filth, but I could see he was chagrined the Irish hadn't killed me more. He had staked too much on my dinner jacket. Just to rub the point in, I whacked Butch on the shoulder and borrowed a match. Butch let fly a fond but terrifying grin.

I saw Scoop wince. He was figuring his share of fifty dollars.

"Well, well," he said cheerily, "if it isn't primal man emerging from the mire! Young economist seeks truth in gravel pits! You're doing great, boy! Only—*should* you insult governors' daughters? Judy Allen nearly ran into me a while ago. I could tell from her driving she had something on her mind, and when we got our gears and wheels sorted out, she gave me an earful. About you. You know that girl's a genius at description! A nice restrained touch."

"She's certainly not restrained in her campaigning. What's this Gorham like?"

"Oh, Gorham's a nice old guy. Maybe a *little* graft here and there. But, after all, mayors must live. He'll be re-elected. Got a big following."

"Where does he get it? Machine stuff?"

"No. He's got personality. Holds his liquor and knows when to use his knife. He's just one of the gang, no matter what gang. He plays poker in the back room with Finnerty's crowd and sings in the choir for Mrs. Essingdon's crowd. He can perch on the top rail at the stockyards and judge a steer's weight, and he can play the drum in the Shrine parade. He looks nice at banquets in a boiled shirt. He makes all women feel they're just eighteen. He makes all men feel they're great original thinkers. And when he kisses a baby—well, everybody has tremulous beatific smiles except the baby. Judy Allen's a great help to him, too. She asks housewives for their recipes. She always remembers breathlessly that she ate some of Aunt Annie Dow's doughnuts at the church supper and they were *too* scrumptious. Oh, Judy's a smart kid! Too bad she doesn't like you."

"Why? *I'm* not running for office. Though sometimes I'd like to, when I think of mealy-mouthed stuffed shirts like Gorham—"

"Why don't you run against him?"

I grinned at the picture. "Maybe I will. After all, *I'm* irresistible to babies."

"You didn't get far with the Allen baby, but we'll let that pass. Who'll be your police chief?"

"Butch here," I said. "Butch is the guy for police chief."

Butch grinned and rubbed the stiff hair that trims his bullet head.

"He's nuts!" he told Scoop. "But 'tis great to watch the mouth of him!"

"Sure. And 'tis great to see the nerve of him!" agreed Scoop. "Well, Mills—I'll look for you in the paper tonight. Sally, the society editor, told me she was mentioning you. What the well dressed young man wears on roadbuilding benders."

I was mentioned in the paper all right! There was a two-column cut of me in dirt-stained dinner jacket with the simple caption, "Mills Austin, prominent young scholar and socialite who announces his candidacy for mayor."

Scoop did himself brilliantly. Talk about your nice restrained touches! I was described as a "young man of well known democratic propensities." I was quoted as having the unqualified support of that "powerful labor leader, Butch Mehaffey." Mr. Mehaffey, it seemed, endorsed me glowingly as man, laborer, and friend, and paid a touching tribute to my powers of oratory. There was a rumor among "those close to Mr. Austin" that I might give a fat post on my staff to a laboring man. I was no young half-baked college theorist, Scoop told a dubious world. My ideas had been born from bitter personal struggle. I had worked shoulder to shoulder with the men in the roadside trenches. My zeal for work was so great I had appeared on the job one morning in dinner clothes rather than be late.

"This lovable boyish impulsiveness," wrote Scoop, "has endeared him in every quarter of the city."

Oh, well! The boys and the town would razz me for a while and then the whole thing would blow over. Fortunately nobody ever took Scoop seriously. Or did they?

For the phone started ringing. Mrs. Essingdon wanted to know if I would get behind a civic symphony. No officer could serve his city unless he had its culture needs at heart. Finnerty invited me to a poker game. Miss Elsie Wendel wondered if I would address the Christian Young People's Society next Saturday night. They had a dandy bunch of girls and boys, she assured me, all looking clear-eyed into the future. They were studying the platforms of the different candidates. They believed right-thinking people should take an interest in government. Mrs. Dutweiler, president of the Woman's Club, wanted to know what I candidly thought of the city sewage problem. The sanitary conditions, she said, were outrageous. No commonwealth could prosper which ignored the health of its children. Old man Briggs hoped I was against this darned fool sewage-disposal idea—the city taxes were high enough now. We couldn't float another bond issue.

Suddenly I laughed long and loud and flung myself about in my easy chair. I had thought of a joke to play on Scoop. I'd run for mayor! *What* a body blow to Scoop—my running for mayor on his own publicity!

WHEN George Guy dropped in later in the evening to gloat, I fixed him with my glittering eye. George has hung out his shingle and is waiting for clients to clatter in. Between lawsuits he spends his time exercising polo ponies and debutantes. The girls and nags see quite a bit of him. And he's one of the boys who bet me the famous fifty dollars.

"George," I said, while he rummaged in my icebox for beer and cheese, "what's causing all the dry rot in the Silver City Bar Association?"

"Item one," he told me around a mouthful of Liederkranz, "a lousy police-court justice. Item two, a lousy city attorney. Item three, destruction of records and evidence by any city employee who feels playful. No co-operation anywhere. Item four—this is the best cheese I've eaten in two months."

It took hours, two bottles of beer, and a great deal of cheese to convince George, but he caught on gradually. And when he did, he blazed! That shows how persuasive an orator I am! When a man can arouse his old college classmate! Of course he really liked the idea of turning the tables on Scoop. But the thought I suggested of his being city attorney had a certain quiet charm, too.

"George, the Guy with a Job!" he gloated.

Together we mapped out our campaign. George would handle the Silver City Bar Association. I would handle the labor crowd, and get out the church and society vote. Scoop would take care of publicity. We rent the air with long-drawn howls when we thought of that. He couldn't go back on his own nominee. We had Scoop where we wanted him.

I went around the next day and filed my candidacy. I met Judy Allen on the steps of City Hall. She had been in to see her old friend Gorham. She looked very pretty and apple-blossomy in a pink something.

"Well," she said brightly, "if it isn't the League of Decency!"

"Miss Allen, let's don't make this a personal issue between us. Politics is only politics. I'd like—couldn't I see you sometime?"

"That would be lovely!" She looked at me with wide starry eyes. "Dad and I were saying the other day we needed some one to lift up our morals. Daddy's sick of graft and I'm kind of tired of vice. If we just had some nice friend to point out our mistakes very gently and firmly— Why don't you come up Thursday evening? We're both going to be out, but the maid's a crook, too."

Well. Apparently I can't get far with a girl like that!

Hoping you are the same,

MILLS.

Silver City.

DEAR BILL:

Thanks for the weird assortment of objects, including congratulations.

I turned them over to Scoop, but he said they had a dubious publicity value, especially that old address book you so thoughtfully forwarded—souvenir of our year in New York. He seemed interested in it himself, however. And he's distinctly taken with the pictures of Agnes and Arabella. It gives me great pleasure to brood on the huskiness of the husbands those girls have taken since my day.

But I will say for Scoop he's been a hell of a good sport about this mayor business. He's thrown himself into the fray like a hero—once he got over the shock. The brighter aspects of my character have been extolled in press and pamphlet. My features in one of their pleasanter poses look down from every billboard. He who runs may read my virtues. Scoop is busy thinking up virtues. Some of them would paralyze you. But Judy Allen has thought up just as many faults.

The campaign wages savagely. It's the most fun I've ever had. I harangue mobs, address women's clubs, go to church suppers, preside at prize fights, give flags to school children, and buy tickets to pageants. (When I'm elected I'll abolish pageants.) I espouse causes and deplore conditions. I denounce in public and promise in private. It's an art. And I've kept my little pink ears open in this campaign and I've learned a lot.

I've had a run-in with Bill Brennan himself. The great police chief honored my lowly lodgings the other night with his fearsome presence. He's six feet two of handsome skulduggery.

He was very affable. He complimented me on my taste in furniture, my record in college, my choice of books, my manners and morals—if any. His approval of me waxed steadily stronger as we talked, and soon he was so fond of me he begged me to stay out of politics. My talents would be wasted. A person of my extraordinary ability—well, the business and educational fields were clamoring for lads like me. They would appreciate me. Voters were ungrateful and capricious.

"I know just the place for you!" he said enthusiastically. "A friend of mine has a big manufacturing plant —down in Florida—and he's looking for a smart idealistic young chap like yourself to take over the personnel. You get along well with people and you've studied up on this sort of thing. He could look a thousand years and not find any one better qualified than you are. Why don't I just drop him a quiet little tip—"

I had a sudden idea. "Why," I suggested brightly, "don't you offer this personnel job to Mr. Gorham?"

He gave me a queer hard look then. "Say," his voice was even and cold, "I've been easy on you, kid. I've been trying to give you a friendly tip. Stay out of this game —see?"

"Plainly," I grinned at him, "it's pretty messy, isn't it?"

"It's messy as hell. And it can get messier."

"You ought to know," I told him. "You're the police chief. And you ought to be careful how you go around confessing things. Confessions are good for the soul but hard on the health."

He said something very ugly and left. I sat plunged in wonderment. I must have a pretty good chance, after all, if Brennan offers to buy me off. He and Gorham have heard something that worries them.

I don't believe Gorham is such a cold-blooded crook himself. He's just a sweet old duffer who likes to see his friends happy. He's the front for the gang. He does have a shrewd, mellow, cushiony charm that's hard to resist. He stands for all the family virtues. And he's always stoutly and loyally supported Allen for governor. I can see why Judy's keen about him.

Judy is my severest critic if not my warmest friend. She accuses me of slander, slime, and stupidity. She hints at blackmail and burglary. And of course she doesn't believe any of the stuff against Gorham. She's a nice kid for not believing. She's the most passionately loyal little soul that ever lived. It's funny how she and I grew up in the same town and never knew each other. Oh, I was always conscious there was a Judy Allen, and I seem to remember something about a freckled brat who used to ride a pony up and down the streets. But now that our trails have started crossing, the habit seems to grow.

We met the other day on the steps of a laborer's shanty. We were both working on a house-to-house campaign.

"Ah!" she said sweetly. "You want to see if Mrs. Poullson runs a love nest or a gambling hell?"

"No, I just want to see if she has a baby for me to kiss."

"I hope," she said viciously, "she has quintuplets!"

Hoping you are the same,

MILLS.

Silver City.

DEAR BILL:

I've found a keg of dynamite and I'm the boy who plays with matches. Stand by for an explosion.

I've found a row of little houses where blinds are drawn discreetly and cars park mysteriously, where men play cards and men sell dope and painted ladies smile.

And this row of little houses is owned by Bill Brennan, the chief of police.

Mayor Gorham appointed the chief of police.

Now there is a gaudier underworld several blocks away.

The mayor gets very indignant about it. He calls it a "cesspool of sin" and a "cancer gnawing at the fair breast of the city." He intimates it is run by aliens and enemies of the people. True, Louis Canditti, boss of the district, boasts no Mayflower ancestry. But the mayor never mentions the row of little houses on Fourth Street.

Well, I'm going to mention them!

I'm going to mention them very specifically in a speech tomorrow night before the Young Voters' Club. And Scoop is going to be there to take down every word I say. George Guy is bringing the Silver City Bar Association in a body. And Butch Mehaffey is rounding up his lads. It was Butch Mehaffey who was the one tipped me off.

"Sure!" he said. "'Tis where the b'ys are spending all their wages."

I think we'll have a very large evening.

OLGA MOORE
is a Wyoming girl, and her childhood was spent on an old-time Western cow ranch. After finishing college she deserted the open spaces for city streets, becoming a cub reporter. She married Carl Arnold, and "they live in a funny little house in Laramie and have grand times."

I lost another round to Judy Allen. We're getting no friendlier fast. She was at the Episcopal church bazaar disguised as a fortune-teller, a very pert and pretty gypsy, spangled with beads and great brass curtain rings.

"I'd take you for a gypsy any place!" I said admiringly, "if I liked gypsies."

"Oh, I have other disguises!" she assured me. "I can be a schoolteacher or a chorus girl or a stenographer or a hockey player. I even have a lovely little act as a dope fiend. You'd like that—vice and all."

"I'd be crazy about it. Aren't you going to tell my fortune?"

"Cross my palm with silver? Of course I won't vote for you, but there are three church workers watching us. They might."

I gave her a dollar and she bent her charming head over my hand with great earnestness. She sighed and looked sad. Then she told me:

"I see you have a prying, meddlesome, troublemaking disposition. You are given to mock heroics and strange flights of fancy. Some one once told you you had a strong face, and you've spent the rest of your life trying to live up to it. I see you will marry a woman who hates you and will have three children who'll all run away from home at an early age."

"What about my life line?"

"Much too long!" she murmured almost tearfully. "But of course accidents sometimes happen. We can only hope."

Well, if you hear a burst of musketry and see a lot of fragments hurtling through the air, you can sigh and say in a sentimental voice, "Dear old Mills! I knew him when he was all in one piece!"

Hoping you are the same,

MILLS.

Silver City.

DEAR BILL:

I'm either going to be killed or elected. I understand the boys around town are giving even bets.

The campaign has now reached a fine filthy stage. The Gorham crowd have bought a little fly-by-night newspaper of their own and are slinging mud with a beautiful childish abandon. They have definite information I am in the pay of Moscow. Three shady ladies have admitted a peculiar fondness for me. Their accounts of my amours leave me intrigued and wistful. Evidence has been unearthed that I cheated in my college exams and faked my credits in high school. My football career has been reviewed, showing me a murderer and thug.

My speech before the Young Voters' Club was a great success—with Scoop and George Guy. I made the well known welkin ring and the American eagle scream and flags unfurl in Flanders' fields.

I was a little disconcerted to see Judy Allen and His Honor the Mayor sitting in the front row. But I didn't pull my punches. They asked for it—they could have it. I looked Gorham in the eye and lay about me. The mayor's fine florid face turned pale. Butch Mehaffey's battered pan was one big happy smile. Scoop grinned and gulped and took notes. George Guy led the applause, breaking in roundly whenever I paused for breath. And Judy Allen looked at me with steady, contemptuous, incredulous eyes. A girl with loyalties like hers shouldn't go to political meetings.

She challenged me after the meeting was over. She was among the crowd who lingered to tell me how swell I was. Only she didn't tell me I was swell.

"I'm going to make you eat those words!" she said in front of my friends. Her voice was small but very clear. "I'm going to investigate those houses myself, and I'm going to prove—"

"For God's sake, Miss Allen," I pleaded, "*you* mustn't mix into this. You'll get terribly—"

She smiled scornfully. Pitiful scorn, I saw, beneath the hurt, unhappy eyes.

"Wouldn't it be just ducky if people believed everything you said? Well, I can get things printed in a paper too, and I'm going down tomorrow—"

I gripped her arm. "Miss Allen. Judy! Listen. Those houses are no place for a girl—"

"We'll see!" She turned on her heel.

She'll do it, too. She's that kind of a kid—pluck clear through. Pluck and curiosity. I grinned, remembering how firmly she'd stood her ground till she found why I was wearing my dinner jacket to work on a road gang. She goes to the bottom of things. She'll look into those little houses or die trying.

I'm devilish uneasy about her. Oh, I suppose she's safe enough. She's the governor's daughter and she has police protection, God knows. Brennan wouldn't dare let anything happen to her. It's the hurt to her I'm thinking about—the hurt to her faith in things. And can you tell me why the hell I'm worrying about her at all? What's the governor's daughter to me except a very disagreeable little brat who won't mind her own business?

Well, the speech was made last night and Brennan and Gorham have gone into action already.

Brennan came around to see me this morning while I was eating breakfast. He came in with a bright bland smile that sent a cold shiver down my spine. I remembered a big left tackle for Utah State who used to smile just that way before he mangled a guy.

"Well, little Lord Fauntleroy, that was a cute speech you made last night!"

"Not a dry eye in the house!" I agreed and wished Butch Mehaffey were somewhere around.

Brennan looked critically at my scrambled eggs. "Say, son," he suggested, "wouldn't it be a good idea if you printed a retraction of all you said—about those houses on Fourth Street, you know—and blew town? Stopping in, of course, to withdraw your candidacy?"

"No. I like it here. It looks exciting."

"Don't you worry about excitement!" he said grimly. "You'll get plenty of that. But I'm just tipping you off. If you don't sort of ooze out of the picture, why—"

"Why what?"

Brennan squinted at me meditatively. "Those are nice features you have. I reckon a lot of girls are real stuck on your looks. They might not care so much for them—later."

"It would be silly to murder me, Brennan. Too many people are watching you. I've seen to that."

"Be your age, buddy. Murder's old-fashioned. There's other things."

"A fate worse than death? Why, Mr. *Brennan*, I'm surprised at you!"

He said something that was distinctly not nice.

I can't deny I'm pretty uneasy. Obviously I'm in for a frame of some kind. But what really worries me is Judy Allen. About every half-hour I take a turn up Fourth Street, but I don't see her little car parked anywhere along that sour and sinister thoroughfare. Maybe she's changed her mind, after all. Maybe the mayor's deployed her somewhere else. Maybe she's decided just to be a debutante and go to a bridge tea.

Hoping you are the same,

MILLS.

DEAR BILL: Silver City.

When the shouting and the tumult dies and the last bridesmaid has drunk her fill—I had a beautiful thought, but we'll let that pass.

I think when I wrote you last I was waiting for Judy Allen to get into trouble.

Well, she did. Very brave high-spirited trouble, too. There's stuff to the girl.

Butch Mehaffey called me up about noon. "I've got the lad behind the cigar counter at the corner of Fourth and Pine fixed," he said. "He's been watching all the comings and goings on Fourth Street. He says a strange young lady went into Number Nine about an hour ago and hasn't come out yet. Said she seemed new to the neighborhood and looked nervous. She was dressed shabby and was on foot. She wore a lot of make-up, but Pete thought her face looked kinda young and kiddish for that type. I wondered—"

I hung up the receiver and reached for my coat. It was Judy Allen. I knew it. Judy with her brave pitiful little "dope-fiend act" she was so proud of. She'd gone on foot because she realized the governor's car would be spotted. She was after the real thing.

I grabbed my own car and drove through three stop lights. Butch's boy at the cigar counter assured me the strange young lady hadn't come out of Number Nine.

I went over and punched a bell.

A slattern blonde came to the door, a wide-faced woman dressed in a dirty but housewifely gingham frock. I looked into a frowsy little room, obviously a poor parlor, cheap and stuffy and bleak. Nothing very suspicious here. Just a drab domestic woman in her drab domestic realm.

But from somewhere beyond I could hear a stealthy murmur of voices.

"Meter reader!" I said, and pushed past her before she could object.

Briskly I made my way to the back of the house. I found myself in another room, also small but a little more festive in appearance. There were pink lampshades and festoons of paper roses and some small tiled tables. There were even a couple of straight-backed booths. There was a cluttered desk with a cash register and some scattered papers.

A kind of beer parlor apparently.

And in one of the booths sat Judy Allen, her little face white and frightened beneath its cheap make-up. Two men were with her, one a pale puffy youth who was plainly trying to date her up, the other a tough-looking egg, much older, hard-panned and businesslike, chewing a match. Half-empty glasses stood in front of all three. The frightened blonde followed me in and made some sort of signal to the tough mug. He gave me a menacing look and uncrossed his legs.

"What d'ya want?" he demanded.

"My girl," I said and walked over to Judy.

"Who is this guy?" asked the pale youth, trying to put his arm around her.

I jerked her to her feet. She gave me a strange glance.

"The mayor, I guess!" she said in a tired voice.

The man muttered something and the three stared at me in a sullen trapped silence. The sultry hush was broken only by a movement of Judy's. She crossed swiftly to the desk and snatched a letter from the dusty surface beside the cash register. She thrust it into her pocket.

I got her outside and we found Butch Mehaffey lounging against a telephone pole halfway up the block. Good old Butch—he'll make a great police chief. And up by the corner cigar store we caught a glimpse of Scoop and George disappearing. They, too, had kept their vigil.

There was nothing, I thought in a sudden rush of emotion, like having friends.

Judy was trembling as I helped her into my car. I have never seen a more weary miserable kid in my life. I drove out into the country a way, along a willow-shaded road that headed toward the mountains, a lazy road that flirted with a stream, climbing away from it sometimes and then drifting frankly back. Judy sat, small and pitiful, huddled up with her face half hidden in the collar of her cheap raincoat.

I handed her a handkerchief, a nice big clean one that would hold a lot of tears.

The engine coughed, sputtered, and dragged feebly to a stop. I got out and made a brief inspection. Uh-huh!

"It's great," I said, "having friends."

Scoop and George had thoughtfully drained the gas tank.

I CLIMBED back in and sat down. Judy looked up at me a little pinkly. Tears had smeared her ghastly dope-fiend make-up. Her eyes were misted and her lip trembled like a child's. After all, opportunity was opportunity. I took her in my arms. She fought me off for a minute, but she found ex-football players have their use. She cried at last against my shoulder.

I never knew a weeping woman could be so utterly delectable. I never knew a grim young politician could be so happy.

"You win—damn it!" she said when she had hold of her voice again.

"Here!" She handed me a little bottle marked "Aspirin." "That's dope—the woman sold it to me. It'll do for evidence, I guess."

She hesitated a moment and then took the letter out of her pocket. "That," she said, "is Bill Brennan's handwriting. I've seen it lots of times. I—I spotted that when I first went in, and I'd been maneuvering around for an hour to get it. The woman watched me like a hawk, and then that awful boy came. This will cook Brennan's goose with dad. He'll draw all his support away from Gorham now. Oh, to think of daddy's being mixed up—"

"Don't!" I said against her hair—she has lovely hair, all cute short curls. "Don't, darling! Your dad's all right. He was just taken in by Gorham who was taken in by Brennan."

She gave a convulsive sob and I felt strong action was needed.

"Why — what on earth!" she gasped.

"Don't tell me, sweet, you don't know what a kiss is!"

"A kiss? I distinctly counted—"

I went into action again. "I'm playing," I murmured, "that you're quintuplets!"

Hoping you are the same,

MILLS.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—The early photo to the right is that of a comic-opera singer, born at Clinton, Iowa, who was the star of McCall's Opera Company and married a newspaper publisher and ambassador. Who was she?

2—Is a mule's father or mother an ass?

3—What is used as a piece in a game and as a disguise?

4—How much is a South American cent worth?

5—Who was United States Minister to Belgium during the Great War?

6—What is the oldest pillar in New York, New York?

7—Which weighs more, air laden with moisture or dry air?

8—Pratt, Wisenfrend, and Ullman are the real surnames of which stars?

9—Who in the Bible said he saw a man flying swiftly?

10—What Italian-American coloratura soprano, born 1889, taught herself singing?

11—Cony fur comes from what animal?

12—What famous Greek painted Venus Rising from Sea?

13—How many serious naval engagements occurred during the Great War?

14—Who was Mary Ludwig Hays?

15—What oil is obtained from the feet and shinbones of cattle?

16—EPIC meant what?

17—What is the correct name for a chimney swallow?

18—Where was the first chocolate mill in the United States erected?

19—Who were the first moneylenders of Europe?

20—After Viscount French, who commanded the British forces in France?

(Answers will be found on page 57)

WILL HITLER

STALIN'S sword is poised to strike . . .

*W*ith Men, Munitions, and Millions, Germany and Russia Prepare—Here, from an On-the-Spot Observer, Is an Inside View of Europe's Coming Conflict

ARMED to the teeth, hatred in their hearts, Germany and Soviet Russia glare at each other—across Poland.

Smoke belches from every munitions plant in Hitler's Germany and in Stalin's Russia. Soviet Russia has created the greatest military establishment in history. Her peace strength is two million men, her reserve nine to ten million. Tanks grow like mushrooms, airplanes swarm like mosquitoes. Half of her colossal air fleet—3,000 bombers—are ready to rain destruction on Berlin.

A strong Germany, Hitler insists, is the only safeguard of peace. If this be true, peace was never more safely ensconced than today, for never—even under the Kaiser—was Germany more formidable. She recently consummated the first phase of her first rearmament project, the organization of twelve army corps. No one knows her real strength. Some estimates place her peace strength at 500,000; others, at twice that number. Her new rifles, her new machine guns are said to surpass any invention at the disposal of her enemies.

Germany recently launched a new dreadnought, the first since she scrapped the naval clauses of the Peace Treaty of Versailles. The maximum strength to which she may build up her navy is laid down in her new treaty with England. Russia, not so restricted, announces that she is creating a navy equal to the task of coping simultaneously with Germany and Japan, a navy able to dispute with Great Britain the mastery of the seas. Germany's naval experts assure me that Russia has at this writing the largest submarine fleet in the world!

On land and sea and in the air and the upper regions of atmosphere both Russia and Germany prepare feverishly for the inevitable reckoning. Mysterious poison gases are devised in secret laboratories. Germs that can destroy crops, vitiate the water supply, and destroy human life are tested by hooded professors wearing curious masks resembling the face of the devil in medieval lore. Both countries hold maneuvers that grow ever more realistic, involving not merely the army but the civilian population.

Stalin's sword is poised for action. So is Hitler's.

Who will strike first?

Two years ago one of Germany's most important military leaders said to me, " There will be no war. Germany wants no war. But if war is forced upon us, all Europe will go up in flames." That was before Germany had rearmed on the prodigious scale envisaged by Hitler. Today Germany feels that she can protect herself even in a conflagration that may consume the rest of Europe. That does not mean that she desires war or is ready for war. If she were, Hitler would not announce a Four-Year Plan to emancipate Germany from her dependence on raw materials from other countries. It is obvious that Hitler will avoid, if he can, any war within the next four years, unless he can count upon the aid or the friendly neutrality of Great Britain.

In intimate conversations Der Führer has pointed out again and again that, unlike most statesmen at the helms in other countries, he himself fought as a private in the World War. Knowing the horrors of modern warfare, he is unwilling to assume responsibility for such a catastrophe, unless—and he is specific on that point—Germany's honor or her territory is threatened.

What does Hitler mean by " German territory "? Evidently the present confines forced upon Germany at Versailles. He makes no claim to Alsace-Lorraine. His truce with Poland eliminates the Polish Corridor. Danzig, under Nazi domination, is no longer necessarily an apple of discord. The clever von Papen has established normal relations with Austria. Germany knows that Austria cannot but gravitate into her orbit. The German government sympathizes with the six million Germans in Czechoslovakia, but Germany has not espoused their cause. She has made gestures of good will to Mussolini, in spite of the ruthless destruction of German culture and the German language in that part of the Tyrol snatched from Austria by the Peace Treaty of St. Germain.

Does this mean that Hitler has given up his ideal of a Greater Germany? The logic of history indicates that Germany will succeed eventually in uniting all those who speak her language and dream her dream in Europe. But Germany can wait. She hopes to gain her point short of war.

War is the last, not the first, resort of the diplomat. And Hitler is a diplomat. Before forecasting what he will do, let us determine what he will *not* do. He will *not* go to war simultaneously with every major power in Europe, like poor Bethmann-Hollweg. He will *not* go to war as Mussolini did in Abyssinia if he can obtain his objective by other means. He will *not* risk the loss of his battle on the Marne by delaying mobilization twenty-four hours. And he will *not* repeat the mistake of Admiral von Tirpitz, who announced Germany's submarine warfare before she was ready. If Hitler strikes, he will strike quickly—and he will not strike at all unless he is fully prepared.

There are, of course, influences that may compel Hitler to strike before he is ready. Economic necessity, it is argued by some, may force the sword into his hands prematurely. " Nonsense! " rejoined a distinguished German diplomat. " Germany knows for a certainty that war impoverishes victor and vanquished alike. Slowly, with incredible cleverness, Dr. Schacht is working out her financial salvation. She will not risk that salvation."

" But," I argued, " France and Russia may force war upon Germany before she grows too strong or their allies too weak."

STRIKE FIRST?

by

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

HITLER will not strike — unless . . .

"If that was in their minds," my friend replied with a shrug, "they have already waited too long."

"Germany is encircled by foes," I insisted. "The military alliance between France, Soviet Russia, and Czechoslovakia, with Roumania as a silent partner, is unbeatable. I heard Goebbels and Rosenberg point out in Nuremberg that Czechoslovakia places at Russia's disposal one hundred and seventy landing places and thirty-six large airports. From the airports of Czechoslovakia, Russian bombers can reach Dresden in twenty minutes; Chemnitz in eleven; Berlin in forty-two; and—if necessary—Vienna in nine and Budapest in six.

"Russia," I added, "counts on her foreign legions—the Communist parties in other countries. It is, I think, Goebbels who invented this phrase."

My friend smiled. "Goebbels," he remarked, "also points out that France could not adopt the military measures she considered necessary for her safety until the Communist Party of France had asked and received instructions from the Kremlin to support the French government. It is this sort of thing that makes sane Frenchmen think. If Russia could depend on France, she would not arm so furiously herself. If France trusted in her systems of alliances and Russia, she would not so hectically attempt to buy new or repurchase old allies."

"Whenever Germany fights Russia," I said, "she will be at the mercy of France, safely engirdled by her incomparable circle of forts, known as the Maginot Line. Germany has no such defense."

"You forget," my friend said, "that Hitler does not bluff. The twenty thousand troops which he sent into the Rhineland were a skeleton force. He kept his promise to send no more troops for four months. But the four months were over in August."

MY friend could not discuss the question whether the Rhineland is fortified. But no one in Germany doubts it. The Germans would not, even if they could, build another Maginot Line. They rely on more flexible and more ingenious defenses. "The French," as one of the supreme military commanders in the World War remarked to me, "forget that we can hop over the Maginot Line. Both Russian and German maneuvers have shown that it is possible to drop armies from parachutes behind the enemy lines."

On paper, Germany is at the mercy of the Franco-Russian allies. But Germany has not been idle. Poland accepts French money, even in devaluated francs, but it is inconceivable that her present rulers would make common cause with Soviet Russia. And in the East looms Japan. It is perfectly obvious that Russia's plight is Japan's opportunity.

Before Russia can reach Czechoslovakia she must cross Roumanian or Polish territory. Poland would fight her. Roumania may take French and Russian money but she has no intention of embracing the Bolshevists. Her affection for France dropped many degrees when France concluded a military pact with Russia.

In Czechoslovakia half the population would refuse to fight for Russia. I refer to the suppressed nationalities. But even among the ruling Czechs there are many who cannot stomach the Russian alliance. The same is true in France. France is so torn by internal dissension that she has almost ceased, for the time being, to be a major political or military factor.

Can France bank on the other members of the Little Entente? Goebbels, Schacht, Goering have been busy in the Balkans, and have brought home assurances which extend Germany's influence from Berlin to Bagdad.

Belgium, while fortifying her Dutch border, has declared plainly enough that she will fight again only in self-defense. Mussolini thinks first of Italy, but his plans do not involve aid to Moscow. England will try to preserve the balance between the forces of Fascism and those of Bolshevism. If she decided to enter the fray on the side of France or Russia, the empire would not be united should the dominions refuse to follow.

Hitler's greatest stroke of luck has been the object lesson afforded by Spain. With the horrors of the Spanish massacre ringing in its ears what capitalist nation would be willing to strengthen the hand of Moscow? France and Russia may have treaties of alliances in their pockets but, Germany feels, *no nation in Europe—except herself and Italy—can dare go to war without facing revolution at home.* That is why Mussolini and Hitler have their own way at home and abroad.

Will Stalin have his own way at home if war comes? Will the Russian people fight for their masters? Will the Russian transportation system, which has broken down again and again in times of peace, survive the shock of war? Is it not possible that the Red colossus has feet of clay?

No one knows. Not even Stalin himself.

Germany and Italy can wage war without fearing revolution at home. Not all Germans nor all Italians accept Fascism, but they do look upon it as a serum against Bolshevism and they prefer it to that disease.

Similarly, other nations, if compelled to choose, will reluctantly embrace Hitler or Mussolini or both. It is because the rulers of Russia recognize this that they grow desperate. They may do one of the two things which Hitler said would make him fight.

There is another possibility. Let Communism triumph in Spain; let France and Czechoslovakia go Red. In that event Hitler would have no choice. But he would not strike alone. And if he struck, he would strike swiftly—even more swiftly than Stalin!

THE END

Tracking NEW YORK'S CRIME BARONS

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WHEN business men failed to respond to Dewey's radio appeal, he subpoenaed their books, found entries of "protection" payments, and constrained them to give evidence. Soon he was amassing it against a hundred rackets —yet still getting nothing that led to Dutch Schultz or Luciano. It happened in October, 1935, that Schultz was murdered. The police wanted Luciano for routine questioning, but lacked enough evidence to extradite him from Florida.

Gurfein and Mrs. Carter reported to Dewey on the setup of the vice racket. In 1933 bookers of girls had been strong-armed into it, and proprietresses had been terrorized into bonding their girls at ten dollars per week per girl. The report was complete in all but one detail. The big shots were identified, but there seemed to be a bigger one, known only as "the Boss." Who was he?

At this stage Dewey was enabled to crack down overwhelmingly on the loan-shark racket. Meanwhile, Mildred Harris, wife of a hapless booker, was begging "the Boss" unavailingly to free her husband from loan sharks. And Joan Martin, a proprietress, was being taught what happened to her kind when they held out against the vice racket. After repeated doses of terrorism she gave in and bonded, but when hard times made her late with a payment Jimmy Frederico, the racket's general manager, came to her apartment and knocked her down. As she collected her dazed senses, she saw her little dog snapping at him and saw him pull a gun.

PART THREE—"THE BOSS" IS GIVEN A NAME

HER hands half encircled Frederico's legs as she clutched at the snarling, darting dog. Finally her fingers dug into his wiry coat. With blind speed she rose to her knees and hurled him back over her shoulder. He sailed into the next room, where he landed on a rug. She heard his yips of fright as he escaped beneath a bed and lay there whining.

Joan Martin got to her feet. She was too angry, now, to be afraid. Her eyes burned into those of Frederico until his dropped. She lashed out words at him:

"If there's any beating to be done, hit me! But lay off that dog. He's trying to protect me, just as he'd try to protect you if you were his master. You lay off him—do you hear?"

Sheepishness came into the big man's face. He fumbled with the gun, trying to put it back in his pocket. He spoke uneasily, irritably:

"All right, all right. But you dig up that money. You women have got to learn to take orders."

"You'll get your money," Joan Martin said dully.

. . . . .

The case of Joan Martin had been typical of the terroristic activities of the combination. Both women and bookers soon learned that they could not oppose the Boss. One by one, the former were whipped into line until finally they collected ten dollars a week from each of their girls and turned it over on Mondays to collectors for the combination.

Other minor rackets within this smooth machinery of terrorism took money from the girls. One man high in the combination preyed as a loan shark upon girls, madams, and bookers. His name was Benny Spiller.

A peddler known as Cut-Rate Gus visited the houses. He sold the girls the evening gowns they needed, charging forty to fifty dollars. The gowns were worth seven dollars. Part of the profit found its way as a kickback into pockets of the combination's executives.

The most interesting and essential bit of machinery in

Left: Dewey as he must have looked—or felt!—an instant after Dave Marcus said, "And Charlie." Above: The vice super-racket's bondsmen, Meyer Berkman and Jesse Jacobs.

A Reign of Terror—Raids and Roundups—The Luciano Trail—New Thrills in the Vivid Chronicle of America's Most Successful War Against Crime

by

FRED ALLHOFF

ILLUSTRATION BY JAY McARDLE

the powerful combination, however, was its legal division. Without this the combination could not have guaranteed acquittals to the girls who bonded with it.

The procedure was simple. A girl who bonded would be arrested. The madam would immediately call the combination's phone operator, known as Binge. He would immediately call the bonding office of the combination, located at 113 West Tenth Street, in the very shadow of Women's Court.

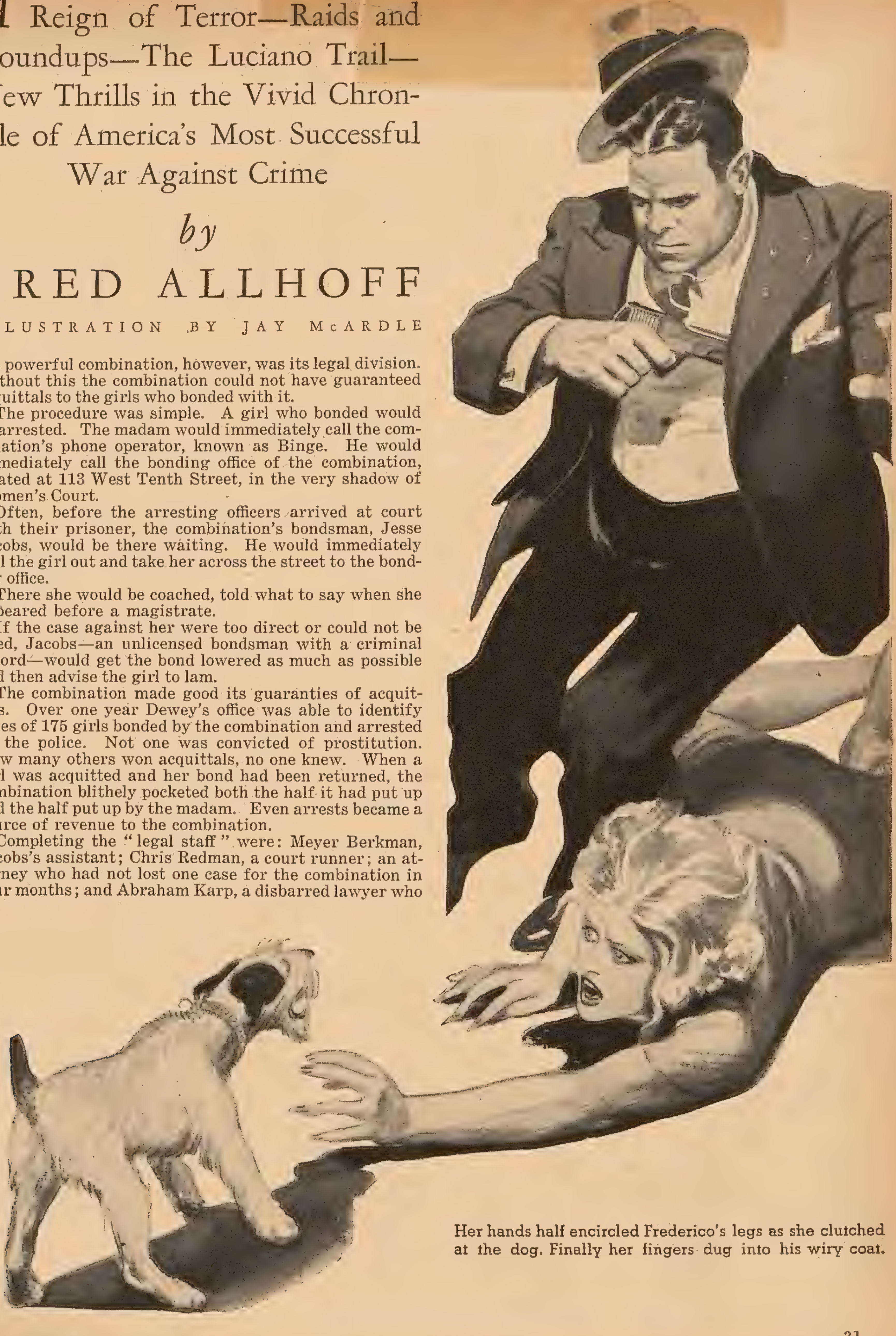
Often, before the arresting officers arrived at court with their prisoner, the combination's bondsman, Jesse Jacobs, would be there waiting. He would immediately bail the girl out and take her across the street to the bonding office.

There she would be coached, told what to say when she appeared before a magistrate.

If the case against her were too direct or could not be fixed, Jacobs—an unlicensed bondsman with a criminal record—would get the bond lowered as much as possible and then advise the girl to lam.

The combination made good its guaranties of acquittals. Over one year Dewey's office was able to identify cases of 175 girls bonded by the combination and arrested by the police. Not one was convicted of prostitution. How many others won acquittals, no one knew. When a girl was acquitted and her bond had been returned, the combination blithely pocketed both the half it had put up and the half put up by the madam. Even arrests became a source of revenue to the combination.

Completing the "legal staff" were: Meyer Berkman, Jacobs's assistant; Chris Redman, a court runner; an attorney who had not lost one case for the combination in four months; and Abraham Karp, a disbarred lawyer who



Her hands half encircled Frederico's legs as she clutched at the dog. Finally her fingers dug into his wiry coat.

coached arrested girls on the stories they were to tell in court.

One of the most amazing features was Abraham Karp's efficient school of perjury. The case of Rose Cohen—she later won an acquittal—was typical.

Rose Cohen was an Italian. When she took to prostitution she decided to change her name and her race.

On this day, after her arrest, she sat in the bonding office of the combination. She was a little worried. Sitting with her were Jimmy Frederico, Abe Karp, Meyer Berkman, and Jesse Jacobs.

"It's a direct case against me," Rose said. "The cop got me cold. Do you think I ought to show up for the trial?"

Frederico grinned. "Sure. You show up. The case will be dismissed."

Rose sighed. "O. K.; that's all I wanted to know. What kind of a story—"

Abraham Karp spoke: "We'll go over that now. Where do you work?"

"Where shall I say?"

"Say anywhere."

"I work at Twenty-sixth Street and Sixth Avenue."

"What do you do there?"

"I'm a seamstress."

Karp frowned. "No, you can't say that. That's a furrier district. And you're no furrier."

Rose pondered the problem for a moment.

"I never worked anywhere in New York," she said. "But I know Philadelphia very well. I've worked there."

"Name some big department store there."

She named one.

"Good. They'll never look that up."

"And they have a tailor shop there. I can say I worked in it."

Karp beamed upon her. "Fine. Now, what were you doing at 1 West Sixty-eighth Street where you were arrested?"

"Well, I was visiting. I—"

Karp held up a hand. "That's enough. That's all you'll have to tell. Don't tell them how long you've been in New York. Just say you've been in the city a few days. Here on a pleasure trip."

Rose nodded. She left the bonding office feeling much better. Her day in court proved everything she had anticipated. Deceived by her ready perjured testimony, the magistrate dismissed her case.

IT was in January, 1936, that Dewey definitely decided that his next blow would be struck directly at the bonding combination, a source of huge revenue for gangsters and gunmen.

By this time he had a chart showing the working structure of it and listing and describing its twenty-five known members.

Days and nights of work had gone into the making of that chart. Hours of routine investigation, contact work, shadowing. Heading the list of names Dewey read:

"Thomas Pennochio, usually called Tommy Bull, also alias Tom the Bull, Thomas Nelson, Thomas Sullivan. Head of the combination. Narcotic dealer. Long criminal record, beginning in 1906. Head of Mott Street Mob."

Was Tommy Bull actually the topmost man in the combination? Was he the shadowy figure referred to as the Boss? Dewey, at that moment, did not know. But he had the structure of the racket. Given that, he could crush any racket. If there existed any one in the vice combination bigger than Tommy Bull, he'd have to take his chances on capturing that man later.

On Thursday morning, January 30, 1936, the young hand-picked detectives of Dewey's undercover squad were ordered by Inspector Lyons to keep a constant twenty-four-hour shadow on every one of the twenty-five persons listed.

That night Dewey went home early, eager to get some rest before the driving days just ahead. But he could not sleep. The tension of marking time before the raids on the vice combination was too much. He tossed restlessly, slept for little more than an hour.

The next morning at nine o'clock, immaculately groomed, freshly shaved, and looking entirely rested, the young prosecutor was at his desk in the Woolworth Building.

He did not look like a man destined within the next few hours to launch the most smashing blow against organized crime in the history of New York. He looked more like a reserved young business executive. Yet the feverish weeks to follow were to see him rubbing elbows with rouged flippant ladies of the evening, with hard-faced madams, with whining bookers. He was to journey into the shadowy empire of organized crime to encounter such creatures as Nigger Ruth (a Jewess), Rose Cohen (the Italian), Jenny the Factory, Sadie the Chink, Cokey Flo, Gallant Fox, Hungarian Helen, Jerry the Lug, Abie the Rabbi, Max the Barber, Jo-Jo, Six Bits, Cut-Rate Gus, and Cold Potato Annie.

Dewey conferred that Friday morning with his four chief assistants—Gurfein, Herlands, Rosenblum, and Ten Eyck.

"If you have any arrangements for the week end," he said, "cancel them at once. Have the whole office drop whatever work it is doing and instruct every member of the staff to be prepared to work here over the week end."

For the next few hours he and his four assistants worked out last-minute details. The raids were to be staged in two simultaneous series. Time charts were prepared showing the locations of the raiding parties.

STARTING one minute after midnight on the morning of Saturday, February 1, members of the undercover squad would, at times best suiting their purpose, arrest the twenty-five members of the vice ring. The moment those arrests were made, the second series of raids—against prostitutes and madams—would begin.

In order to keep his promise, Dewey had made arrangements whereby none of his undercover men would have to participate in the raids on houses of prostitution.

Additional space had been taken on the thirteenth floor of the Woolworth Building as a reception room for women who would be arrested.

Dewey instructed his staff in the psychology he wished employed with prostitutes.

"Treat them decently, speak to them respectfully. Say 'please' and 'miss' to them. See that they have chairs, are made as comfortable as possible. After all, this is not a vice raid. We do not want the women as prisoners; we want them as witnesses. If we treat them decently, they'll respond in time."

That Friday night found a tense band of men gathered in the Woolworth Building, awaiting the midnight zero hour. With Dewey and his four chief assistants were the police officers supervising the raids: Inspector Lyons, Acting Captain Bernard Dowd, and Sergeant William Grafnecker.

Shortly after midnight Dewey's phone rang. He took it up, talked briefly, then turned to his assistants.

"Pennochio, Davie Betillo, Frederico, and Benny Spiller are holding a meeting in Frederico's apartment now. There are eight of our men waiting outside for them. When they come out of the building they'll be picked up. If Abie Wahrman were there, we'd have the five biggest men on our list."

At four o'clock in the morning the four executives of the vice combination came out of Frederico's apartment at 125 West 12th Street, looked about them, saw nothing wrong. They had walked half a block before they were aware that eight men, guns drawn, had come quietly alongside, voicing the conventional notification of arrest: "The boss wants to see you."

They submitted to arrest in the manner of big gangsters. There was no resistance, no disturbance. They merely sought to learn why they were under arrest. Their captors told them that they did not know. Optimistically, as two police cars transported them to the Greenwich Street police station, the four decided that they faced nothing more serious than a vagrancy rap.

Without firing a shot or smashing down a door, the Dewey men had arrested the organizer, treasurer, general manager, and loan shark of the bonding combination.

In order to capture Andy "Co-Co" Attardie, mere hanger-on in the vice ring and chauffeur for a booker, undercover men did

(Continued on page thirty-four)

HOLIDAYS ARE *"Hello Days"*

Your far-away friends will welcome a renewal of that fine old custom of holiday calling. And this year, it is more economical than ever to visit them by telephone. Long Distance rates—many again reduced September 1—are lowest to most points after seven every evening and all day Sunday. Why not make your holidays—"Hello Days"?

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

(Continued from page thirty-two) have to smash a door and fire a gun. Even then Attardie leaped from the second-story window of his apartment into a courtyard. A detective leaped after him, fired a shot into the air, and overtook Co-Co clad only in gold-rimmed glasses and his underwear.

Whenever there was trouble, it was the punks who made it. The big shots submitted to arrest gracefully.

Jerry the Lug Bruno, another small-timer, kicked one of the arresting officers in the stomach. The officers availed themselves of their legal right to the use of "sufficient force to subdue and arrest." Bruno went with them, chastened.

Arrest followed arrest during the day. A detective, climbing in through a fire-escape window, took Al Weiner into custody as he was disposing of his torn records in a washbowl. The records were recovered. Young Weiner, a booker, had learned his trade at his father's knee. His father was Cock-Eyed Louis Weiner, then in Sing Sing on a compulsory prostitution charge.

Jesse Jacobs, bondsman, was trailed from uptown Manhattan to his home in Greenwich Village by two undercover men. Arrested with his girl, Sally Bennett, he decided it was nothing serious.

"What the hell!" he told Sally. "It's only cops."

Abe Wahrman, opium-chewing head of the combination's strong-arm squad, was taken into custody in his apartment in East Fifty-third Street. He was told he was wanted on a stick-up rap upstate. Having already beaten the rap on a previous occasion, he went along with the detectives readily enough.

Mildred Harris was arrested at her hotel in Twenty-third Street. At almost the same hour, at a hotel in Philadelphia, her husband, Pete Harris, one of the combination's four bookers, was arrested by a pair of Dewey undercover men who had trailed him to Pennsylvania two weeks before.

The combination's legal staff was likewise rounded up. Meyer Berkman was arrested as he came out of a restaurant; Abe Karp, perjury tutor, was dragged from behind the piano in his brother-in-law's apartment in Brooklyn.

It was nearly noon when undercover detectives broke into the penthouse apartment of Jack Eller, alias Ellenstein, at 230 Riverside Drive. They found Eller, one of the four bookers, with his girl, Shirley Mason. One room of his apartment was furnished as an office. There was a telephone on the desk, and beside it a card index listing girls and addresses of houses.

Two detectives took Eller and Shirley to the Greenwich Street station. Two others remained in Eller's office. It was absolutely necessary that the telephone there be covered until the second series of raids got under way that evening; for if girls called up for assignments and got no answer, they would suspect that something was wrong. By the time Dewey was ready to start his second series of raids, every prostitute and madam in the city would have moved out.

The two detectives who remained were both excellent mimics, thoroughly acquainted with the peculiar lingo of the vice trade. They had a complete list of the houses that were to be "knocked over" in the raids that evening. As girls called up the booking office for new assignments, they were instructed to go to one of the houses that were to be raided.

THUS for two hours existed a situation unique in the history of the New York Police Department as two of its bona fide detectives actually booked prostitutes into the hands of the police raiding parties, so that there should be no serious shortage of witnesses.

David Marcus, alias Miller, fourth booker for the combination, accompanied by his wife Ruth, an ex-prostitute and his assistant in the business of booking women, left his home in St. James Place that Saturday morning.

As he drove away in his sedan to make weekly collections from his chain of houses, he was discouraged. Once, as an independent booker, he had done well at the business. All that was changed now. The combination had taken over his houses, put him on a salary. They gave him fifty dollars a week.

FOR PETE'S SAKE, IT'S TIME TO QUIT—
SO RUN-DOWN HIS JOB NEARLY HAD HIM LICKED
SUE—YOU KNOW MY BROTHER'S A DOCTOR AND HE SAYS THAT TIRED FEELING GENERALLY COMES WHEN YOUR BLOOD GETS UNDERFED. HE SAYS FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS FINE TO HELP TONE YOU UP. IT FEEDS THE BLOOD
IS THAT RIGHT—I'LL GET SOME FOR JACK ON THE WAY HOME—
VITAMINS A.B.G and D

It wasn't enough to live on. He had a daughter who was ill. He had to spend forty dollars every week for serum for her. Three weeks before, he'd had a heart attack that had nearly killed him. Ruth had had to keep the business going. Dave Marcus was ready to quit—if he ever got the chance.

Five blocks from his home, a car forced him in to the curb. The four young men in the car took him and Ruth back to the apartment. There they poked around and found a shoe box in a closet. They looked at the records in it and one of them said: "You're booking women, all right, aren't you?"

Dave Marcus knew they had him, and had him good. He looked at Ruth. She was sitting there, white and worried, looking at him. He was really fond of her. He motioned one of the young detectives into another room.

"I book women," he admitted. "I'm washed up. I know that, so why should I lie? I got a bum ticker. I'm forty-five and I can't live forever, so I'll talk. I'll talk and you can send me away if you'll do me just one favor. Keep her out of it. Let me take the rap for both of us."

MEANWHILE Ruth was telling the other detectives, "I've got a proposition for you. I'll talk. I'll tell you anything I know. Only, don't put Dave away. He can't stand it. He's got a bad heart. How about it, boys?"

Dewey's young undercover men were not authorized to accept "propositions." They took Dave and Ruth Marcus to the Greenwich Street police station and locked them up. Then they reported to Dewey's office that Dave Marcus might have something to say.

By six o'clock that night the first series of raids, against the combination members, was over. Every man had been taken. At six thirty a squad of one hundred plainclothes men not attached to the Dewey office assembled in the Borough Commander's office in West Sixty-eighth Street. None of them knew why they had been summoned there. At seven thirty Deputy Chief Inspector David J. McAuliffe, who had ordered them to report, addressed them briefly:

"You men will work in pairs. Each pair of you will be given a sealed envelope. You will find an address written on it. Go to that address. Do not, under any circumstances, open the envelope until five minutes to nine o'clock. Then open it and act upon the instructions you will find inside. Is that clear?"

At eight o'clock fifty pairs of men received envelopes and went at once to the addresses. Invariably these proved to be large apartment houses. When the policemen tore open their sealed orders, they found the instructions simple:

"Go to Apartment No. — immediately. Be sure to cover front and rear exits. At exactly nine o'clock, force your way in. Arrest all occupants except patrons. Then phone the office of the Borough Commander for further instructions."

Inspector McAuliffe sat at his desk with two phones before him. As the raiding parties reported, he said, "Take your prisoners to 19 Barclay Street."

Even then the policemen in the raiding parties did not know they were carrying out a Dewey raid. For those raids had been carefully planned three days in advance by Chief Inspector John J. Seery, Inspectors McAuliffe and Lyons, and Prosecutor Dewey. And they had planned them to be as leak-proof as possible.

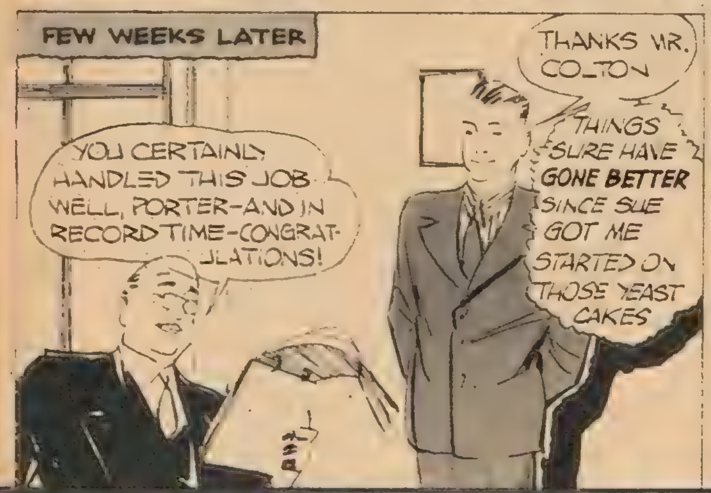
The arresting officers, to their amazement, found that 19 Barclay Street was the freight-elevator entrance to the Woolworth Building, which housed Special Prosecutor Dewey's headquarters.

They were met by members of the undercover squad, who took them and their prisoners to the thirteenth floor. There, in the center of a huge reception room, Mrs. Carter sat at a desk with a stack of typed forms before her—forms prepared after months of investigation.

As each arresting officer entered with his prisoners, he was asked the address of the place he had raided. He was then given the corresponding form sheet which described the establishment and gave the names of its proprietress and the booker serving it. On the form were blank spaces in which

(Continued on page thirty-eight)

JACK—DON'T YOU KNOW
WHERE'S JACK? WORKING LATE AGAIN?
YEP—SAYS HE CAN'T LEAVE. Y'KNOW I'M WORRIED ABOUT THAT GUY—HE'S IN A BAD SLUMP—CAN'T GET THINGS THROUGH—THE BOSS IS BEGINNING TO NOTICE IT, TOO
NEXT MORNING
JACK—JACK—YOU MUST GET UP—YOU'RE GOING TO BE LATE TO THE OFFICE AGAIN—
LATER THAT MORNING
WHY SUE—HOW NICE TO SEE YOU—IT'S BEEN AGES SINCE YOU AND JACK HAVE BEEN DOWN AT THE CLUB—
I KNOW—BUT JACK'S JUST ALL-IN LATELY—NOT UP TO ANYTHING EVENINGS—I'VE NEVER KNOWN HIM TO BE SO WORN OUT. I'M AWFULLY UPSET ABOUT HIM—

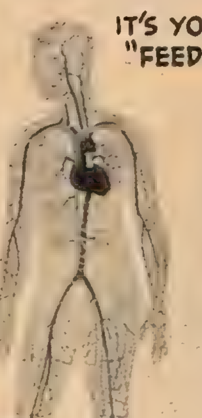

FEW WEEKS LATER
YOU CERTAINLY HANDLED THIS JOB WELL, PORTER—AND IN RECORD TIME—CONGRATULATIONS!
THANKS MR. COLTON
THINGS SURE HAVE GONE BETTER SINCE SUE GOT ME STARTED ON THOSE YEAST CAKES

DON'T LET "UNDERFED" BLOOD KEEP YOUR ENERGY LOW

Many of us slow down during this time of year. Usually when you have this run-down feeling your blood is "underfed." It doesn't carry enough food to your tissues.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast supplies your blood with essential vitamins and other food elements. As a result, your blood carries more and better food to your muscles and nerves.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily—one cake about ½ hour before meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water.

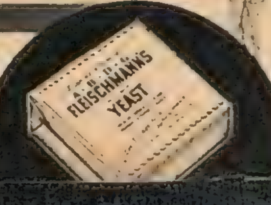


IT'S YOUR BLOOD THAT "FEEDS" YOUR BODY...

One of the importan functions of you blood stream is t carry nourishmen from your food to th muscle and nerve tis sues of your entir body.

When you find you get overtired at th least extra effort, i is usually a sign tha your blood is not sup plied with enough food. What you need is something to help your blood get more nourishment from your food.

FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST CONTAINS 4 VITAMINS IN ADDITION TO HORMONE-LIKE SUBSTANCES, WHICH HELP THE BODY GET GREATER VALUE FROM THE FOOD YOU EAT, AND GET IT FASTER-----


FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

Different - but Symb

DO YOU KNOW

—that the railroads haul a ton of freight a mile for an average revenue of less than a cent?

—that the speed of freight trains has been stepped up 43% in recent years?

—that by increasing the efficiency of combustion the railroads have cut fuel costs a half billion dollars in the past ten years?

—that 45 cents of every dollar the railroads take in go for railroad payrolls?

—that the railroads maintain their own "highways" — a quarter of million miles of "line"?

—that many railroads will carry your automobile to vacation spots for the price of a third ticket?

—that railroad fares throughout the United States have been reduced as much as 44%, and that Pullman accommodations now cost one-third less than before?

—that you are far safer on a railroad train than you are in your own home?

GO PLACES—NOW—BY TRAIN

Rates are low—Safety, Speed and Comfort greater than ever before!

No other transportation in the world can match the American railroads for speed with safety. And every modern convenience contributes to your comfort when you go by rail. Practically all through trains are air-conditioned—cleaner, quieter, healthier. You have modern lighting, excellent food, restful seats, comfortable beds, plenty of room to move around, and you get there on schedule. Yet with all the improvements railroads offer today, fares have been steadily lowered both in coaches and Pullmans.

1/16TH OF AN INCH SAVES MILLIONS

The railroads use, annually, 350 *billion* gallons of water! Much of it normally contains various mineral substances capable of forming a scale on the insides of locomotive boiler tubes and flues. A scale only one sixteenth of an inch in thickness can necessitate an increase in fuel consumption of 15%! But modern railroad research has found the way to soften the water used in locomotives and to treat it chemically with the result that locomotive life, efficiency and safety have been tremendously increased. This is but one of the many rewards of the railroads' pioneering efforts along a wide front of studies. If all the research activities carried on by the American railroads were concentrated in one huge laboratory it would require an institution housing thousands of men and providing millions of square feet of floor space. Six railroads, two universities, and ten supply companies alone, for example, maintain a permanent research personnel of about 1,000 people.

PIONEERING STILL GOES ON!

SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!

ls of the Same Idea

THERE is scarcely a section of this nation that is not witnessing today dramatic evidence of the progressiveness of the American railroads.

This evidence may take the form of faster freight and passenger schedules, wider use of air-conditioned cars, door-to-door handling of freight, lower rates, or constant improvements in the all-important roadway.

Or it may find more spectacular expression in new streamlined trains—marvels of colorful utility linking fresh beauty to new standards of comfort and service for the traveler.

In whatever form you see these examples of enterprise – whether in the workaday running of the railroads or spotlighted in dramatic steam engines, impressive electrics or sleek new Diesels – you see different symbols of the same idea.

That idea is to provide the American people with *the safest, most serviceable and progressive transportation system in the world.*

We believe if you'll look about you with an understanding eye, you'll see surprising proof of how superbly that idea is being served.

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS

(Continued from page thirty-five) the officer could write his name and shield number and the names of his prisoners, and tell how they were dressed at the time of the raid and what they gave as their status.

Everything was handled with a minimum of bustle and a maximum of efficiency.

On the trip to the Woolworth Building, the arrested girls had been carefree. This, to them, was just another "cop grab." Up in the Woolworth Building they became more and more perplexed. No one bellowed at them, no one called them obscene names, no one drove them about like a herd of animals. Instead, there was a quiet air of order, of gentleness. Even the young cops were pleasant, courteous. Asked them, "Will you please come this way, miss?"

Each group was taken to an individual waiting room. No girl was left standing. If there were not enough chairs, more were brought at once. Most of the girls wore nothing but slippers, perfume, and evening gowns. Attendants regulated radiators, closed windows. Once made comfortable, they were left to themselves. No one lounged in the doorways and stared at them.

When, shortly after midnight, each girl was served with piping hot coffee and as many freshly made sandwiches as she could eat, the corridors were filled with the chatter of their incredulity. This wasn't a raid; it was a picnic. They laughed, joked. But some one had treated them as human beings and, inside, they were touched and genuinely grateful. That gratitude, however, did not prevent them from lying their young heads off. Taken to the fourteenth floor for questioning, they said they were milliners, seamstresses, waitresses. They tried all the old stories they had learned at the combination's school of perjury.

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

Chief of Police Thatcher Colt's amazement at the efficiency of Prosecutor Dewey's methods grows with each succeeding installment of this thrilling narrative.

Take that little detail of having the undercover men address the arrested women as "Miss," and ask them politely to "Please step this way," and to furnish them with chairs and hot coffee and sandwiches—that was masterly.

The fact that his police associates were able to round up the leaders of the Vice Trust without breaking down any doors or breaking open any heads is also significant. It would seem to herald the coming of a new type of police work and a new type of policeman.

In fact, Mr. Colt, who has long had the refinement of police methods very much at heart, ventures to ask if the most lasting monument to Mr. Thomas E. Dewey and his investigation may not be the Policeman of the Future.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3 P. M., E. S. T.

Dewey and his assistants were polite and patient. He himself told them:

"Frankly, we are not out after you. We are here in an effort to get the big shots. If you don't tell us what you know, we will send you back up to the Magistrates' Court, where you will get what is coming to you, if anything is.

"We don't want to prosecute you. We want those big fellows—the racketeers who get your bonding money. We want nothing but truthful testimony. If you don't know anything, convince us of it. What you do know you are going to have to tell, and if you tell the truth and the whole truth, and it checks up, we will allow you to testify to it before the Grand Jury. In fact, you will have to. And when you so testify you automatically get immunity."

ON and on the explanations and questionings went. The girls were divided into two groups: those who showed signs of willingness to talk and those who didn't.

Dewey was not to finish with this work until late Sunday afternoon, when Justice Philip McCook arrived at the Woolworth Building, where he held court. Prostitutes came before him. He set bail of ten thousand dollars on each of them. They were transferred as material witnesses to the House of Detention.

Early Sunday morning, however, Dewey took a moment's recess. He got up from his office chair, opened a window, breathed deeply of the crisp wintry air. He was tired. His face was haggard, drawn, unshaven. And there was still much to do.

Chief Assistant Herlands came in. The Special Grand Jury, sitting until midnight, had indicted Pete Harris. Herlands prepared to go to Philadelphia and Harrisburg. Harris planned to fight extradition. But Herlands later won; returned him to New York.

It was in the early-morning grayness that Dave Marcus was brought in. He was eager to talk.

"Mr. Dewey," he promised, "if you'll let my wife out of this, I'll tell you what I know."

"I can't promise you anything," Dewey said. "You are a booker. I'm a prosecutor. It is my duty to send you to jail. I'm willing to see prostitutes and madams obtain immunity for their testimony, but not bookers.

"The period for which you go to jail will depend upon yourself. If you tell the truth and assist the state, that will be taken into consideration. I'm out after the higher-ups, and if I can get them I have no interest in prosecuting your wife. I'll recommend consideration if you'll plead guilty and tell the whole truth. The first time I catch you in a lie, all bets are off."

Dave Marcus rubbed his long jaw. As the prosecutor had spoken, he had been studying his face. Slowly Dave began to talk. He told the whole amazing story of his connection with the combination since the summer day in 1933 when the combination took over prostitution in New York City.

HE had been warned, he said, that he was through as a booker. He paid no attention to the warning, but went on booking women as before. Then—

"Ruth and I—that's my wife, Mr. Dewey—were going to the movies. I parked in Fifty-fourth Street between Broadway and Seventh Avenue. We had just got out of the car when four men pushed Ruth off the curb and crowded me up against a building wall.

"One of them had a knife against my stomach. He told me: 'The Boss says you're to get out of town. You've got exactly twenty-four hours.' I tried to talk with them. It didn't do any good. My wife and I went home and I called my lawyer and made my will.

"A couple of days later a pimp named Six Bits phoned me and asked me to meet him at once. I went out of the house and got in my car. Before I could start it, another car drove by and opened fire. I got down on the floor. They didn't get me, but they riddled the car.

"After that I got two cops for bodyguards. But some one would call me up at night and say, 'Cops won't do you any good. We'll get you anyway. Get out of town.'

"I finally got out. I went to California. When I came back, I operated filling stations at Glen Cove and Mineola until December, 1934. Then I went broke. I came to the city, and ran into Benny Spiller. He told me the combination was in the saddle and everybody had to bond. I asked him who the combination was. He said, 'Jimmy Frederico.' I asked him if he could get me O. K.'d so I could go back in the business.

"Eventually I saw Frederico and Little Davie. They gave me Spike Green's houses. They introduced me over the phone to Abie Wahrman and told me that Tommy Bull was the treasurer of the combination."

Dewey interrupted. "Marcus," he said slowly, "Little Davie organized the bonding combination with Tommy Bull. What I want to know is this: Did they need the O. K. of any one higher up to do it, or are they the top men in the bonding racket?"

Dave sat silent. He gnawed at his lip.

"Take your time. But when you do talk, don't lie."

When David Marcus finally did speak, he put the finger on the mysterious ruler of gangland known as the Boss. But he did it in the roundabout, indirect way in which the underworld often places a deadly finger.

"When Nick Montana and Cock-Eyed Louis were sent up the river," Marcus began, "I got a little worried. I talked to Frederico. He said: 'Aw, what are you worrying about? Well take care of you.'

"I said, 'Who's we?'

"Frederico said, 'Davie, Abie, and me.'

"I asked him, 'Who else?'

"Frederico said, 'And Charlie.''

Silence hung in the prosecutor's office. The middle-aged booker with the long jaw and the bad heart did not look up. His dark eyes clung stubbornly to the floor.

Dewey rubbed a hand across the stubble on his face. His eyes were bright. Triumph was in the smile he wore, the sudden relaxation of his taut features.

"And Charlie!" he repeated.

Still Dave Marcus didn't look up. He merely added, "I didn't ask who Charlie was."

The interview was at an end for that day. Tacitly, both men understood the fact. Dave Marcus was taking it slowly. He had promised to talk; he was keeping his promise—but in his own fashion. He had dropped nothing more than those two words: "And Charlie."

YET those two words were enough. Dewey said:

"I'm told you are in pretty bad shape. Heart, isn't it? I'm going to ask the Court to send you to a hospital instead of a cell. You'll get good treatment. I'll send you brandy now and then for that heart. And don't worry. I'll want more statements from you. But not till later, when you're in shape."

He pushed a button. Attendants came and took Marcus away.

"And Charlie."

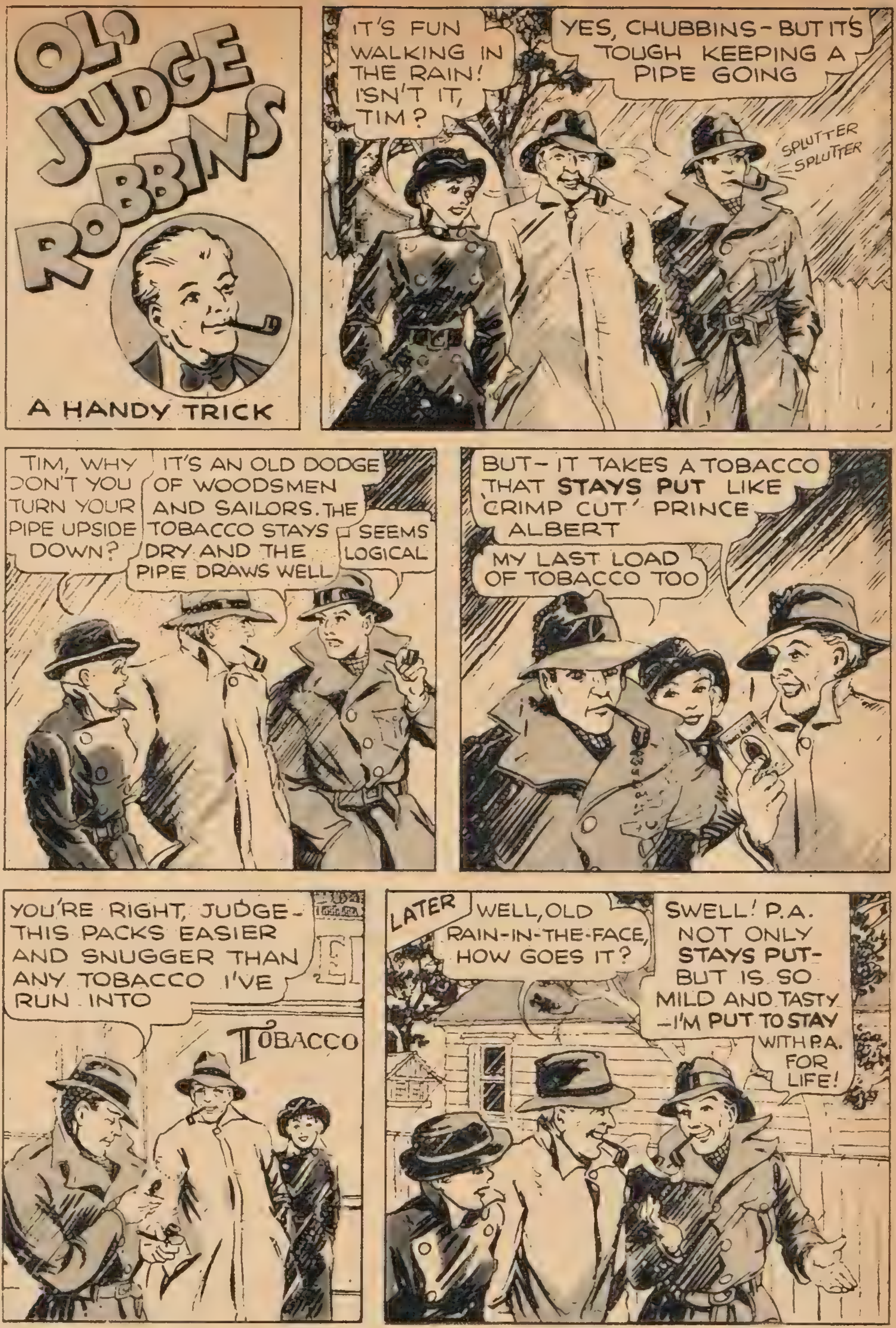
There was only one "Charlie"—Charles "Lucky" Luciano—Manhattan's Public Enemy Number One.

Dewey frankly hadn't expected to find Luciano with a finger in the bonding racket. But now that he had, the battle was on. There were other men—and women—behind bars. They would talk. He would make them talk.

And when they did, Charles Luciano, the man who couldn't be touched, was going to find himself in for the fight of his life.

It would, Dewey promised himself, be a losing fight for Lucky Luciano. He was going to put Luciano behind bars. And he was going to keep the young gangster there until the boys at Sing Sing or Dannemora or Auburn called him "Pop."

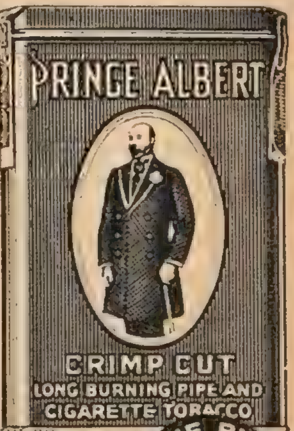
He was going to—but by the time he was ready, armed with the whole story of Luciano's rocket rise from kid dope peddler to czar of racketeers, and with a crushing case against him, Luciano was far away in Hot Springs. The resulting battle over extradition is a thriller too fiery to convince you if you saw it on the screen, and yet true to real life; it all happened! Watch it with Mr. Allhoff from behind the scenes next week.


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
A HANDY TRICK
IT'S FUN WALKING IN THE RAIN! ISN'T IT, TIM?
YES, CHUBBINS - BUT IT'S TOUGH KEEPING A PIPE GOING
SPLUTTER SPLUTTER
TIM, WHY DON'T YOU TURN YOUR PIPE UPSIDE DOWN?
IT'S AN OLD DODGE OF WOODSMEN AND SAILORS. THE TOBACCO STAYS DRY AND THE PIPE DRAWS WELL
SEEMS LOGICAL
BUT - IT TAKES A TOBACCO THAT STAYS PUT LIKE CRIMP CUT PRINCE ALBERT
MY LAST LOAD OF TOBACCO TOO
YOU'RE RIGHT, JUDGE - THIS PACKS EASIER AND SNUGGER THAN ANY TOBACCO I'VE RUN INTO
TOBACCO
LATER
WELL, OLD RAIN-IN-THE-FACE, HOW GOES IT?
SWELL! P.A. NOT ONLY STAYS PUT - BUT IS SO MILD AND TASTY - I'M PUT TO STAY WITH P.A. FOR LIFE!

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

P. A. IS MIGHTY FRIENDLY SMOKIN', MEN!

Yes, sir, Prince Albert is a real delight to steady pipe smokers. Being "crimp cut," you can count on P. A. to pack easily, burn cool and sweet, and cake up nicely. And thanks to our special "no-bite" process, Prince Albert *does not bite the tongue!* You're in good company when you smoke P. A. It's the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world. And it's swell "makin's," too.


PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

To the Ladies

by

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

DOGS belonging to women are seldom as well trained as dogs owned by men. . . . If Uncle Tom's Eliza had stopped running, those bloodhounds probably would have helped her get across the ice, for bloodhounds are the friendliest of dogs. . . . The breeding of champion dogs is such a hit-or-miss game that you'll be lucky to find one blue-ribbon pup in forty litters. . . . Cleverest canine is the poodle. . . . On foot the little pet dog of Marie Antoinette followed her last ride from prison to the guillotine, then jumped in the river and drowned itself. . . . America's favorite dogs are the Scottie and the Boston. . . .

All this doggy lore came my way during a recent luncheon talk with Albert Payson Terhune, celebrated writer, sportsman, world traveler, authority on dog topics. Mr. Terhune writes about dogs, loves dogs, raises dogs. His Sunnybrook kennels are famous.

"Our only hundred-per-cent American dog," he told me, "is the Boston terrier. The Boston was developed originally here from a blend of several breeds and is distinctly a made-in-America product."

Athletic, adventuresome, almost a giant in size, Albert Payson Terhune is an interesting man of many interests. He has been everywhere, knows everybody. In the Far East he once lived as a native with a Bedouin tribe. Son of a clergyman, long a Bible student himself, he likes to tell you about the husky hard-working carpenters of the Holy Land, then give you Biblical reasons for thinking that Christ must also have been very powerful physically.

● A good deal of splendid sympathy is felt nowadays for the unmarried mother—the woman who bears a child out of wedlock. I think we don't give enough credit to the *unmarried mother* who never has had a child.

I mean those women who spend the best part of their lives taking maternal care of incompetent fathers or brothers—girls who outgrow their chance of marriage through devotion to their own kin.

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Many a girl becomes an old maid because of an invalid mother or a drunken father or a weakling brother who seems to need her protective love. We have taken no steps to recognize the *motherhood* of such unmarried mothers.

I believe we should.

● Pretty little watches, new and smart, are said to be working wonders toward the reform of our notorious feminine unpunctuality. An attractive one is the wee finger-ring watch with a black face and gold or platinum setting. Then there's the jeweled button watch to wear on the lapel of your coat; the tiny watch built into your compact or vanity case; and the bridge-table watch set in a dice-sized block of clear crystal with red and black aces enameled on the sides. The price tags on these stylish little tickers vary widely, running all the way from about six dollars to around six hundred or more.

● Georges-Armand Masson, the French author, amuses me with his daintily cynical reflections about life and love. In a notebook of mine I discover these two thoughts jotted down from his writings:

"It is a remarkable fact," he says, "that whenever a woman breaks away from a man she has loved, or has pretended to love—you never quite know which—she always asks him to remain her friend. . . . Just a thrifty housewife putting up preserves of sentiment."

The other quotation goes like this: "However strongly we may love, later on we always wish that we had loved a little harder."

● New experiments with telepathy have just revealed a strong connection between marriage and mind reading.

It has been discovered through research that happily married wives and husbands can read each other's minds more quickly and accurately, as a rule, than any other combination of persons excepting pairs of twins. Twins, it appears, are the tops in telepathic communication.

● Enjoyed reading the inside story of our emotions as told by Kate Townsend in her interesting book, Ain't Love Gland? (Published by Stackpole Sons.)

● Up went the League of Nations in my esteem when I learned that some of its most distinguished delegates simply rave about veal cutlets *à la Genevoise.*

The chef at a famous Geneva hotel prepares them like this:

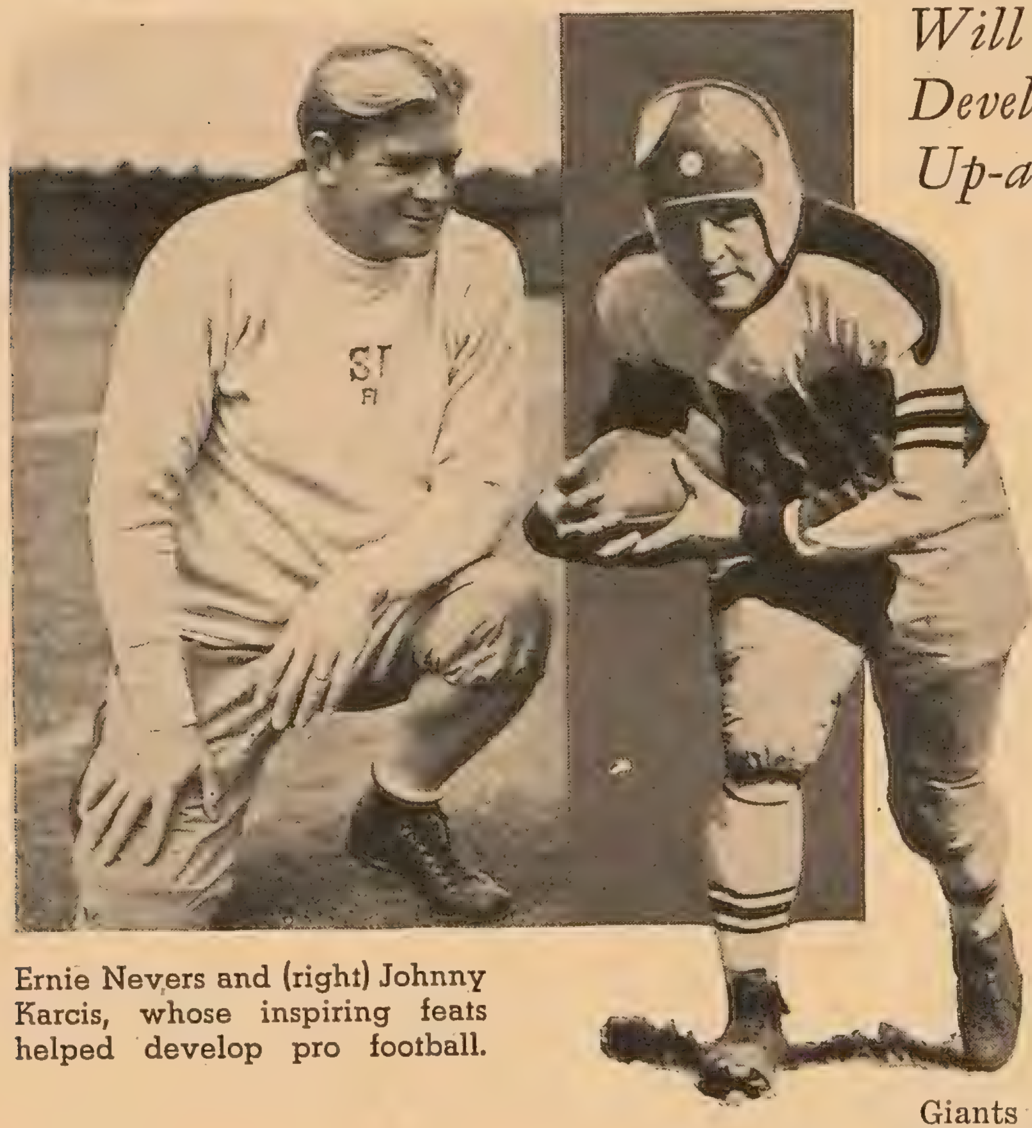
Fry 4 small veal chops in butter until golden brown; place in a fireproof dish. Clean and dry ¾ pound mushrooms—don't peel them—and fry them 10 minutes in the pan used for the cutlets. Have ready about 1½ cups *thick* cream sauce. Salt and pepper it, add the mushrooms, let simmer for 5 minutes. To the sauce now add 2 tablespoons fresh cream, 1 tablespoon sherry, 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Pour over the cutlets. Place dish in hot oven for 10 minutes before serving.

THE NEW MENACE TO COLLEGE FOOTBALL

Will It Survive Against the Swift Development and Excitements of the Up-and-Coming Professional Game?

by BENNY FRIEDMAN

All-America Quarterback, 1925-26.
Head Football Coach, College
of the City of New York



Ernie Nevers and (right) Johnny Karcis, whose inspiring feats helped develop pro football.

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE late great Will Rogers probably expressed it as succinctly as only that master of plain-spoken common sense could:

"I never thought the time would come when I would be able to advise colleges how to run their business, but in California we saw our first real professional football game played (between the Chicago Bears and a picked Los Angeles team of all stars), and 25,000 people came away raving about it—especially the rules under which they play, where you can pass from anywhere any time.

"Now, as football is not only the backbone but the gravy of college existence, you fellows better open up your game, for this pro game was just made for an audience. No penalty every minute to make an audience sore; nobody getting hurt every play; referees not in the way of the players.

"Colleges have developed yelling, but the pros have developed the game. Now, you colleges, wake up. I don't want you to close your doors."

In those few words that went directly to the core of the matter the immortal Will gave as clear-cut a picture of football as it is played by the professional as it is possible to give in a short piece. But he might have gone further. He might have gone into detail as to what he saw and why he was impressed.

He might have told how bullish (in brawn but not in brain) "Bronco" Nagurski of the Bears, tearing into a massed line of human tonnage as if he were going to rip it apart, stopped suddenly when he almost reached the solid line, pivoted to the side, and flipped a basketball pass to Keith Molesworth, who went off to a touchdown without a hand being laid on him.

Or he might have seen prancing little Beattie Feathers, tagged to the belt of the mighty Nagurski, picking his way almost carefully over the prostrate bodies hurled down by the mighty man in front of him, suddenly breaking into the clear and dashing for the far goal line as Nagurski, in his final supreme effort, took out two men at one time.

Or he might have told of that titanic battle of 1934, between the Bears and the New York Giants, before 45,000 in the Polo Grounds, New York, on a bitterly cold day, with the championship of the National Professional League at stake and the five or six hundred dollars a man that went with it. Of how the Giants rammed through four touchdowns in the final quarter, after being seemingly hopelessly behind, and won, 27 to 13.

Or of the manner by which they triumphed. Of how, slipping and sliding on the icy frozen turf, they dispatched their trainer posthaste to the Manhattan College gymnasium to break open basketball lockers and borrow rubber-soled shoes to wear in the second half, and of how this farsighted little ruse turned the tide.

He might have told of all this and much more; for this was professional football as it was played in 1934, when the moneyed game, thirty or forty years after it had been introduced, reached the pinnacle of a history that for vicissitudes has had no counterpart in sports. Professional football in 1936 ranks as high or higher than its collegiate confrere. And those college promoters who are oblivious of the threat to their patronage are hereby advised to begin worrying at once.

The pro has developed showmanship, the spectacular rather than the rah-rah. And with it all he is still presenting good football, pants-cracking football, where the premium is on speed, alertness, and intelligence afield, rather than on pretty girls, cheering, and half-drunk old grads in the stands. To me, who have been slightly interested in both brands, the professional production has everything necessary to make it an intriguing, thrill-packed sport, worthy of the following it has attained and must attain to a still greater degree if it advances at the same rate it is going.

Yet it was not much more than ten years ago that a "championship" game between the Frankford Yellow Jackets of Pennsylvania and the Canton (Ohio) Bulldogs drew a crowd of only 4,000, most of them factory hands released from the mills of the district for a half-holiday. In that game played men who later made their marks in the football of another era. Lou Little, now

NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A REAL SHAVE. THE GILLETTE BLADE IN THE GILLETTE RAZOR IS THE REASON
WE WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER
GILLETTE RAZOR
GILLETTE BLADE

Why You Get Better Shaves

when you use a Gillette Blade in a Gillette Razor

DOES your razor blade sometimes pull and scrape your skin? Does it leave partly shaved patches of bristles behind?

Here's one sure way to avoid shaving discomfort: *use a Gillette Blade in a Gillette Razor.* They were made for each other.

Both were designed *as a unit*—by the same engineers. Both were made in the same great Gillette factory by the same organization.

No other blades in the world are made as Gillette Blades are made. Every step in their manufacture is directed to making the blade and razor function perfectly together.

Costs Millions to Produce

To make the Gillette Blade the finest that science can produce, millions of dollars have been spent for special equipment—equipment that is found in no other factory in the world.

For example, the Gillette Blade is "X-Rayed" for hidden flaws by an electromagnetic tester. It is tested for hardness by costly square cut diamonds. Giant four-ton grinding machines, adjustable to one ten-thousandth of an inch, give Gillette Blades shaving edges so keen that only a beam of light can measure their sharpness.

Why deprive yourself of shaving comfort any longer? Buy a package of Gillette Blades today. Slip one into your Gillette Razor and see how much more pleasant shaving can be.

Reputable merchants never offer substitutes for Gillette Blades. Always ask for them by name!

Gillette
BLUE BLADES

Smile and sing with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" program—CBS Network—Coast to Coast—Every Sunday night—10 P. M. E. S. T.

Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

coach of Columbia, was captain, coach, and right tackle of Frankford. Bill Henry, now athletic director at Washington and Jefferson, was in the Canton backfield.

But for these men, as for all of their teammates, this was merely a week-end interlude between another form of endeavor somewhere else the rest of the week. It was all a matter of earning an honest dollar "on the side."

Today, ten years later, that is all changed. The professional football player has become in most cases a dignified citizen, with the same sort of pride in his undertaking that the lawyer, doctor, or teacher has, and with probably much more satisfaction. He has created something. He has taken a game he learned at college, he has twisted and molded it and made it something more vital, more fascinating, both to spectator and player. He has flexed and contorted it, changed it to suit his own ends, inculcated it with possibilities for drama and thrills.

He has taken football defense, for example, and has made it strong, hardy, virtually impenetrable. But, better still, he has taken football offense and has created weapons with it by which he can score from any position on the field. If you want proof, all you need to do is to sit behind the goal posts any Sunday afternoon during the football season at the Polo Grounds, Wrigley Field, U. of D. Field, or any park in the league, and see our collegiate coaches there, watching intently, making notes perhaps, absorbing and then borrowing the tricks of the trade to use against the opposition of next week, next month, or next year.

The professional has capitalized on his ability to make thrills, and to provide the maximum he has changed the rules to meet his greater proficiency.

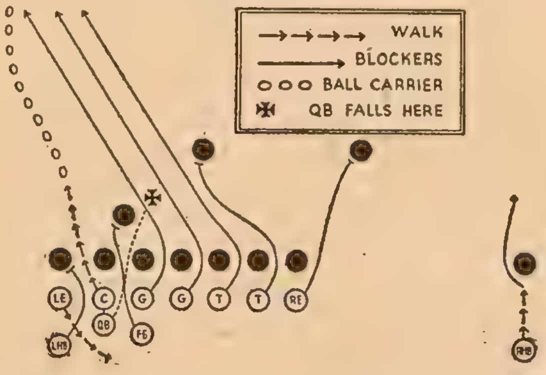
IN his most important rule change, the professional has decreed that passes may be thrown from anywhere behind the line of scrimmage rather than limit himself to five yards behind. This free-passing departure has not only increased the proportion of passes completed but has made the running attack more effective by keeping the secondary defense men back. It has also broadened the type of passes that may be used; so that the Bears, for example, continually use that particularly baffling series before mentioned wherein Nagurski, a renowned line plunger, will run head on into the middle of the line, stop, jump high in the air, and throw a short pass to an end or back who has cut behind the primary defense.

Or it has developed tingling plays like that used by the Giants, a maneuver they called "the suicide play" because if the opposition ever spotted the ball carrier before he was out in the clear, heaven help him! Since it is really a breath-taking play, I think it bears description. Briefly, it went like this:

The forwards lined up in an unbalanced formation, with five men to the right of the center and one man—the left end—to his left. One of the wingbacks stood two yards behind the left end. The other, on the same parallel, lined up far to the right, twenty or thirty yards from his nearest mate. The other two backs were immediately behind the line of scrimmage—the quarterback just behind the center and the fullback to his right.

WATCH the maneuver now—they are ready to go. On the first series of signals the left end stepped back behind the line, leaving the center at the end and thus making him eligible for a pass. But because seven men are necessary on the attacking forward wall, the deep wingback stepped up to the line. On the number decided the center handed the ball to the quarterback, crouched down immediately behind him. The quarterback merely touched the ball and handed it right back to the center. The remaining players went down the field to block.

The center—in this case it was Mel Hein—tried as much as possible to hide the ball and *walked* nonchalantly for five yards. Then he began his gallop toward the goal, with all his interference massed in front of him. Meanwhile the quarterback tried to attract as much attention to himself as possible. He started to run, and after a few steps stumbled and fell.



Visualize the play as described, following the diagram above, then you can realize the uncanny genius that went into its making. Although nothing more than a hidden-ball play, theoretically it is a certain touchdown play, impossible to stop, according to Steve Owen, Giants' coach, if every man carries out his assignment.

In addition to changing the passing rule, the outstanding professional departure has been the placing of the goal posts back on the goal line instead of ten yards behind it. By this means the pro has quadrupled the number of goals made from field. Ten or a dozen games last year were won through the medium of the field goal.

Practically all of the players have taken their preliminary training in the colleges, small and large, throughout the nation.

I say preliminary training advisedly. For a good many of the highly publicized college stars have failed notoriously in the moneyed game. And a good many others have actually reached their peaks after a year or two in professional ranks. Red Grange, for example, was a far better all-round player at his professional peak than when he was running wild for Illinois. As a member of the Bears, Grange became a great man in pass defense and a good blocker. Bronco Nagurski is another.

Further, the pro goes places more easily, because he is better conditioned. He practices as assiduously as his collegiate confrere, and because of his greater knowledge in the intricacies of the game is able to absorb its technicalities much more readily.

Financially, the professional has found himself in "big business." In 1922 franchises in the National League were worth $50. Today they retail, if you can find one, for exactly $10,000. The Bears, Green Bay Packers, New York Giants, and Boston Redskins are enterprises that are worth, conservatively, $100,000 each.

Much unthinking criticism has been directed against the men of the professional circuit. A favorite allegation is that they are inclined to "soldier" on the job, to take things easy—too easy—on the field. "My observation," says one writer-critic, "is that the boys don't do a great deal in the line when they are on offense, and they see no reason for taking the shock of a head-on tackle when the runner can be wrestled, Indianized, or pushed out of bounds."

FROM my own experience of professional football, I can choose dozens of plays and players at random that should prove the fallacy of such a statement. I particularly would like to mention Ernie Nevers, who played at Stanford, then entered professional football with the Duluth Eskimos, and later with the Chicago Cardinals.

Ernie, unfortunately, never had much of a team to play with. But every time I played against him, which was often, I was impressed with the indomitable spirit of the man, his driving will to win. If there is such a personage, Nevers is the football players' football player.

I can point to Johnny Karcis, of the Brooklyn Dodgers, who played throughout the last half of the 1934 season with his jaws wired closed. After an injury Karcis had a piece of his jawbone removed and had to be fed liquids through a straw. But that didn't keep him off the field. He had a special mask made for his helmet, and I can vouch for the fact that when Johnny hit he hit hard.

I remember Ken Strong, of the Giants, in his game with the Bears, being helped off the field in the first half and then coming back in the second to stage a performance worthy of the best traditions of Frank Merriwell. And I remember Tiny Hewitt, of the Bears, who plays without his helmet, and who plays like a man possessed, whether the opposition is the Giants or a semipro team.

These men and dozens of others like them are human refutations of the charge of soldiering. These are the men who make professional football the stirring spectacle it is.

THE END

A WHISPER IN THE DARK...
BROUGHT ROMANCE TO RUTH
WHY, RUTH! WHY AREN'T YOU DANCING?
I'VE A WRETCHED HEADACHE MRS. LEE. I'M GOING OUT ON THE PORCH FOR A WHILE
MRS. LEE, IT'S HER OWN FAULT! RUTH OUGHT TO SEE A DENTIST ABOUT HER BREATH!
RUTH'S DENTIST TELLS HER ...
RUTH, MOST BAD BREATH IS CAUSED BY DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS
THEN-THANKS TO COLGATE'S...
RUTH, DEAR, DOZENS OF MEN ARE LOOKING FOR YOU!
THAT'S WHY I'M HIDING HER HERE, MRS. LEE!
AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

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RIDING HIGH

by Dora Macy

Author of Ex-Mistress and
Public Sweetheart No. One

READING TIME
26 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

COLONEL MANGER'S famous rodeo is leaving Indianapolis for New York. The cowboys and cowgirls are on a special train, lovely little Patsy Wyde among them. Patsy's object is money: enough money to save the home ranch in Montana. This, says Gail Parker, girl champion rider, she can never win, the way she's icing Monk Raleigh, rodeo judge. Monk has been making determined passes at Patsy.

As a rider Patsy is a "natural." Gabriel, her horse, is a natural also. But he isn't now in one of the train's boxcars. He's in a trailer behind Chance Wagner, who is driving to New York. Chance is a cowboy Patsy has loved since her little-girlhood, though he has never said a soft word to her. Dusty, Patsy's brother, is another of the Colonel's star riders. Woman-proof until now, he has fallen for rich and dizzy Mildred Graham, fiancée of Hector Ryon, publicity man for the rodeo.

Hugh Branders, a friend of Mildred's father, has taken on the job of trying to keep Mildred steady. Hugh is fascinated by Patsy. When, at Dayton, she gets a telegram from Chance saying Gabriel has been injured in an accident, Hugh offers to buy her another horse.

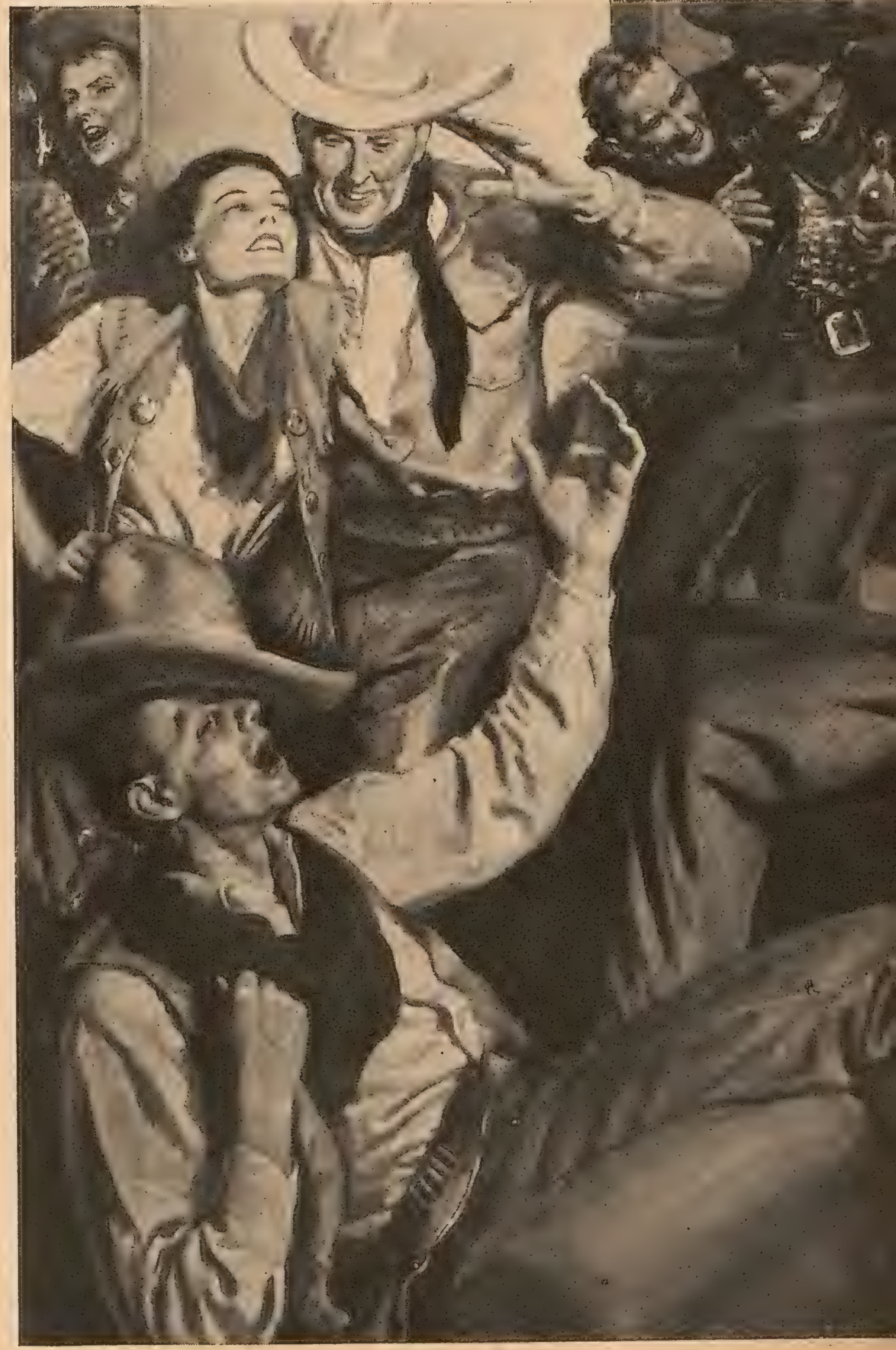
Patsy joins Chance at Pittsburgh. On their way east they quarrel over Hugh, and Patsy takes a train, alone, to New York. There she makes friends with Gray Star, the trick horse Hugh has bought for her.

After the rodeo's opening there's a gay gathering of riders at a night club. When Patsy, suddenly tired, asks Chance to take her away, he flatly refuses. But he knows that Hugh has offered to escort her, and asks, in a rage, "Are you goin' with him?"

PART SIX—THE WEST CUTS LOOSE

YES, I'm going," Patsy said thickly. "It don't interest you none what I do. If you cared, you'd take the first boat to Australia, like you said. Don't forget that. So I'm goin' tonight or any other night. See?"

He didn't speak, and, in spite of the



The West was hitting town full blast, hell-bent on taking it apart. As shocked as she was, Patsy could understand even if she didn't countenance.

tears, she glanced at him. Deliberately he was uncorking the whisky bottle and pouring himself a drink. He looked at her and shrugged.

"That's no answer," she said sharply.

Hugh was approaching, and Patsy stood up with a defiant smile.

"Are we ready to go?" she said.

Their drive was like a weird impressionistic dream. Sitting beside Hugh Branders, Patsy fought the need of tears, the lingering impression of Chance reaching for a bottle. She ordered herself to forget him, to listen to Hugh's ramblings about the chief interests in the city.

Riverside Drive seemed to her the height of elegance.

"If I had to stay in New York, this is where I'd like to live," she decided.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't," Hugh laughed. "Let me take you over and show you my place. Besides, I'd like to talk to you, Patsy. About a number of things. After all, I haven't seen you to really talk to since you hit town. Are you entirely too tired?"

She studied his boyish shy smile and shook her head. "I've always wanted to see an apartment," she confided.

"But my home isn't an apartment. It's a house. A very little house, but a very nice little house. It was part of the estate my father left when I was a kid."

It was a skinny little house. Inside, one discovered that the man liked dull red, and leather chairs, and musical gadgets. In the fifteen-by-eighteen living room with a postage-stamp fireplace pleasantly aglow, Hugh explained that Drake, his steward, was out. But the room contained an ice chest, and from within Hugh produced chicken wings, bread-and-butter sandwiches, and milk.

"You planned for me to come, then," Patsy laughed.

"I was hoping you'd come. How's for a glass of sherry? You're blue with cold."

"I never drink."

He poured a half glass. "That's hardly drinking. You need it to warm you."

"I'm not much on toasts." She smiled. "But here's to the best friend I've ever had."

He lifted his own glass. "Patsy, I've been wanting to tell you"—his voice was quiet and tired—"lots of things. I don't know how to tell you, because you and I speak a different language. Yet I know we understand each other. Or could. I do love you very much, Patsy. I always will. Won't you look at me?"

Meeting his eyes, she felt sorry for him. "Maybe I'm wrong," she said softly. "But you're tryin' someway to tell me you're married. That it?"

"I am and I'm not."

"That's a new one on me."

"I went through a wedding service. But nobody really knows about it. It's an involved story. Mind if I tell it to you?"

"It would be real enlightenin'." Patsy smiled.

"WELL, it's such a damn-fool story I've never told it. We were just kids. Least, I was. It was my senior year in college. She was an odd person—awfully well-to-do; a little older than I; and she used to go big-game hunting with her uncle. That seemed awfully glamorous to me. Anyway, it was different from most of the girls I knew. Well, we were on a week end and whooping it up, and somehow or other we just went off one night and got married. We drove to a hotel and I registered. When I turned around, she'd gone! Just driven off. I was fit to be tied."

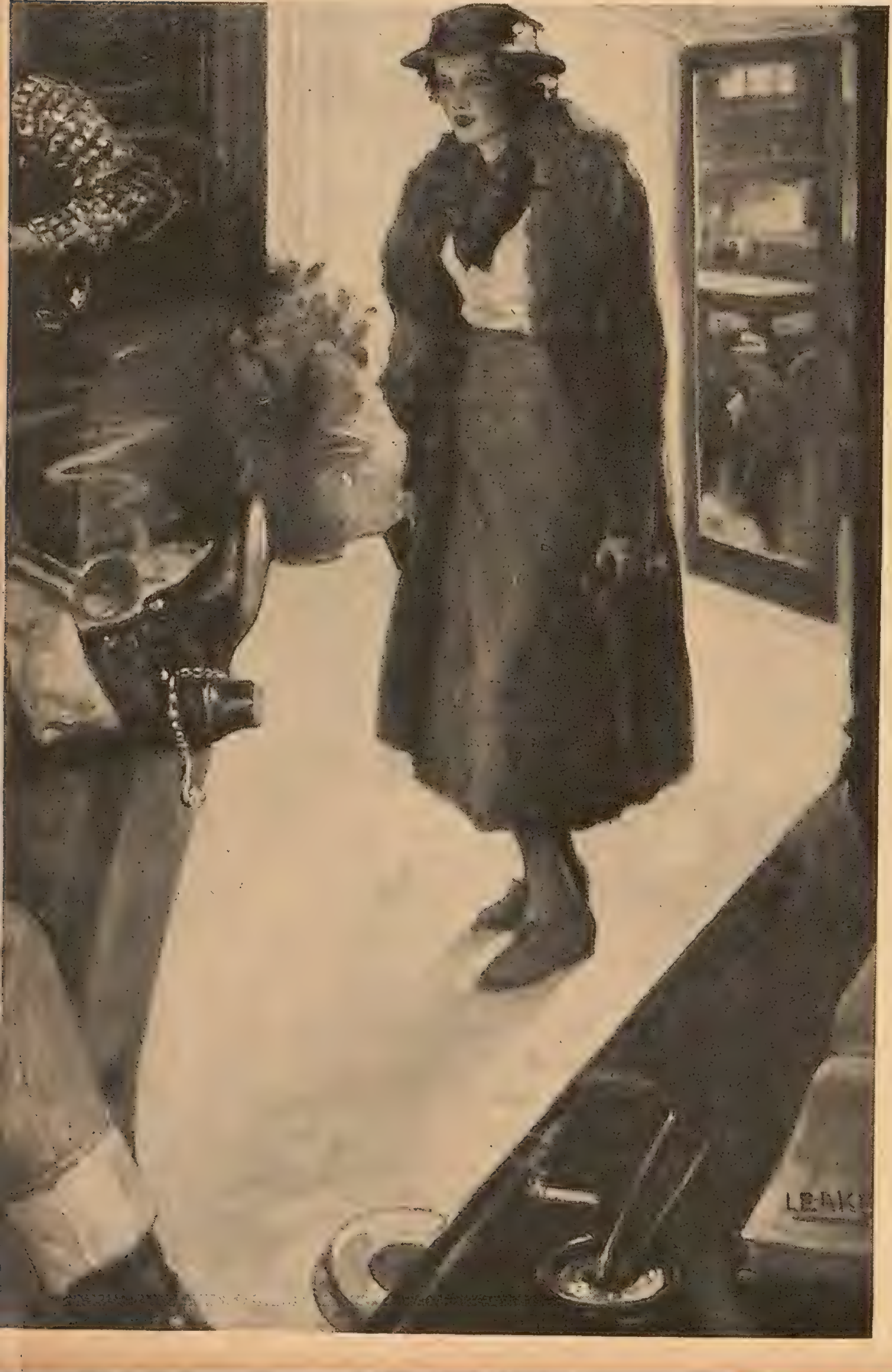
Patsy studied him. His face, upturned, was stripped of all sophistication; it was self-conscious, a little frustrated. "Kind of silly, wasn't it?" he managed.

"Yes. And what happened?"

"Nothing happened. I got a note from her a week or so later. She said she was so tight she didn't realize what it was all about until she came to suddenly in the lobby of that hotel. Evidently she simply turned and fled. She said she couldn't be married to anybody and that she had her own reasons, and she'd be eternally grateful if I'd forget about the whole business."

"And you've never done anything about it?"

"No—never have. At first I was sore.



A Girl's Lonely Heart, a Dark Riddle in Love— and a Stirring Chapter in a Swift Novel of the Rodeo

I felt like an idiot, anyway. I've never seen her since. I lost all track of her and never even cared. God knows where she is or what's become of her. After all, I've never had the urge to track her down until now. I just let things ride along as they were."

Patsy stood up, with a sigh, and reached for her coat.

"I got to get some sleep, Hugh."

"Is that all you're going to say?"

"What else you want me to say?"

"So many things, Patsy. I love you. I don't know when I'll be free. I know I can get an annulment someway. But let me show you, in the meantime, how much you mean to me. Let me matter. I've never wanted to matter to any one before."

She leaned over and kissed him lightly. He caught her close, his arms possessive, his lips seeking release.

Patsy pulled away gently, still holding him, her face pressed against his shoulder.

"You're lonely," she said soberly.

"Terribly lonely, Patsy."

"So am I," she admitted placatingly.

He straightened up. "You know what it means, don't you—to love some one who doesn't love you?"

"Yes."

"Patsy, he's not for you. He'd never make you happy."

"Maybe."

There was a long dull silence.

"Patsy," he said, "I have a theory that there's only one person in all a lifetime that really counts. If you tell me that person with you is Chance—I'll check out."

"I don't know myself," she said honestly. "I think I always loved him. He goes out of his way to make me unhappy. I know I'm through with him—and yet it hurts. I guess the old love is there and it don't die easy."

"That leaves it anybody's fight," Hugh said softly. "The Branders is not scratched off the list. Tell me you admire me. I like to hear you say it."

"I do," she laughed, "ad-mire you."

"Thanks. Now I'm taking you home. You're tired."

HE reached for her coat and held it. His arms went around her as he put it on. "Patsy, let me do a few things for you, will you? I feel clumsy suggesting things. But I'd like to get you the loveliest warm coat in New York. Couldn't you let me—if it made me happy?"

"Please, Hugh."

"Listen. I can send you enough flowers and perfume and candy and nonsense to equal the cost of any fool coat. And then you'll be responsible for all that waste of money. About all I've had all my life is money. I haven't had home or family or affection—not all my life. I've never felt at home anywhere. Couldn't you let me feel at home with you? And not outside the circle?"

She turned within his arms and looked up at him. In the quiet simple wisdom that was a part of her she saw clearly back of his appeal. He was lonely. He had been square with her—told her where he stood.

"Sure, pardner," she nodded softly.

His kiss was almost reverent. She thought unhappily, I'm in a fine mess. . . . Puss in the corner. . . . Chance, Monk, Hugh. . . . The man I love who doesn't want me; the man who wants me and I don't love; and the man who loves me and I don't want.

From the moment she said good night to Hugh at the street curb and entered the hotel lobby, Patsy was in a different world. The place was a madhouse. The West was hitting town full blast, hell-bent on taking it apart to see what made it tick.

AS shocked as she was, Patsy could understand even if she didn't countenance. If, each time the lights flared, the music struck up, and the crowds gathered, men and women faced death or pain, you just didn't blame those people much if they cut loose when the lights were out, the music silenced, and the crowd forgot them.

It was just too bad for the Hotel Holt if it happened that year to be the abattoir. Since Madison Square Garden provided no dressing rooms for rodeo riders, a near-by hotel was virtually a necessity. Those who could afford twenty dollars a week for two in a room had settled themselves at the Holt. Mr. Morbein, manager, remembered that other hotels had refused to take the cowboys back after one experience, but Mr. Morbein had paid little attention, feeling that he would be equal to any emergency. After eight days Mr. Morbein was unable to retain food or maintain order and had taken to bromides.

Housekeeper, chambermaids, bellboys, porters, and waiters lived in fear of a lariat encircling them and yanking them through a door. They dreaded the practical jokes, the ball games in the halls, the fist fights, and the general imitation of hell at its noisiest and most cheerful. Tubs overflowed regularly and furniture was pushed out into corridors so rooms could be more homelike with only the cowboys' own bed tarps and war sacks. Before long the hotel help refused flatly to help. Bells could hardly be ignored, since they rang constantly, but they were unanswered. No cleaning was done, no switchboard answered, no elevator ran.

Gail and Patsy accepted the conditions stoically. The boys were in New York on a tear—no use letting them get you riled. Even when one of them caused a fire by carelessly spilling water on an exposed electric wire, Patsy helped beat it out and held her tongue. Her right hand was painfully burned, but temper wouldn't heal it.

Patsy and Gail tried to hold their tongues and make the best of a minimum of privacy, little light, dead phones, meager space, small comfort, and a maximum of noise and confusion. What cleaning and chambermaiding was done in 916 and 917 was

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done by Gail or Patsy. For the most part, Patsy merely worked — determined not to stop and think until New York was a memory. In her attempt to adjust herself to ward off too many blows, a change came over her.

" Oh, leave her alone," her brother drawled one evening when Chance protested. " Patsy's just learnin' to rear."

They were in their rooms between shows, and Patsy was finishing a red satin blouse on the sewing machine.

" Yes, leave me alone," Patsy flung coldly at Chance. " What do I mean in your life, big-timer? "

" Less and less," Chance snapped. " I just hate to see even a mongrel cur romp into a steel trap. It's the humanitarian in me."

Patsy thought better of her reply and bent closer over her sewing machine.

Inside the bathroom Gail was washing her hair, keeping the door open so she might miss none of the rows. In the adjoining room, door open between, Dusty was dressing to go out to dinner with Mildred. That affair had taken on such serious proportions that mention of it was avoided. The night before, Dusty and Hector had tangled up in a fist fight—and Mildred had broken her engagement to Hector loudly and publicly in the hotel lobby. And, in answer to the abusive language Hector had flung at him, Dusty had grinned contemptuously.

" Why, you guzzling Irishman, the lady says she don't want no part of you. Ain't that enough? "

GAIL and Chance had taken Hector off to drown his rage. Gail and Chance—always, of late, Gail and Chance. Not that Patsy cared!

She had spoken to Hugh Branders about the appalling seriousness of Dusty's love affair. " I can't make a dent on him," she said helplessly. " And you don't seem to even try to manage Mildred no more."

" I've given her up as a bad job," Hugh said grimly. " I'm sick of her insults and fed up with her scenes. Her father's out of the hospital. It's his lookout now—though he never could handle her. When he was flat on his back I gave up my own business and even went out to Indianapolis to try to pound some sense into her. He gave me authority to cut her allowance, and I used it. What did she do? She forged a check! Her father's signature! And he's too soft to pull her up short for it. So I'm through. That was enough for me, and I told him so."

" Gees, her old man must feel terrible! " Patsy's eyes were luminous with pity.

" Damn it "—Hugh shrugged unhappily—" I'm sorry for him. But I can't get in deeper with Mildred. There's no telling what she'd do to get her own way."

" You keep out of it! " Patsy advised. " You're right. If Dusty gets it in the neck, it's his party."

Patsy shivered at the memory, now.

"How I Cured my Pipe of a Burning Fever" by DR. HOLDEN A. SCALPEL
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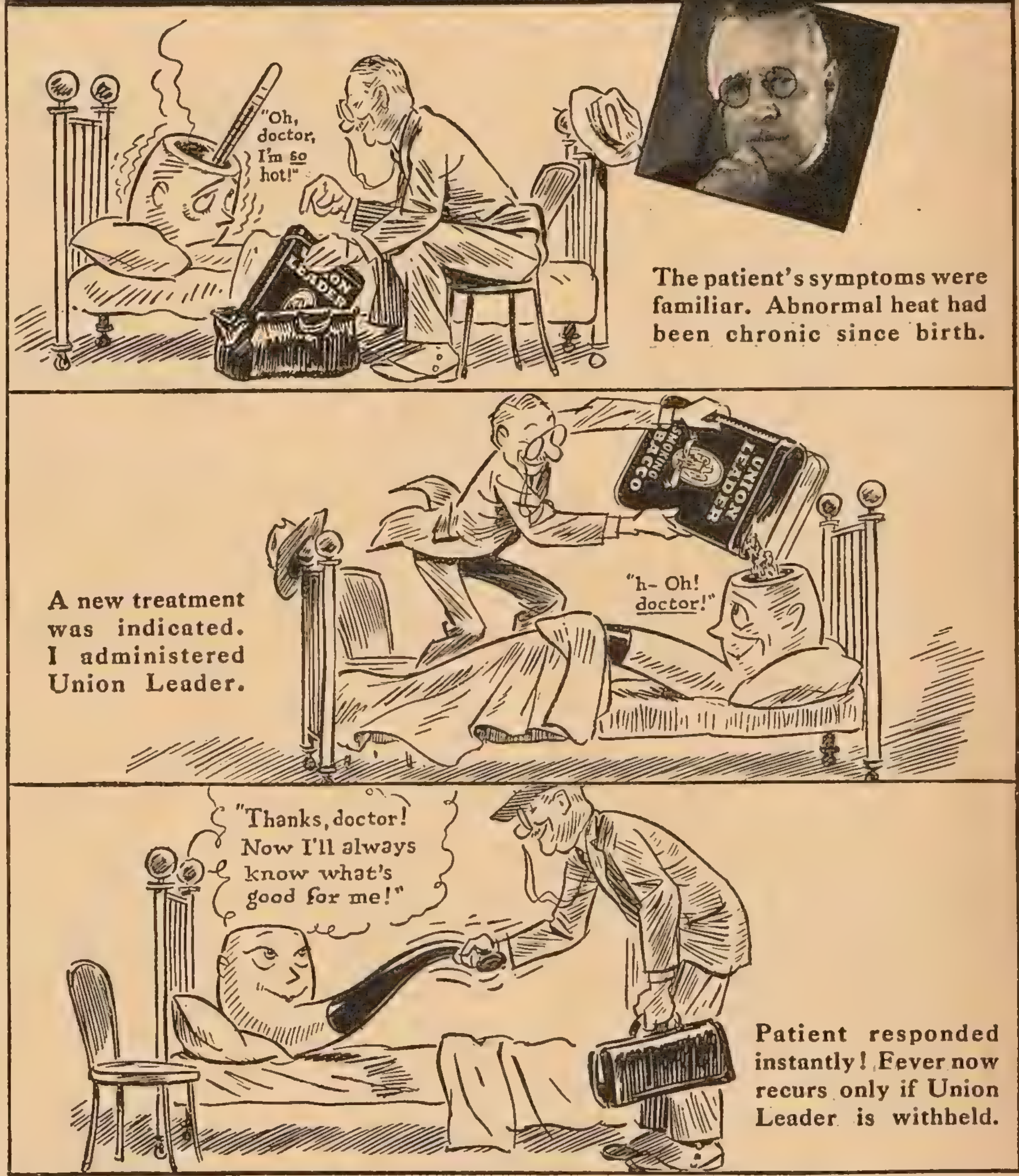
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She looked up and wearily eyed her brother, marking that he had had his hair freshly cut. "Dusty, did you collect your day money?"

Dusty's features settled into a stubborn pudding. "Sure 'nuff."

"How much did you wire home?" Patsy insisted quietly.

"I ain't wirin' it home, if you wanna know." Dusty came to the door with unpleasant calm. "I need this now money. Listen. I'll win plenty. I'm cleanin' up. I'm ratin' higher than we ever dared hope."

"You've had luck drawin' horses," Chance grunted. "You've had a top string."

"That's how *you* figure," Dusty jawed. "I tell you—"

"I've had enough ten-cent arguments," Patsy cut in. "Do I know what you're doin' with that money or do I find out?"

Dusty stared at her, and his clam-eyed gaze wavered before the flash of her eyes. "You got no call to know, but I'll tell you," he decided sulkily. "Mildred's car got smashed up last night."

"Did you smash it?"

"No. She was drivin'. She was awful upset, after breakin' her engagement to Hector. All nerved up, she was. It was the first time in near two weeks that Mildred had took a drink."

"So you paid for her smashup? With her havin' all the money in the world?"

"That's just it," Dusty explained. "She's been brung up to think she can pay for all of her mistakes. This time I'm afootin' the damages, and she feels real bad. Real chastened. Knowin' I can't really afford no hundred dollars."

"You poor glug!" Chance snickered from the bed.

"WOULDN'T expect none of you to understand," Dusty said quietly. "They is more joy in heaven when one lost sheep returns to the fold—"

Chance let out a whoop.

"Shut up," Patsy commanded him.

"Aw, hell, why should I shut up?" Chance grinned wickedly. "I'm hankerin' to tell your holy little brother the facts of life."

"I ain't discussin' it!" With admirable dignity Dusty adjusted his big Stetson and slipped on his jacket.

"Ain't you heard how Mildred has treated every other guy she's fell for?" Chance demanded.

"I knows more about her past than you nor anybody else can tell me." Dusty smiled. "I know my way round town. I ain't exactly a punk."

"Why, you big hammerheaded mule!" Chance snapped with a note of fury. "Luck with your drawin's, and you think you're a champ. You're so blind in love you don't see nothin'. I'm tellin' you the judgin' is crooked!"

There was a moment's chilled silence.

"Why do you suppose Patsy ain't been winnin'?" Chance said portentously.

Patsy caught her breath in terror.

"She's been doin' fair," Dusty said stupidly.

"The hell she has." Chance tossed his head. "She's been ridin' like a streak, and winnin' third and fourth once in a while."

"You're red-hot right!" Gail called out from the bathroom.

"Jist what are you tryin' to say?" Dusty bit his words, barely moving his lips.

"Chance!" Patsy cried. "Forget it!"

"Oh, you're on to it, huh?" Chance smiled. "Well, I got it from the horse's mouth. From Monk himself. In a little quiet drinkin' bout the other night."

"Come on—what did you get?" Dusty demanded hotly.

"HE'S learnin' her a lesson—that you don't take time off to learn her," Chance drawled. "Sees her hittin' the big town and lettin' it turn her head. Runnin' wall-eyed wild with a dude. Says he warned her to stick to her own crowd or she'd be sorry. He did—didn't he, Patsy?"

"Yeah," said Patsy, and breathed more easily.

"God, you're dumb!" Gail, her wet hair wrapped, turbanwise, in a towel, stood at the bathroom door unabashed in her gaudy green silk underwear.

"I ain't so dumb but I make it my business to find out why the kid got marked down," Chance protested. "I knowed there was somethin'. But he's just disciplinin' her. Whippin' her into line. And to even it up he gives Dusty high markin's every time."

"That's a lie!" Dusty stormed. "I earn my markin's. No man never gave me the edge."

"I'm tellin' you, Monk Raleigh is crooked," Chance said calmly. "He's been crooked for years."

"You gotta prove it to me."

"All right," said Chance. "I'll prove it. I'll find Monk and I'll offer him a split on everythin' I win. You watch. Even with tough stock like I've drawed, you'll see me get the breaks and make the winnin's. You're off the top lists right now."

"That's just swell," Gail chirped. "That will put a stink on the whole rodeo business somethin' wonderful!"

"Don't do it, Chance." Patsy found her voice and heard it tremble. "Dusty—don't mix up in it."

"You keep out of this," Dusty told her harshly.

"But if Chance happened to be right," she pleaded, "and you didn't win— Dusty, we need the money!"

"Money ain't the point," Dusty insisted. "Nobody's tellin' me Monk is crooked. And if I'm right, I'm goin' to let Monk beat hell out of that smirkin' cowboy."

In a somewhat awed silence the three watched Dusty stalk out of the room. When the door had slammed behind him, Patsy turned to Chance. "You sure make a speciality of bein' mean," she said tearfully.

Chance shuffled toward her. "Dust my ears—you ain't goin' to cry?"

"Don't touch me."

"Don't worry." He turned away angrily. "I don't crave to." He slumped back on Patsy's bed and began taking off his shirt. "I'm tellin' you, Monk is crooked," he insisted doggedly. "Can't a man play the game the way he sees it without a roomful of cryin' women?"

"I ain't cryin'."

She closed the portable sewing machine and, looking up, saw a raw swollen sore over Chance's ribs. Instinctively she gave a little moan of concern. Seated cross-legged on her bed, Chance was surrounded by towels and bottles. On the wound he was sopping the medicines indiscriminately, not even bothering to look whether iodine or mercurochrome went on first. "Nothin' but skin-deep," he mumbled.

"Lemme help you."

"Hell, no. Just a scrape. That calf I roped last night had horns like a nail file."

"When did you ever see a nail file?" Gail gibed. She was bent over, rubbing her head with a towel. Patsy wished Gail would get dressed. Her sleazy step-in covered so little and covered it very lightly.

"Are you through with the bathroom?" Patsy asked sharply.

"No. Just let me set my hair."

"Well, I'm payin' half the rent."

"All right—all right!" Gail sashayed back to the bathroom.

"MAKE it snappy," Chance called after her. "I gotta find Monk and make that deal with him. Then you're takin' me to dinner."

"Nice to know," chirped Gail sassily.

Patsy's eyes on Chance were contemptuous.

"She likes to take me to dinner," he chuckled.

"You think it's funny to be in debt to a woman!"

"Oh, she ain't no woman. She's an Indian."

Patsy glanced at the bathroom and leaned toward Chance, her voice lowered. "Maybe you don't know how she figures. I could tell you a few things."

"You couldn't tell me nothin'," Chance drawled, putting on his shirt. "She tells me pretty plain herself. That's what I like about her. She thinks maybe she can corner me into a sure-enough marriage."

"Well, you've losed everything but your horse and your car in your poker games, and she covers you and your debts. Nice setup for a he-man."

"Oh, if worse comes to worse and I can't pay her back this season, I'll get some dumb cowboy to help me love her proper. What's more, you can't make me mad. What about you takin' a fur-fuzzed coat from a guy you just met? And luggage. And a suit. And God knows what all! Gets so I hate to see you in anythin' but your show duds."

"You wouldn't understand, Chance.

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Bein' you're selfish, you couldn't never understand. They's men who like to do things for women—men who'd work hard to make life easy for a girl they care about and give her everything."

"He sure must talk good, and you sure listen close." Chance tossed his head and fumbled for a cigarette.

"I've jist been thinkin'. Comparin'. I ain't seen a cowboy yet who ever dreams of givin' a girl a present. They expect their women to take all the rough bumps and shut up about it."

"That's what a pardner's for, to my way of thinkin'."

"Your way of thinkin'! You don't think. I hope you get stung! I hope Gail sideswipes you good with her longest knife. Or bulls you into marryin' her. Serve you right!"

He laughed, more comfortable now Patsy had flared up.

The bathroom door banged open and Gail, her hair slick and glistening, stalked into the room.

"What's the joke?" she insisted, and reached for her new costume, climbing into the pants hastily. Patsy pushed past her and went into the bathroom.

"Patsy hopes you and me will get married," Chance told her with a wicked gleam in his eyes.

"That ain't so funny." Gail pursed her lips. "You could land worse'n me. I'd give you plenty of rope."

"I have more single, thanks."

"Yeah?" Gail's voice was almost middle-aged. "There'll come a day, my buck, when you'll want a home."

"Say, I wouldn't put even you through makin' a home for me," Chance grunted. "Ranch life ain't for a woman. The grind beat all the life out of my own mother. No. If I loved a woman I wouldn't put her through it. If I didn't love her I wouldn't want her round."

"How happens you got it all figured out, Chance?" Gail's tone was suspicious. "Seems to me you've give it a lot of thought."

"I have. Just to settle it in my mind and never think of it again. Takin' a good look at you and Patsy showed me plenty, too."

"HOW do you mean?"

"Well, you got a little income and you earn fair ridin'. It's money counts with a woman. You can keep yourself lookin' swell. Look at Patsy since she got clothes. Money did it. She's some different from back on the ranch. Might even call her pretty."

"You damned well might," Gail agreed grimly.

"Yeah." Chance sighed. "Women are flowers and they bloom only in the spring and summer. They can't stand no rough winter without a hothouse. The hell with them!"

Gail caught up her gloves and they started out of the room. At the bathroom door, Gail stopped and called harshly, "I hope you heard all that, sister."

The bedroom door slammed, and Patsy knew she was alone. She stared at herself in the steamy bathroom mirror. "Might even call her pretty." Even Gail knew he had been talking for Patsy's ears. More than half the time it was plain that he cared for her, against his own will. But it was definitely against his will. She'd never be happy with him that way. He wasn't worth fighting for, anyway. She looked about at all the many signs of Hugh Branders's devotion: the perfume bottles, the fountain pen, her new purse, a wrist watch.

He's all I winned in New York, she told herself desolately. I had to come to New York to see Chance for what he is—such a cheap rotter that he'd borrow from a girl and give her a joy ride as a percentage. My brother's so sold down the river to Mildred he spends his money on her instead sendin' it home. I ain't got a chance at winnin' because of Monk. Everythin' that Hugh says is right. I can find a better life. I got absolutely nothin', and nobody cares but Hugh. And he ain't free.

A KNOCK startled her. She went to the door and found it locked. Dumfounded she glanced about for the key, and, grasping the knob, she tried forcing it in case it was stuck.

Again the knock struck through her thoughts, and she turned, puzzled. The knocking was from Monk's adjoining room. Slowly she walked to the desk and, leaning over it, she pitched her voice low and terse: "What do you want?"

"Let me in, Patsy."

"Not for a prize bull."

"It's important. I've got to talk to you seriously. About Dusty." His voice was convincing.

She thought a moment. "Did you lock my room door, Monk?"

"Might as well let me in. You can't get out until I give you your key, can you?"

Patsy straightened up, her face white with fury. Like a streak she walked into her brother's room and tried the door to the hall. It too was locked. The phones in the hotel were no longer answered. Most of the cow people had already gone to supper and would head thence directly to the arena. Not much chance of summoning any help.

With a look bordering on the murderous, she went back to her room, shoved the table desk out of the way, and unlocked the door that led into Monk's room. Monk Raleigh, dressed for the arena, came in with a slow triumphant swagger. Even the sight of Patsy's stormy eyes failed to lessen the mocking smile on his full lips.

"Come on, baby," he said coaxingly. "Be a good loser."

Patsy didn't move or speak. His smile broadened despite himself. He held her room key aloft a moment and then tucked it into the breast pocket of his shirt.

"Patsy, you're licked," he said with a discounting shrug. "You can't fight the whole crowd alone. The setup's been against you since you started. Might as well let me help you."

"When I want help I'll ask for it."

"Aw, hell! Time's gone by for such speeches. You got a head. Might as well use it. Listen. You don't know what I heard over to Jack's Chop House. Hector Ryon's over there, on the kill. No funnin'. I tell you he's out to get Dusty."

"Folks has hinted that before."

"Well, maybe you ain't heard that Dusty's gettin' married?"

"That's wild flowers."

"Yeah? Mildred herself showed Hector the license. So what do you think of that?"

Patsy folded her arms tight against her breasts to keep herself from expressing what she thought of it.

"Have you seen Dusty?" she asked carefully.

"Sure. I braced him with it a few minutes ago. He admits it. Goin' to be married after the show tonight. But wants to keep it a secret."

Monk was standing so close to her that she could feel the swell of his breathing. His voice at her ear was as soft as cold cream. "Don't let it get you, kid," he said. "You can't lead no life but your own. Why don't you lead your own the smart way—in your own world? That dude of yours can't marry you, so where is he any better than me? You're a rider, kid, and don't forget it. You'd leave him and come back to your own pasture, and then it would be too late. You can be champ, Patsy. You know that's what you want—and all you want."

Irritably she shrugged him off and went over to the dismal dirty window that looked out on a court. After a moment his voice followed her:

"You'll tire of me a damn sight quicker than I'll tire of you, Patsy. I'm mighty gone on you. If you'd be sweet to me, I'd do anything for you."

SHE looked him over dully.

"I know you can mark me down, Monk. You've showed me that. You can disqualify me, too—and leave me on the outs altogether. I know that. Go ahead and do it, Monk, if it gives you any satisfaction. I ride horses for a livin' and I ain't yet took to the streets. And I ain't givin' you so much as a wink."

"Oh, yes, you are," he said, and started toward her.

Even before she felt his hands on her back and his face pressed down on hers, she was fighting. The suction of his mouth against hers stripped her of everything but the desire to destroy. With all her strength she pushed him off. Then, with one full-flung sweep of her arm, she brought her doubled fist full into his face.

There was a sickening noise—like the snapping of bone. A spurt of blood spread over the lower half of Monk's face and he doubled over with a groan.

Patsy stepped back, unaware that she huddled her bleeding fist under her left armpit. She regarded Monk with cold sullen complacency.

"My teeth!" he moaned. "God almighty—my teeth!"

He straightened up, his blood-

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stained hands fumbling with his mouth. Into a cupped palm he spit a broken front tooth and then another. He stared at them in blank disbelief.

"I'll thank you," said Patsy harshly, "to bleed in your own room."

He looked at her, his round eyes soapy with a sort of bilious horror.

Some one pounded heavily on the bedroom door, shaking it smartly.

Both Monk and Patsy regarded the door somberly.

"Who's there?" Patsy called.

Will the visitor be allowed to enter? How can Patsy explain away her bleeding hand? Will the injury prevent her from riding in the rodeo? You'll find these questions answered in next week's tense, dramatic installment.

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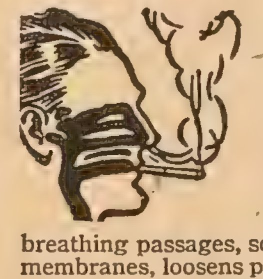

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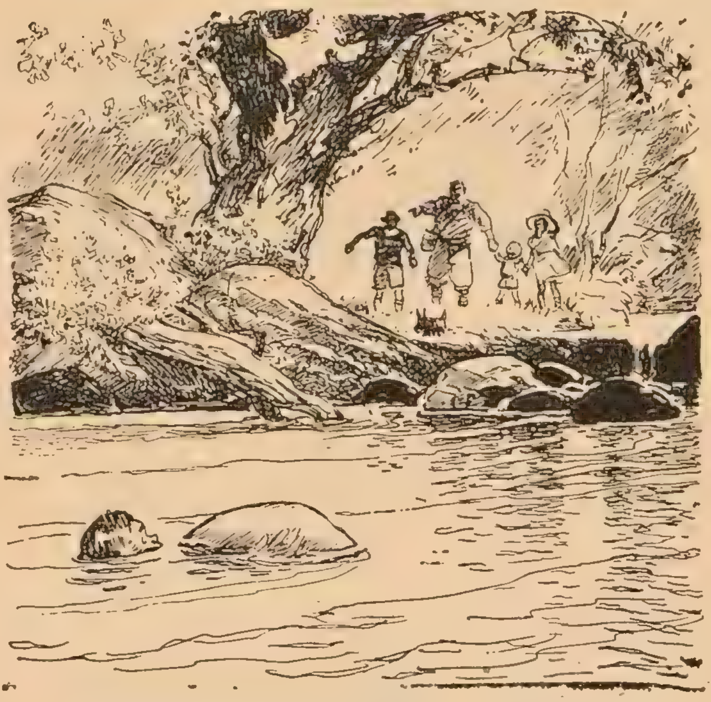

A family did stop, making it necessary for me to lie in the water in an attempt to make my stomach look like a boulder.

MONDAY: *En route to California.* Up betimes, reminding my dear wife that here in this beautiful town of Toledo less than a hundred and fifty years ago General Wayne defeated the Indians, to which she did reply, " So what? " and did make suggestion that if I felt in the mood for fighting Indians I might see what I could do about getting our hotel bill reduced—a quest, however, which proved fruitless.

So on our way, stopping for lunch beside a babbling brook, which did remind me of the old swimmin' hole and take me back to my childhood, my wife commenting that she hadn't been aware I'd ever left it. And so carried away was I that I did divest myself of my clothes and plunge in, only to find the water but a few inches deep and, as luck would have it, a family did take that moment to stop and admire the view, making it necessary for me to lie prone in the water in an attempt to make my stomach look like a boulder, a subterfuge which would have undoubtedly worked had not the father said to his children, " Five cents to the first one who hits that rock! "

So on, crossing the state line into Indiana and stopping for the night at the tiny hamlet of Plato, my wife objecting strenuously to the room, but I did remind her that certainly in such a place the least we could do was to be philosophical about it.

TUESDAY: Up, after a wretched night, and off once again, passing through the village of Shipshewana where I did attempt to brighten my poor wife's spirits by singing, " Everything is shipshape in Shipshewana," but it did only seem to depress her the more, especially so when the constable did stop us and fine us two dollars for passing a traffic light; and when I did remonstrate with him, saying that the traffic light was not lit, he did grin roguishly and ejaculate, " No, but, by cracky, I am! "

So on through Elkhart and South Bend, where we did visit the University of Notre Dame, and I did remark to my wife that I had always regretted not having gone to college, to which she did reply that she too regretted it because she knew that if I had I would still be there.

So wheeling along until we did come upon the beautiful waters of Lake Michigan, and we did put up for the night at a tourist cabin in the Indiana Dunes State Park, a veritable masterpiece of nature, as I remarked to my dear wife, which caused her to comment that at that particular moment she would much prefer seeing the garbage scows on the Harlem River.

WEDNESDAY: Awoke to find my wife already up and about and highly interested in a neighboring motorist's trailer which the owner did kindly allow us to inspect, my wife remarking that such a house was just what she wanted, for no matter where I roamed she'd always be able to keep an eye on me. So on our way, passing through Gary, Indiana, and when I did inform my wife that it was the steel center of the Middle West she did exclaim that she was indeed glad as she needed a new nail file, to which I did retort that now I could understand why there had been such a sudden rise in the steel market.

So into Chicago to look up my wife's cousin Elmer who lives on Roosevelt Road, and was mightily surprised to find him a Republican and, what's more, one with an impediment in his speech, which, as I remarked to my wife later, is quite a rare malady for a Republican.

THURSDAY: Awoke weary and heavy-eyed, having argued far into the night with cousin Elmer over the relative merits of the Presidential candidates, a pastime which I deem futile, for I have found that politics is indeed the handmaiden of religion, and that a leopard, a Baptist, or a Republican seldom changes his spots.

So out to see the sights of Chicago with cousin Elmer, but his unfortunate stammering, combined with his earnest desire to describe each point of interest, did so exhaust me that I would have indeed become a nervous wreck had I not excused myself for a quick drink each time he got stuck on a word. So did pass a pleasant morning taking in interesting spots, and in the afternoon did enjoy myself even more, as by that time I was seeing and hearing two of everything.

So home, and before retiring Elmer did prepare a delicious Welsh rabbit which he did inform us he ate every night, and when I did ask the reason for such a strange habit, his wife did reply, " Oh, Elmer had a dream about a month ago in which he saw a horse race and just at the finish some one jumped up in front of him so that he could not see who won, and ever since then he's been trying to bring the dream back."

So to bed, remarking to my wife that it was little wonder that Elmer stuttered.

FRIDAY: Awoke with a start, having dreamed that I was a frankfurter in a roll about to be devoured by a giant, and when I did tell cousin Elmer he did become highly excited, informing me that undoubtedly my dream was an omen as there was a horse by the name of Hot Dog running that afternoon at Arlington Park.

So, assuring our dear wives that we were going to the Flower Show, we did repair posthaste to the track, where we did place a wager on Hot Dog, but to our consternation a fifty-to-one shot named Mustard did come in first.

And just before the last race Elmer did rush up to me trembling with agitation, and he did whisper hoarsely, " I-I-I j-just g-g-got a h-hot t-t-t-tip! " But by the time he could get the name of the animal out of his mouth the race had started, and bless my soul if his horse didn't win. So to a publick to drown our sorrows and thence home, our wives inquiring which flowers we enjoyed the

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DARLING, WILL YOU PLEASE BE MINE?
I GUARANTEE TO TREAT YOU FINE!
FOR INSTANCE, LOVE, IF
HEARTBURN COMES . . .
I'LL OFFER YOU MY ROLL OF TUMS!

YOU'LL LOVE THIS
FAST RELIEF
FOR ACID INDIGESTION

WHY WAIT for relief when you're troubled with heartburn, sour stomach, gas? Keep your relief right with you always, for unexpected emergencies. Carry Tums . . . like millions now do! Tums are pleasant-tasting . . . only 10c . . . yet they give relief that is scientific, *thorough*. Contain no harsh alkalies . . . *cannot over-alkalize* your stomach. Just enough antacid compound to correct your stomach acidity is released . . . remainder passing *un*released from your system. For quick relief . . . Carry Tums. 10c at any drug store, or the 3-roll ECONOMY PACK for 25c.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

EAT LIKE CANDY
TUMS
STOMACH DISTR
10¢

TUMS ARE ANTACID . . NOT A LAXATIVE

HANDY TO CARRY

FREE: Beautiful Six-color 1937 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of Tums and NR. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Dept. 22S-72, St. Louis, Mo.

STOP Scratching
RELIEVE ITCHING *In One Minute*

Even the most stubborn itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, rashes and other skin eruptions, quickly yields to Dr. Dennis' cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.** Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back. Ask for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.**

most, to which I did reply, "The pari-mutuels!"

SATURDAY: Up betimes, cousin Elmer driving my wife and me downtown to inspect trailers, and when he did say to the salesman, "W-we w-w-want t-t-to put-put-put-put—" the man did inform him that evidently what he was looking for was a motorboat store, but I did finally convince him that what my cousin was trying to explain was that we wanted to put a trailer on our car. So he did show us one which did please my dear wife mightily, it having indeed all the comforts of home, even including an icebox, and we did close the deal then and there and, attaching the trailer to Elmer's car, did drive it home.

So out after dinner to provision our new house, cousin Elmer contributing a framed "God Bless Our Home" and a can opener, while I did grasp the opportunity to invest in some choice bottled goods which I did secrete in the ice chest, and later Elmer and I did break a bottle over the trailer's bow and did christen it "Dunkle's Dory."

SUNDAY: Up early, eager to be off on our westward journey, my dear wife announcing happily that she would ride in the trailer whilst I drove. So, with shouts of encouragement from Elmer and his wife, we did depart and I did note with pleased surprise how little difference the extra weight of the trailer made.

So wheeling along merrily we did soon reach the open country, the while I envisioned my dear wife behind me preparing a tasty home-cooked lunch. But when I did pull up beside a shady dell, did discover to my horror that there was no sign of the trailer whatsoever. So back to Elmer's house, relieved to find my wife, poor wretch, still sitting in the trailer which I had neglected to fasten securely, and as it was now late afternoon, we did decide to wait the morrow for our departure.

It's a hard, hard world for the Dunkles! You'll learn more about their troubles in an early issue.

Great new cars are being announced in LIBERTY—look for them in coming issues—see them at your local dealers.

DON'T WAIT FOR A COLD
DO THESE THREE THINGS:

1. *Breathe correctly* . . . Luden's menthol vapor helps clear the nasal passages.
2. *Protect your throat*... Luden's balanced ingredients moisten the membrane of the throat.
3. *Build up your Alkaline Reserve*... Luden's Alkaline Factor helps you do this—many doctors say it's important in fighting a cold.

LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS 5¢
HELP BALANCE YOUR ALKALINE RESERVE

LIBERTY WILL PAY $1,000

to the author of the best short short story published in its pages between August 1, 1936, and March 1, 1937. . . . To six others will go further payments, raising the total to

$2,000

The Bonuses Will Be $1,000, $500, and Five of $100 Each

Authors will be designated for this honor by the editors of Liberty upon the basis of the interest, originality, and unexpectedness of denouement of their stories. This is not a contest—all writers are eligible. There are no special rules. Rejected contributions will be returned provided sufficient postage AND a self-addressed envelope are enclosed. Simply address your manuscript to Short Short Editor, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y.

Copyright by Twentieth Century-Fox

The Dionne quintuplets, who will be seen again in Reunion, their new screen hit soon to be released.

Bach, A Bazooka, And The President's Missing Man

You'll Find the First Two, and Then Some, in Mr. Zukor's New Melange . . . While, in More Serious Vein, Liberty's Many-Authored Mystery Comes Effectively to the Screen

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR
0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ½ THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1937

THE PLAYERS: Jack Benny, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Bob Burns, Martha Raye, Shirley Ross, Ray Milland, Frank Forest, Benny Fields, Benny Goodman and orchestra, Leopold Stokowski and orchestra. Story by Erwin Gelsey, Arthur Kober, and Barry Trivers. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. Produced by Paramount.

THIS is veteran Adolph Zukor's contribution to the big musicals of the year. And it is a pleasant, entertaining contribution, with speed, pace, and some melody. The story—if you are worried about it—concerns a big ornate Manhattan radio station and the efforts of Boss Jack Carson (otherwise Jack Benny) to placate a nitwit sponsor, a Mrs. Platt (Gracie Allen to you and me). There's something about a pretty radio discovery and her romance. And through the whole proceedings moves honest Bob Burns with his bazooka, earnestly trying to get a hearing from Leopold Stokowski. Maestro Stokowski plays a Bach fugue while the spot moves from violinist to cello player, from Leopold's eloquent left hand to his equally eloquent right. If that causes you to pause, there's Maestro Goodman doling out swing rhythms. Also the lad who puts a blasé heartthrob into a tin-pan-alley ballad, Benny Fields. In brief, there's something for every one—well, practically every one.

Jack Benny, our favorite radio comic, has far too little to do as the suave grand mogul of the air. Gracie Allen is her cockeyed self as the big sponsor, and you'll like simple Bob Burns as simple Bob Burns. A new Paramount find, Shirley Ross, is the heart interest.

VITAL STATISTICS: Benny Fields, who croons sentimental ballads with the low moan of a whimsical bull, is king of the comebackers. A Milwaukee Jewish lad, born in 1894, he ran away from a middle-class life to that of an unimportant road company, rose to vodvil heights when he married Blossom Seeley, ex-wife of Rube Marquard, former great Giant pitcher. Saw vodvil decay; had savings whooshed away by the Crash; knew hard times till 1936, when he decided to crash Chicago's swank niterie, Chez Parée. Substituted for an act which didn't appear, and though booked for ten days, stayed six weeks, then got swept up to topliner by sentimental public. . . . Frank Forest, who can do back flips with his tonsils, looks like coming king of opera. Was born Frank Hayek, which means Forest in Hungarian. He's American, St. Paul born. Learned to croon listening to Bing Crosby. . . . Deadpan Jack Benny is dry and silent as an electric icebox when not working. Is never without a cigar. Favors golf, overexercise, and doing nothing over them. Likes cold asparagus heavily mustarded. Never listens to radio. Benny's married to Mary Livingstone. . . . King of Swing Benny Goodman is the son of a Chicago tailor, is world's champ clarinetist. Learned swing from Ted Lewis. . . . Leopold Stokowski—or Stoki to you—would be a riot in technicolor, on account he has a halo of artistic silver hair, wears jade-green shirts, woven ski-runner yellow-and-brown-plaid ties, mouse-colored brightly checked sports suits, and yellow-Airedale shoes. Stoki has made Bach a pleasure, not an ache; likes swing if well presented; believes not in names of musicians but in music; says no one instrument in his orkester is more important than the others. . . . That's not the Philadelphia Orkester playing under Stoki, just his 120 musicians incognito, on account the name Phila. Ork.'d be prohibitive-priced. . . . Bob Burns's wife died during this, and he took it very hard but fulfilled all his contracts to produce laughs. Bob, really born Robin Burn, is becoming Bob Burns legally. . . . Shirley Ross is really a Miss Gaunt of Omaha, Hollywood schooled, U. C. L. A.-ed, once singer for Gus Arnheim. . . . Despite topheavy names, they insist pic cost but a trifling $750,000, Benny and Burns & Allen getting but $75,000 apiece and Stoki but $15,000. . . . Gracie Allen never reads a script through, lest it impair her goofy unawareness of reason. Rehearses her lines with George orally.

★ ★ ★ THE PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY

THE PLAYERS: Henry Wilcoxon, Betty Furness, Sidney Blackmer, Evelyn Brent, Barnett Parker, Mel Ruick, Wade Boteler, John Wray, Arthur Aylesworth. Story conceived by President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Directed by Phil Rosen. Produced by Republic Pictures.

LIBERTY readers will have an unusual desire to see this screen transcription of a feature they read with interest. This is the story conceived by President Roosevelt and written for Liberty by Rupert Hughes, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Anthony Abbot, Rita Weiman, S. S. Van Dine, and John Erskine.

In its translation to the screen the original has encoun-

10 TO 25 LBS. GAINED WITH NEW 3-WAY TREATMENT

Posed by professional model

① Rich red blood, necessary to properly nourish and build up every part of the body, is especially promoted by this new discovery where iron is needed.

② A healthy digestion which gets ALL the good out of your food requires an adequate supply of Vitamin B. This new discovery supplies this precious element.

③ Normal, regular elimination to remove poisons and thereby promote health and growth requires adequate Vitamin B. This is the third important purpose.

SKINNY? New Quick Way Gives Thousands Solid Pounds *FAST!*

WHEN thousands of skinny, friendless people have gained pounds of solid, normally good-looking flesh with this new triple-acting treatment, it's a crime for thousands of others to remain thin and unattractive. Actually, by this quick new method, you may not only gain weight, but also naturally clear skin, new pep.

Doctors now know that the real reason why many find it hard to gain weight is they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their food. Now with this new discovery which combines these elements in little tablets, hosts of people have put on solid pounds—in a short time.

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special imported cultured ale yeast, one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B. By a new process it is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other ingredients in pleasant little tablets.

If you, too, need Vitamin B and iron to build you up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Note how quickly they increase your appetite and help you get more benefit from the body-building foods that are so absolutely essential to good health. Then day after day, watch skinny limbs and flat chest round out to normal attractiveness, skin clear to natural beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, these marvelous new Ironized Yeast tablets should build you up in just a few weeks as they have thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 211, Atlanta, Ga.

tered changes. You find now that a big corporation lawyer sickens of his high-priced lobbying job of swaying national legislation. So he disappears, takes another name, and begins reorganizing idle independent canneries on a successful co-operative basis. Unfortunately, just as he disappears, his wife—a selfish, unfaithful society waster—is murdered. So the crime is attributed to him. There you have the big moment—our hero doing everything to help independent American business, with the menace of arrest just around the corner.

The acting, particularly of Henry Wilcoxon as the big-business attorney who goes altruistic, is excellent throughout.

Indeed, even a Republican will like this.

VITAL STATISTICS: It all happened when our boss, Mr. Fulton Oursler, who hides out somewhere in Massachusetts, but has been known to lash out suddenly, called on F. D. Roosevelt in the Governor's Mansion in Albany to discuss news stories. The President offered from the back of his mind, "Can a man who has achieved towering wealth disappear completely in a successful attempt to get away from it all?" The President having no solution, our boss quicklike suggested he could find one, got the Prexy's O. K., hustled the World's Six Most Famous Authors into a huddle, and they produced the World's Biggest Mystery Story for the World's Biggest Nickel's Worth. . . . It's the first time the President of these United States's been co-starred with Hollywood players on a billboard or connected otherwise with a fiction picture. . . . Of all mags, Liberty has biggest influence on Hollywood, selling it more stories for production than any other living medium—step up, step up and get your latest copy! . . . Betty Furness has been saving pennies from childhood to buy an ermine coat to add to a roomful of minks, foxes, weasels. . . . Director Smoky Phil Rosen claims megging a hungry angry film mob hardest part of director's work, Hollywood mobs refusing to look hungry or angry because average mob extra is fairly well fed and thinks of pleasant things like Agua Caliente, $1,500 a week, and marriage to a big star. . . . Henry Wilcoxon draws, paints; learned how to wear clothes and act by working for a London West End fashionable tailor; is nicknamed Biff; was Dominica, British West Indies, born, West Indies educated. . . . Sid Blackmer, who started as a hurt flower of a Kaintucky mountang boy, has grown into a heavy, kinda puffy menace. . . . Original MSS. of this is insured by Liberty for $10,000. . . . All cast solid Democrat—and what'd you think?

★ ★ ★ THE GAY DESPERADO

THE PLAYERS: Nino Martini, Ida Lupino, Leo Carrillo, Harold Huber, James Blakely, Stanley Fields, Mischa Auer, Paul Hurst, Frank Puglia, Chris King Martin, Harry Semels, George Du Count, Alphonso Pedroza. Story by Leo Birinski. Screen play by Wallace Smith. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. Produced by United Artists.

A MEXICAN bandit melodrama with a sense of humor.

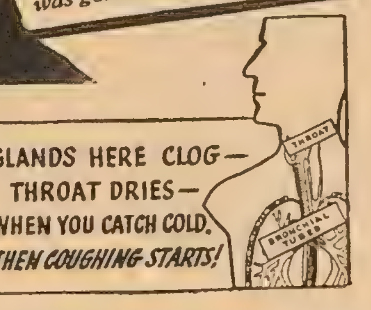
The cactus country bandits have fallen victims to Hollywood's penchant for presenting gangsters and G-men. Indeed the Mexicans have become so impressed with American crime methods that they adopt the jargon and some of the methods. The results, as you may guess, frequently are hilarious.

This south-of-the-Rio-Grande comedy adventure stars Nino Martini, an ingratiating vocalist from the airways and opera. Martini plays a penniless Mexican singer kidnaped by a notorious bandit chieftain who likes to have a voice close by when he's in the mood for music. The bandit also kidnaps—for ransom—a rich American boy and his little girl friend. It is inevitable that the girl and the singer should fall in love.

Leo Carrillo is a pleasant rowdy bandit whose one weakness is tenors.

"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD *relieved* Cough in 1 DAY

● "My cough was so bad," writes Marjorie Sheerin, Brooklyn, "I called a doctor. He said to take Pertussin. *Next morning my cough was gone!*"



Your throat and your bronchial tubes are lined with tiny moisture glands. When you catch cold, these glands clog—their secretion dries. Sticky mucus collects. You feel a tickling . . . you cough!

To stimulate those glands to pour out their natural moisture, use PERTUSSIN. A spoonful or two increases the flow of your throat's moisture. Germ-laden phlegm loosens, is easily expelled. Soon—relief! Safe even for babies. Tastes good. Get a bottle now!

30¢ *Prescription* FREE

PERTUSSIN

Seeck & Kade, Inc., Dept. AC-2
440 Washington Street, N. Y. C.
Please send—at once—generous trial bottle of Pertussin—*free!*

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

Happy Relief From Painful Backache

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

NOSE CLOGGED

Put Kondon's in nostrils. *Feel* stuffy nose *clear.* Get a handy nasal tipped tube at Druggist's.

KONDON'S NASAL JELLY

Plain or Ephedrine

His bad boy Braganza will put off a holdup or an execution any time to hear Céleste Aïda. But it is Harold Huber as his first aide who almost steals the picture. He is hilarious as the tough hombre who is pretty embittered by his boss's artistic weaknesses. And Mischa Auer makes his bit of a gloomy old-fashioned bandit, unmoved by Hollywood movies, stand out, too.

VITAL STATISTICS: To test singer Martini's sense of humor, when he appeared in doorway of one scene, exultant, and shouted, "I have an idea!" entire company, from props to director, keeled over backward and lay prone in a dead faint. Martini went white; his knees banged together; cameras registered his awe. Then everybody came to, had a good laugh all round. Lasky signed Martini abroad before singer knew English. Martini's from Verona, where father was keeper of legendary tomb of Romeo and Juliet. Friends held back Martini till he was eighteen, lest he sing out natural voice. Since then he's worked hardest of all artists, refusing to marry, lest he bore wife with interminable hours of practice and appearance. . . . Leo Carrillo, chubby ruddy babbitt of Santa Monica, is author of Western Breezes, a book of poems, a bit of a politician, a gas-station owner. Is forty-six; married to Edith Shakespeare of Shakespeare country; they have Marie Antoinette, pretty eighteen-year-old Vassarite. . . . Director Rouben Mamoulian, Armenian banker's son, is a Moscow-taught LL. D. . . . Ida Lupino is twenty, makes herself into a deliberate sixteen in G. D., is still unmarried. . . . James William Edward Michael Blakely-Bazely is London born, son of London comic; considers himself a true cosmopolite, much ocean-crossed; never smokes, seldom eats; is usually engaged to five gals at once, but always plays weak brothers in films. Once made golfing tour around Europe. . . . George Du Count is 7-footer, 290-pounder; was a wrestler till he bust a knee. . . . Harold Huber is an N. Y. U. lawyer. . . . A Pickford-Lasky production, our Mary has since separated from Jesse, but remainder of their program will be finished by Lasky alone. Case you forget, Mary was born in Toronto, April 8, 1893, dotter to John Smith, Great Lake steamer purser, killed in an accident in his early thirties. Mary's had a considerable career; has had her own production company; once had drawing account of $10,000 a week. Mary's been pretty well married, is still mentioned in same breath with Buddy Rogers.

★ ★ 15 MAIDEN LANE

THE PLAYERS: Claire Trevor, Cesar Romero, Douglas Fowley, Lloyd Nolan, Lester Matthews, Robert McWade, Ralf Harolde, Russell Hicks, Holmes Herbert. Original story by Paul Burger. Screen play by Lou Breslow. Directed by Allan Dwan. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox.

THIS is more than an entertaining melodrama. It takes you into the inside of the wholesale jewelry business and it shows the guarded handling of gems—even takes you to the ringside at the actual splitting up of a large diamond by professional cutters.

Of course there is a story. Oddly enough, it is sharp, unsentimental, fresh in treatment. The venturesome niece of a big wholesale jeweler ingratiates herself with diamond thieves, traces clues to their source, uncovers the big higher-up force for evil. She goes it alone, for there is no hero to help. Her path is beset with peril, since it is watched by a smart debonair crook who shoots as smoothly as he dances a rumba.

Claire Trevor lends a fresh, pleasant personality to the heroine, while Cesar Romero is an attractive scoundrel.

VITAL STATISTICS: The saying goes: "There are more diamonds in Maiden Lane than in Rhodesia." A small slit of a street in the tip end of Manhattan, Maiden Lane harbors world's leading diamondeers. A private army of plainclothes men patrols the district day and night, and the crook who could make off with a single diamond chip through this cordon would easily pass through the eye of a needle. . . . Claire Trevor nicks this as her seventeenth for Twentieth-Fox. She is extremely energetic, hates routine and definite engagements, and will try anything once, especially if it includes a dash of danger. . . . Cesar Romero spends a fortune on tooth paste, square-cut-shouldered suits, cigarette cases for cigarette tapping, hair oil, dancing shoes, and mustache haircuts. His first Hollywood part was in The Thin Man; he came to Hollywood at his own request and has stayed there at that of others. . . . Douglas Fowley is a New York boy, St. Francis Xavier Military Academy product, where he was known as "Dynamite and Hamlet" because he played football and Shakespeare well. He's crooned at Chinese chopsuers, run for Wall Street broken brokers, letter-boxed at the Hudson Terminal post office, sung in back yards, barked, waited, and pro footballed, getting five dollars a game for playing with the Lantern A. C. of Joisey City. Believes in Horatio Alger. . . . Lester Matthews has swum a mile a day since he got here from England, and laid end to end those miles'd reach across the Pacific which he never intends to try.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Texas Rangers, Romeo and Juliet, Nine Days a Queen, The Green Pastures, Show Boat.

★★★½—La Kermesse Héroïque, Dodsworth, Valiant Is the Word for Carrie, Swing Time, Girls' Dormitory, Sing, Baby, Sing, San Francisco, The Road to Glory, Anthony Adverse, Under Two Flags, The Great Ziegfeld.

★★★—Ramona, The Devil Is a Sissy, How to Vote, Court of Human Relations, Draegerman Courage, Lady Be Careful, Stage Struck, To Mary—With Love, My Man Godfrey, The Bride Walks Out, The White Angel, The Poor Little Rich Girl, The King Steps Out, Fury, The Princess Comes Across, The Dancing Pirate, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford, Let's Sing Again, Small Town Girl, The Moon's Our Home.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 27

1—Lillian Russell (1861-1922).

2—Its father.

3—A domino.

4—Half the value of a United States cent.

5—Brand Whitlock (1869-1934).

6—The Obelisk in Central Park, a gift of the Khedive of Egypt, which was built between 1591 and 1565 B. C. at Heliopolis in Egypt.

7—Dry air.

8—Of Boris Karloff, Paul Muni, and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.

9—Daniel. Daniel 9:21—"Yea, whiles I was speaking in prayer, even the man Gabriel, whom I had seen in the vision at the beginning, being caused to fly swiftly, touched me about the time of the evening oblation."

10—Amelita Galli-Curci.

11—The rabbit.

12—Apelles, born in the fourth century B. C.

13—One: the Battle of Jutland.

14—"Molly Pitcher," the first sergeant of her sex in the Continental Army.

15—Neat's-foot oil, chiefly employed for softening and waterproofing leather.

16—End Poverty in California.

17—Chimney swift (Chaetura pelagica).

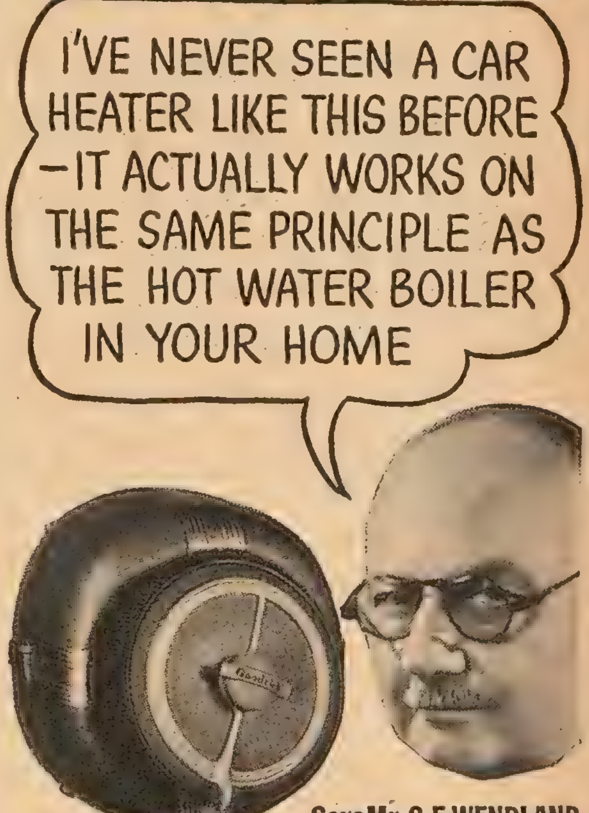
18—At Dorchester, Massachusetts, 1765.

19—The Lombards. The ancient arms of Lombardy comprised three balls.

20—

D. Haig. F.M.

N.Y. SKYSCRAPER CHIEF ENGINEER MARVELS AT NEW KIND OF AUTO HEATER

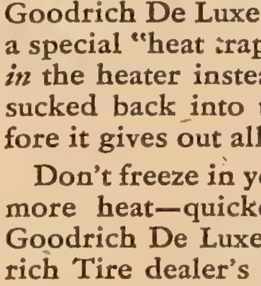

I'VE NEVER SEEN A CAR HEATER LIKE THIS BEFORE —IT ACTUALLY WORKS ON THE SAME PRINCIPLE AS THE HOT WATER BOILER IN YOUR HOME
Goodrich

Says Mr. C. F. WENDLAND
Chief Engineer,
Empire State Bldg., N.Y.C.

MORE HEAT FOR LESS MONEY!

HERE'S the heater that really "shiver-proofs" cars. And no wonder. The Goodrich De Luxe *Boiler Type* Heater has a special "heat trap" that stores hot water *in* the heater instead of allowing it to be sucked back into the cooling system before it gives out all its heat.

Don't freeze in your car this winter. Get more heat—quicker heat. See the new Goodrich De Luxe Heater at your Goodrich Tire dealer's today. And remember, you'll actually pay *less* for a Goodrich De Luxe than for many old-type heaters! Special *Windshield Defroster* attachment available at small extra charge.



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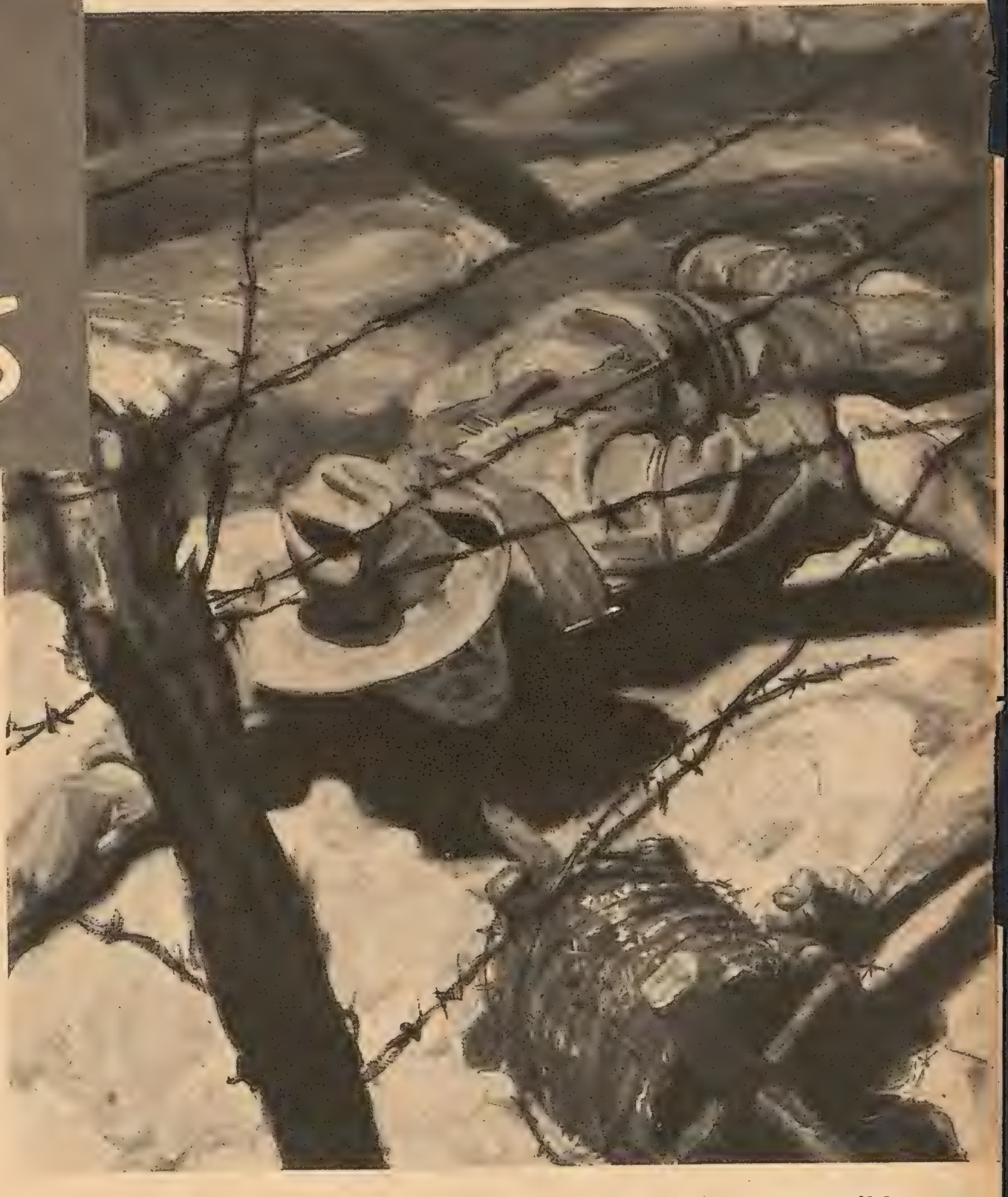
only $13.45
Plus Installation Charge
Price subject to change without notice

Goodrich De Luxe
HOT WATER HEATER
ANOTHER B. F. GOODRICH PRODUCT

LEGION OF LOST SOULS

Back to the Trenches—Anzac Cove,
Colorful Firsthand Story of the Tragi

by CAPTAIN W



Mellor dropped his wire with a hell of a clatter and we all lay prone.

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

ON his way to London Digger changed his mind about marriage. No longer would he argue with his "Madonna"; they should be legally made one. In the London hospital, overlooking Hyde Park Corner, he found a sympathetic V. A. D. nurse who would phone Mrs. Waller for him. Grace came to him. She came daily until his release as a convalescent. They celebrated that with a dinner in Soho—a dinner that began in breathless happiness, pulsating expectancy, and ended in misunderstanding and despair. For now it was Grace who would not hear of marriage, of tiresome legal preliminaries, and it was Digger—a Digger overwrought and obsessed after his ordeal on the Peninsula of Death—who would hear of nothing else, and who had no eyes for the havoc his insistence was wreaking upon the bridal mood and state of his beloved one.

In the end they went to her apartment, but the magic was broken. Both knew it was too late. Leaving, he told her he would come early tomorrow. "There won't be any tomorrow," she said. She was right. Later in the night there was a Zeppelin raid, and next morning he traced her to a hospital. It was days before he was permitted to see her, days that he spent wandering the streets and getting drunk, and when at last he saw her, she did not know him. They said she would recover, but it would take a long time. She was still unconscious when his leave expired.

It seemed to him a mercy that a troopship took him back to hell—Gallipoli.

PART FIVE—BLOWFLIES, FURIES, AND A CHUNK OF IRON

I DON'T know what I expected to find when I got back into the trenches. If I thought of it at all, it was that our front would have advanced, would have got beyond the second ridge; maybe Gun Ridge would be taken. I hoped all was set for a big drive from that third ridge across the plains of Maidos and right on to the Narrows. I could not think it would still be Anzac Cove, a few yards of sandy beach and a perilous ledge or two of cliff, the same horrible tension as the landing and for several days after.

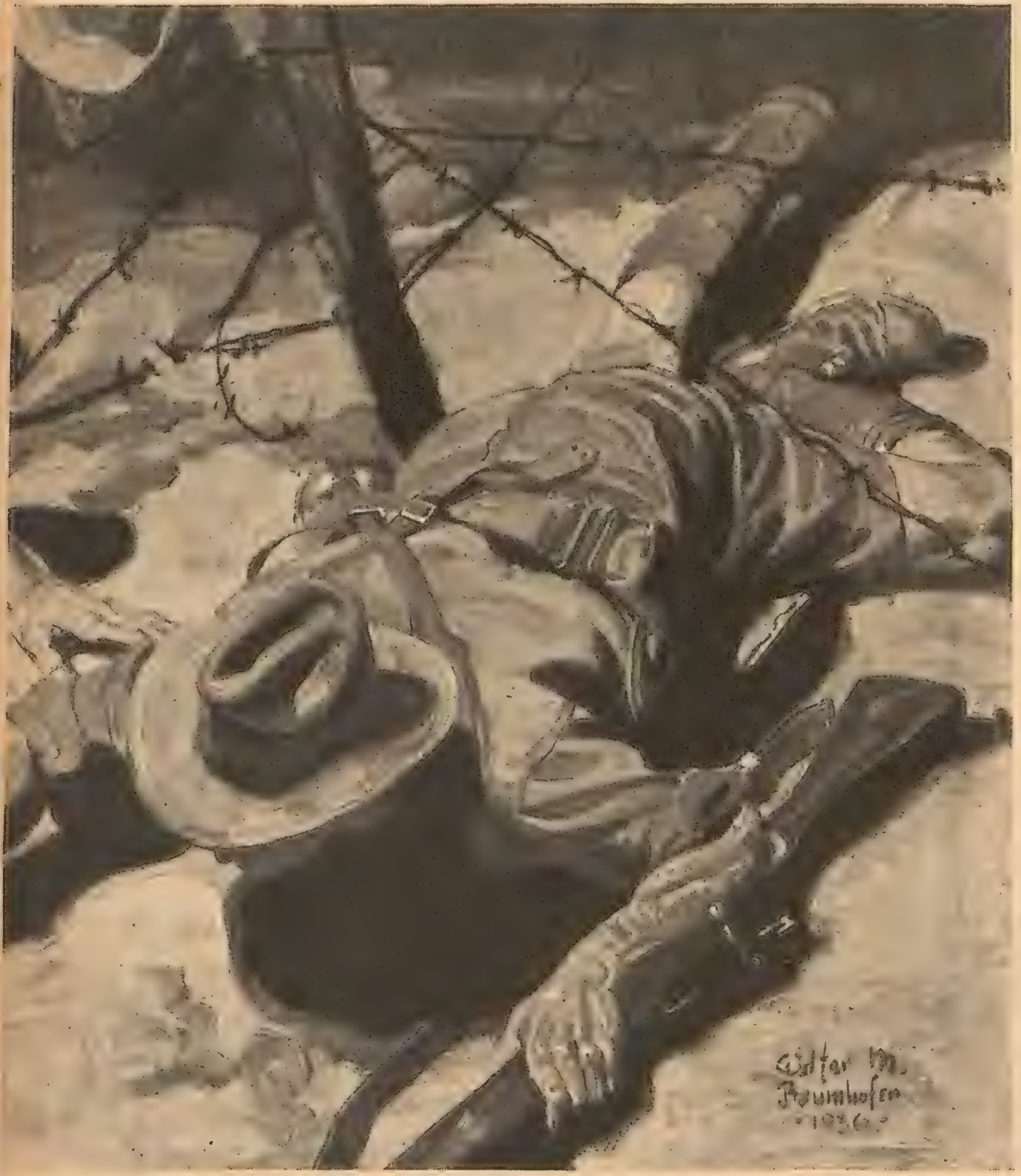
The Anzacs faced the narrowest strip of the peninsula that lay between the Allies and the Narrows. That was all we had to do! It doesn't seem much on the map. The capture of that waist of the peninsula which lay immediately before us would have put "Paid" to the Gallipoli campaign. We were still confident of doing it when I returned to the scene. But there had been no advance, not what one could call advancing during war. The ground gained was a matter of miserable inches. We were still hanging on to the slopes, still digging like moles —with the Turks above us.

We could not know then that despite all further bloody effort, despite gigantic losses in men and material, we should more or less stay put throughout the eight months of that campaign.

The Anzac Corps was still crowded into its four hundred acres. There had been no really definite move after

Summer Resort in Hell! . . . Continuing a Campaign at Gallipoli, the Peninsula of Death

J. BLACKLEDGE



I had to grip myself stoutly or my teeth would have been chattering.

the first ten days on the face of those cliffs—ten days during which the Anzacs had inflicted fourteen thousand casualties at a cost of five thousand.

There had been but one real scrap while I was in dock, during the merry month of May, when Johnny had come out into the open and attempted once more to drive us off the cliffs into the sea. He lost ten thousand over that. More than three thousand were counted that afternoon in front of the Australian trenches. Among the Aussies there were a hundred and sixty killed.

An armistice was then declared for "sanitary reasons." The great black blowflies that fed on the piled-up dead visited the trenches at mealtimes so that it was impossible to eat or drink without taking in "fly sauce." They bit like mosquitoes. They came in massed hordes. They literally covered the walls of trenches and dugouts. They brought disease and death. Skin diseases were prevalent. Dysentery became so common that no man complained of it until he could no longer stand on his feet. The black flies that caused it accompanied the men on the unceasing parades to the latrines, and so spread it farther and farther.

And so there was an armistice to clear away the thousands of rotting bodies that were swelling and blackening and breeding vermin under the heat that grew worse as the summer advanced, a heat that not only withered, parched, and burned, but caused gaseous fumes to rise from the decomposing dead, so fouling the air that the stench never left us, not even after the wholesale burials.

Troops of both sides went out into no man's land. They went stripped not only of their arms and equipment but of their clothing as well, wearing only shorts, sweat pouring down their sun-baked skins as they used gullies, potholes, shell-pits, every sort of crack and crevice, as graves for the dead. For it was impossible to think of digging graves when there were so many dead to be disposed of—in that heat and in the time that could be spared. Some old communication trenches leading to the Turkish lines were filled with dead Johnnies, the swollen bodies hastily tumbled in and covered over. Johnny, Aussie, and New Zealander fraternized as they labored. They exchanged souvenirs, exchanged chaff and banter in execrable French. Men muttered "Mother of God!" as they paused to wipe away the sweat, or murmured "*Allah, Allah, la ilaha Allah!*"

IN this task of hiding away the dead, Turks and Anzacs became human, made the most of the interlude, smoked each other's cigarettes, well knowing that in a very short time they must be at each other's throats again. . . .

"And I found my bayonet, Digger. Fact. I did. I was so amazed at you crawling up just then—when I'd stuck that thing—I left it there—started to drag you back to the lines—"

"I've been wanting to ask you about that, Red. It's worried me all the time I've been away. What was the idea—scrapping like that and sticking him?"

"Why, I've got something to tell you about that, Digger. I haven't told a soul—not a soul. Easy to explain the scrap and why I used the bayonet. Sniper! But I thought you were dead—finished by one of the swine. So I couldn't hold in. I just had to work it off on that sniper. But that's not all. I pulled my bayonet out from just where I'd left it, see? Couldn't bury one with a bayonet stuck in it. I didn't realize the bayonet was mine till I saw the initials. Then I knew it was, and knew that was the thing I'd stuck. But *that* isn't all, either—"

He had a queer scared sort of look in his eyes.

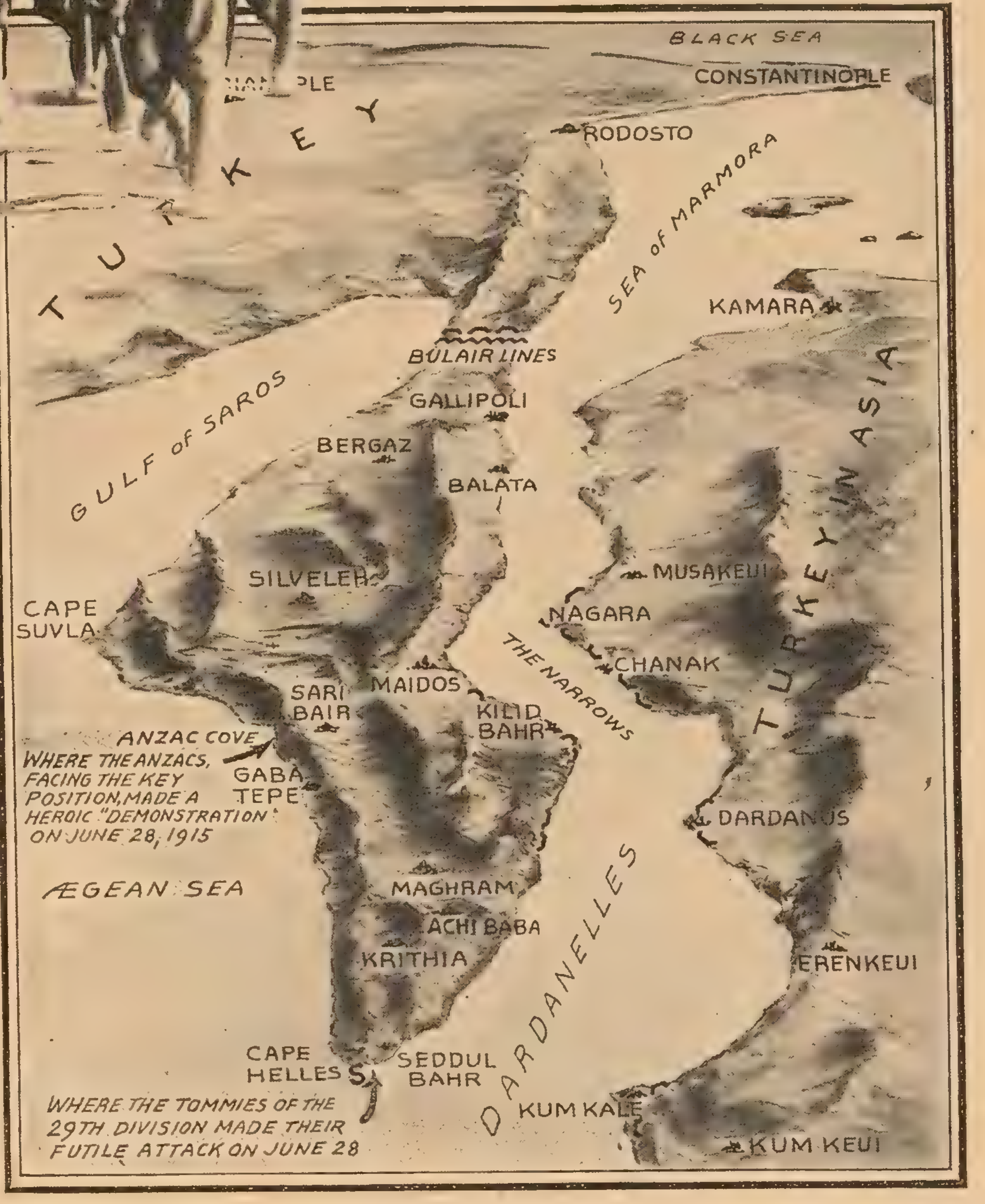
"Fact is," he said, "I've been wanting to get this off my chest. That sniper was an Arab—an Arab woman!"

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

"Johnny rebuilt his army. Fresh troops kept us hanging to the cliffs' edges." An actual photograph: Turkish reinforcements at Gallipoli.

"Oh, you're crazy, Red," I told him. He'd lost a lot of flesh—though that wasn't difficult to understand, what with the heat, the constant fighting, the perpetual fatigue duties. But the strain and the conditions alone were not enough to account for the look in his eyes. Neither was he the sort of fellow to spin yarns.

"I tell you I know it was! The rats had been at it. The clobber was in ribbons. No male Arab ever had breasts like that. Then Major —— came up and accused me of looting. I wasn't doing any looting. I had to make sure. My God! I had to! I did—in the only way I could. Then I tumbled her in with the rest of 'em. God! She was a hefty wench!"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TURKEY IN ASIA
SILVELER
MUSAKEUI
CAPE SUVLA
NAGARA
THE NARROWS
CHANAK
SARI BAIR
MAIDOS
KILID BAHR
ANZAC COVE
WHERE THE ANZACS, FACING THE KEY POSITION, MADE A HEROIC "DEMONSTRATION" ON JUNE 28, 1915
GABA TEPE
DARDANUS
ÆGEAN SEA
MAGHRAM
ACHI BABA
KRITHIA
DARDANELLES
ERENKEUI
CAPE HELLES
SEDDUL BAHR
KUM KALE
KUM KEUI
WHERE THE TOMMIES OF THE 29TH DIVISION MADE THEIR FUTILE ATTACK ON JUNE 28

A war map of Gallipoli at the hour of the British thrust from Cape Helles toward Achi Baba and the synchronized Anzac "demonstration."

I DON'T think Red was ever quite the same after that. Anyway, I thought, what does it matter whether you stab a woman or refuse a woman—if the result is the same? Luckily for us both, there was not much time to think in those days. There was no rest on Gallipoli, no relief from the firing, the labor, the dangers. There was no rear. Rest camps were unknown. Every portion of the congested area we occupied was always in range of the enemy's weakest guns, even of his rifles. Units at rest were no better off than those in the line. Going out of the trenches for a "rest" meant extra work—digging, always digging, for we had to hide every darned thing that was brought ashore. We dug catacombs in the slopes—dug them for the living, for stores, rations, ammunition.

That went on for months. Mining became a routine occupation. A vast system of subterranean workings was made, underground communications with the more dangerous sections of the firing lines. In addition, we had to bring all our own supplies ashore from the boats, always under shellfire. True, there was the Zionist Mule Transport Corps. A detachment came to Anzac Cove. But, largely owing to the conditions, it only increased the general confusion. It was sent away eventually. We carried on with man power. On the other fronts the Zionists and their pack mules put in some very wonderful work.

Then suddenly we were dragged from our diggings and thrust into the front line for an attack. This was the historic ill-starred "demonstration" of June 28. We in the trenches did not know then that this so-called attack was made merely to keep the enemy on our front while the Twenty-ninth Division at Cape Helles took one more shot at capturing Achi Baba. They failed, but the Tommies on that front gained a thousand yards, and that was some victory for the peninsula.

We attacked. It was hell let loose. Remember, we made this attack after weeks of incessant trench warfare, listening-post duties, sentry duties, weeks of the head-bursting crack of snipers' bullets, the everlasting zoom and crash of shells. We went into the attack crazed and stupefied with the heat, the stench, the belching shells. We were crazed--out for blood, anybody's blood, anything to break that frightful tension.

We charged into withering fire from the strongly entrenched Turks. We rushed newly wired positions. Men were trapped in the barbs and shot to pieces while they struggled to free themselves. We leaped into a narrow gully, and into it from underground trenches poured a massed horde of Turks, for all the world as if vomited out of the bowels of the earth by some volcanic eruption.

Thereafter an inferno of slaughtering underground with cold steel, clusters and little groups at each other's throats in a confined area which so cramped us that we fought at the crouch, jabbing and sticking, yelling and cursing, choking cries of "Allah! Allah!" with bayonet thrusts, trampling dead and wounded as we went forward to meet more and more figures coming out of the earth, till the ground seemed literally to be spawning Turks.

It was a swift, incredibly ferocious attack that availed us nothing—nothing, that is, so far as we who participated in it could see. For we were commanded to retire, to fall back on our own lines. It was not to be an attack but a demonstration! We got back into our trenches and cursed our commanders for sending us out there merely to bring us back again. We were told it was to help our mates in the south. That "victory" down there by the Twenty-ninth Division cost us in the north a few hundred more casualties. We might have been excused for wondering what the hell it was all about. I am convinced that the warworn and weary Anzacs were never quite the same after those "demonstrations."

As every one now knows, Anzac was the key position of the whole peninsula, for it faced the narrow waist leading to the Narrows of the Dardanelles. The Twenty-ninth Division, together with the Naval Division and the French armies, beat themselves to death attacking six different and almost impregnable positions on the toe of the peninsula. Thousands of men were thrown away in order to hold an utterly useless position. Instead of demonstrating at Anzac, we should have concentrated our main attack there and used the worthless Cape Helles position for feints and demonstrations. Once astride the peninsula from Anzac to the Narrows, all the Turks in the south would have been trapped, cut off from their base of supplies.

As it was, we frittered away our forces on no fewer than nine different fronts from Cape Suvla in the north to S Beach in the south. For more than a month that victory of a thousand yards could not be followed up because those responsible were starving the Gallipoli campaign of both men and munitions. It began as a muddle and it went on in the same fashion. During that month Johnny built himself new and stronger trenches, and generally fortified his positions. He did more. He rebuilt his army. Fresh troops, the "very pick and flower of the Turkish Empire," took over the task of keeping the Allies hanging perilously to the edges of the cliffs round the coast.

With that demonstration at Anzac we scared up trouble. At midnight of June 29-30, Johnny made his counterattack. Enver Pasha sent an army thirty thousand strong "to drive the foreigners into the sea or never look upon his face again." The foreigners being we, the Anzacs, the "savages from the South Seas," as we learned from some of our prisoners.

They began with an artillery bombardment that made the night hideous, what with the screaming of the shells and the bellowing explosions. It seemed as if the whole of the Turk-

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ish artillery was concentrated on our lines. Never before had they pounded us with such a volume of shot and shell. Some of our underground works were stove in; parapets were blown away in dense clouds of dust and flying debris. The fumes from the shells were so thick that men could not see, could not use their eyes, which smarted and watered as if in a gas attack. But this was no mere gas attack. Johnny was throwing all he had at us. We knew what it meant. We were standing to on the fire step, waiting. It can be an agony, that waiting while shells shriek and roar and crash all around. It can be hell. That was a date long to be remembered. It was as bad as anything that ever happened in my orbit of the campaign.

Then they came—dense masses of them shoulder to shoulder. We bombed them, shelled them, riddled them with rifle fire, opened great gaps in their massed ranks. They went down by thousands. Others came up and took their places, stumbling over dead and wounded, yelling dirty imprecations at the Christian dogs they would now drive into the sea.

And all we had to do was to stand firm and pot at them, knock them over like grotesque dummies in an Aunt Sally stall. There never was such slaughter on any front of like extent, never were so many killed and wounded in the short space of one night. It seemed to us in those dark hours before the dawn that we could not kill fast enough, for swiftly as we shot them down there were always others to close the gaps. They came on and on. They were most definitely advancing. Hundreds were brought down within yards of our parapet. Bombs were thrown back and forth.

Our tunneling had not been in vain. We had a number of T saps shooting out into no man's land from under our front-line trenches. Each of these was made by mining underground straight out for several yards, then opening up with a crosshead like the head of the letter T. The enemy stumbled into these sapheads and were terribly butchered before they could recover from their surprise.

THAT underground fighting at Anzac was a little war of its own. It was a war in which the unwary Turk had no chance to hit back. He fell in heaps, and was clubbed or stuck before he could rise to his knees. In some parts of the Anzac front there was a perfect network of tunnels, an entirely new sort of firing line prepared underground and complete with barbed-wire entanglements. Bunches of the enemy were trapped in these, and showers of bombs blew them sky-high.

By dawn it was all over. Johnny retired. His wonderful army of thirty thousand was utterly defeated with the loss of a fourth of its strength—between seven and eight thousand killed and wounded. For days afterward we could hear the screams and moans of the wounded, slowly dying out there of thirst. Wherever there was movement a merciful shot sent another son of Allah to his paradise. It was there that Turkey's famous Eighteenth Regiment was wiped out, with the result that Mustapha Kemal, later to become dictator of Turkey, was disgraced by Enver Pasha.

From then on Gallipoli was an open graveyard. No man can recall that campaign without sickening. Dead lay around the trenches and between the lines, friend and foe rotting in the sun. The incessant tunneling of both sides had drawn us closer together. In some parts we were less than eighty yards from each other. That meant a never-ending watch, never to relax for a second. Sentry duty at these points was agony, with every nerve on edge, so that men had to be relieved at very short intervals.

AND as the summer advanced the conditions grew worse and worse. Dysentery took a heavy toll. Water was scarce and strictly rationed. There were increasing cases of jaundice. There were septic sores, unclean ulcers, rat bites that nothing seemed to heal, and lice beyond all human control. The trenches were full of black flies. We cursed the sun and the flies and the lice as enemies more terrible than the Turks. Despite all our efforts to keep our habitations in the ground clean, we could do nothing against those rotting bodies out there, nothing to combat the insanitary conditions under which the Turks and their Arab irregulars lived.

The vultures became very numerous then. We had to watch them feeding. They became very daring. Once four flew into a saphead and attacked two men working there. The men's yells brought us running up the communication trench; we thought Johnny had stolen a march on us. We caught two of those wretched birds and nailed them up.

It became a common sight to see men going about their tasks in bandages. Those who could crawl around had to carry on. We were an army swathed in bandages, from generals downward. There was a period at Anzac when, even in the most intense heat, the ration of water per man per day was only a pint and a half—that is to say he washed, shaved, made his tea with that quantity, supposing him fool enough to use the precious liquid for washing.

The wells nearest to us were at Lonesome Pine and Koja Dere, and these were held by the Turks, who had many other sources of supply, especially at Maidos and Gallipoli town. So our water had to be dragged ashore from the ships, up over the cliffs, and along the communication trenches to the lines.

And that was but a tithe of our labors in between sorties, attacks, and duties in the line. In July preparations were begun for a grand and decisive offensive in August. We had a normal garrison of twenty thousand men—when at full strength!—which, as the historians now admit, "occupied nearly every available inch of ground that was hidden from Turkish view." For this great offensive we were to be reinforced with another twenty-five thousand.

We were called upon to dig and tunnel and mine for these reinforcements. During the nights of July we of the Anzac Corps "dug, roofed, and covered not less than twenty miles of dugouts."

The reinforcements were landed in great secrecy and hidden away. They were watered and supplied and generally prepared for the big attack. It took three nights to disembark them—three nights in which the war-worn Anzacs "landed, carried inland, and hid not less than one thousand tons of shells, cartridges, and food, some hundreds of horses and mules, many guns, and two or three hundred water carts and ammunition carts. There were then nearly forty thousand men accommodated within the four hundred acres of Anzac. The normal requirements of the garrison, three hundred tons of stores, were unloaded nightly and carried ashore by hand."

But I was to leave the peninsula again before that August offensive—and to be back in time for it! About a hundred yards beyond the parapet where I was stationed was a barbed-wire trap. A party of six men was taken out by an officer to repair this wire. Red and I were included. It was always an eerie job creeping out into no man's land at dead of night, but this was my first fatigue of the sort since that ghastly experience which had earned me a spell in Blighty. I went to it with feelings very mixed. Chiefly I was filled with an inexplicable rage, a crazy desire to get my own back in no man's land. Just how I was to do it, I had no idea. I only knew it was out there that craven fear had been instilled into me, and it was there that I would fight it and destroy it once and for all.

THOUGH I had never admitted the fact to myself, that terrifying fear of no man's land had never left me. Now I should either flop with it or crush it down forever. I felt like nothing on earth when I crept out with the party. Red was on my right, keeping close, and on the left was Mellor, another Aussie, who was carrying a coil of wire. Ahead was Lieutenant Lewis, a pretty hard case even in our mob. The other three tailed behind. We had not gone many feet when Johnny opened fire in our direction. Mellor dropped his wire with a hell of a clatter and we all lay prone. I lay there and trembled from head to foot. My horror of that wilderness was very real. I had to grip myself pretty stoutly or my teeth would have been chattering. I fought with it then, with that horrible nameless fear; fought as I had never fought before and hope never to do again.

We could not have been down more than a couple of minutes, but through my mind raced all the visions of hell.

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I lived again all those terrors that had been mine on that previous occasion. I caught Red's eye, and realized I was chewing my lips. Red looked queer, I thought. Was he too in the clutch of this nameless thing? There was an eerie antagonism about his tense inactive body, lying there within a couple of feet of me. His eyes were rather glazed, a trifle bloodshot. There was no soul in them, only murderous animalism.

I saw him then, in that fleeting minute, as he really was. I know that he saw me likewise, saw the craven fear, the hate and loathing for this dark indefinable something that was all around us. I know too that I felt like the last thing in human weeds. And when a man gets that way it is pretty bad. Red rolled over toward me and shoved his fist, which was like an elephant's foot, into my jaw. Certainly the blow pulled me together a bit. In my heart I said, " Thank you." With my tongue I muttered, " Blast you! " as if surprised.

All this time Johnny Turk was doing his damnedest with machine guns and rapid musketry fire from his trenches. There was a thicket or clump of brush away over on our left. The order was whispered round to make for it.

We crouched under cover of the thicket and waited, hands and faces scratched and bleeding. We must have presented a pretty sight, human moles burrowing there for fear of being hit. But Johnny had our measure. He started to burn up that thicket. In a few minutes it was on fire. We scattered in all directions. Men don't stop to think in moments like that.

" This way, you blasted fools! "

Lieutenant Lewis yelled but he could scarcely be heard above the rattle of the machine guns and the dense chattering phit-phut, phit-phut, phit-phut of the musketry. We tailed after him in a bunch. Suddenly he disappeared. We came up to find he had dropped into a shell hole. We followed. Nobody had the foggiest notion as to our whereabouts. And now the bullets were whining over us *both ways*. Also there were some dead uns in that hole, which didn't make our stay at all pleasant.

THE moon broke through the blue-black clouds—and that tore everything. It looked as if we must be imprisoned there indefinitely now. We waited while Turks and " South Sea savages " played merry hell with each other, waited sitting in our hole like so many imps of evil in the pit of Gehenna with men burning themselves up on all sides. Turn around and close your eyes, thought I, and you wouldn't know in which direction to go for home!

Lieutenant Lewis was a dark undersized little devil, all wire and muscle and iron nerves. He suddenly decided that the moon had come to stay and that if somebody didn't make a move, fire or no fire, we should be trapped here until the morrow's dawn, which would mean another day and maybe a night in this gruesome pit. Some one must go and scout out our position. So Lewis went himself, which was typical of him, taking only Mellor for company. The five of us were left with a coil of wire and water bottles less than half full for sustenance. We watched the two of them creep over the rim of the pit into that grim tract of lurking horrors and spitting bullets. We never saw them again.

We waited and waited while the long agony of the night dragged out endlessly. There was nothing to do but sit and stare at each other in the moonlight—and wait. We shoved our heads into the side of the pit and took a few whiffs of a cigarette by way of varying the deadly monotony. We talked in hoarse mutterings, though there was no need to mutter, for the din of battle went on with never a lull. For my part, I sat crouched like a sick Arab, conscious of being close, very close indeed, to that grim foul crawling knave, death.

" Five of us," quoth Red. " We'd make a darned fine concert party! "

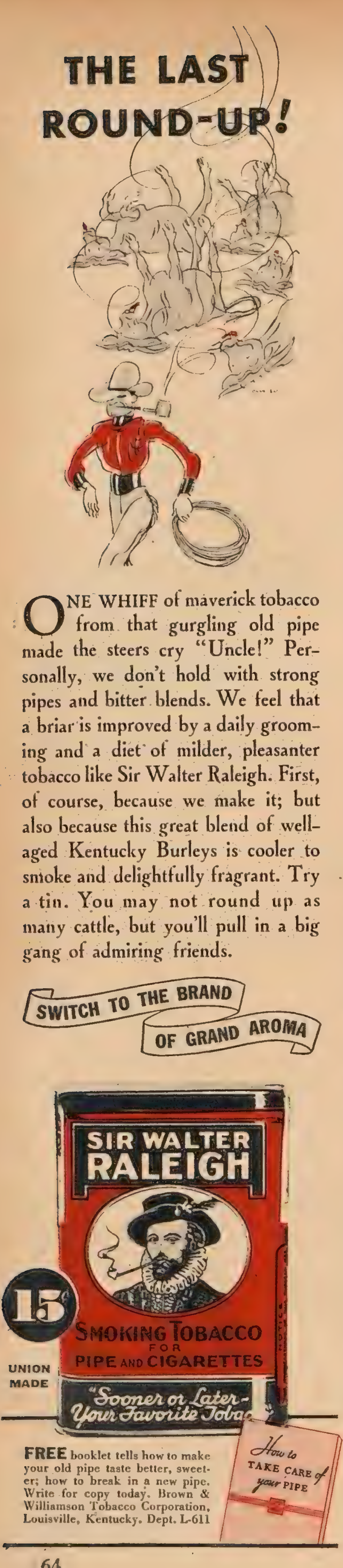
ONE of the five, a fellow known as Sark—chiefly, I imagine, because of his sarcastic tongue—was bemoaning the fact that he hadn't seen a woman in four months. He said he would give ten years of his life to lay his hands on one, even if it were only a so-an'-so wench in the Wazza at Cairo. He really was entertaining for a while. His comments on the sex were blunt, crude, coarse, vivisecting. His line of detail was the last thing in perversion. He showed a genius, a genius akin to madness, for descriptive gesticulation, for a minuteness of description which, to his pals seated in that shell pit, was extraordinarily comic.

Looking back on the incident, I can see that these things are almost entirely a matter of environment.

If it had stayed at that it would perhaps not have been so bad. But it began to dawn upon us that Sark really was " mental." As he got warmed up he began to shout and rave, using the vilest sort of lingo, even for an audience of Diggers. Then suddenly he leaped at the man nearest him, who happened to be Red, and began to claw and struggle in the most demented fashion.

Naturally Red retaliated. In a moment the two of them were rolling about the pit. We were roused from our laughing tolerance. Madness had to be dealt with. It brooked no delay. Sark had run amuck. He broke loose, dashed to the other side of the pit, among the bodies, and faced us. He had grabbed his rifle and was pointing it with the butt pressed against his hip. It spat four times in quick succession. We ducked as one man, then leaped for him. But he scrambled up over the rim of the pit, and though we clutched at his legs he was able to kick us off.

It was all over in a matter of minutes. He stood up stark in the moonlight, a weird figure yelling and



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blaspheming, calling on Johnny Turk to send him one so that he could get off the sanguinary peninsula, get back to Egypt and his beloved Wazza. They gave him more than one. They filled him so full of lead that we could hear, or fancied we could, the thud of his riddled body as it dropped into the dirt.

"Well," gasped Red, still breathless from his strenuous exertions, "maybe there'll be plenty of women where he's gone."

We sprawled back into the hole and lay still for a while. No man spoke. Each was busy with his thoughts. What were we to do? There was no letup in the firing. Johnny had had a lovely target in Sark. He seemed to have the idea there were more where that one came from. Bullets whipped round the rim of the pit. We gathered we were quite close to the Turkish lines. It would be fun if they should send a party out to investigate this spot.

But nothing further happened. Toward dawn the fire died down. The face of the moon began to tarnish. This curious world about us took on a weird hue. Strange streaks of light shot over the ruin and desolation of no man's land. We had been sleeping by turns. Now we were wide awake. We decided that in this half-light there was just a chance we could get back to our lines. Occasional shells came over, intermittent rifle fire. In these curious strands of light we might make it. In less than an hour it would be impossible. None of us wanted another day in that hole.

We scrambled out and started to run, crouching low, heading for every patch of cover. Suddenly they were chucking lead at us. We dropped flat. But the going had been good. In fact, it was marvelous. We were within sight of our lines. We started to yell and coo-ee. Answering calls came to us from the trenches. One of the boys, unable to wait longer, leaped to his feet, ran a couple of yards, spun round, machine-gun bullets tearing at him. He tried again, with half his insides hanging out. We stared, horror-stricken. It was the ghastliest sight. Why didn't he drop? How did his legs still carry him after he was dead?

HE teetered queerly, swayed, while the bullets ripped him apart. It seemed to us, lying there, that he had stumbled over his own entrails. He dropped in a crumpled heap, lay still, and even though he was as dead as mutton, the Turks continued to pour lead into him for several minutes.

We crawled the remainder of the distance, inching a way round boulders and scrub and potholes with dead uns on our backs for shields. Those carcasses were damnable, stickily unpleasant to touch—like something going bad inside—but they served their purpose while those snips of lead kept pelting around. Then an unmistakable Aussie voice began yelling to us to "bear left, bear left, you bloody fools!" We could not see the owner of the voice. We learned later that he had watched us through a periscope.

We made for the direction whence his yelling came. Finally we tumbled into a T trench. I don't remember much after that. I know I slept like a log for hours. So did the others. It was afternoon when we were roused. We were told the shelling had been particularly heavy all morning, and we hadn't heard a thing. A sergeant rolled up and told us we'd better get down to the beach while we had a chance as we must report for duty again at dusk.

Swimming was our one and only recreation at Gallipoli, and even that had to be done under shellfire. No sooner were we on our feet than Red stumbled and pitched on to his face. He looked up with his red hair full of dirt and sheer amazement in his eyes. He had been hit in the foot while he slept by a stray bit of shell, and it wasn't till he got to his feet that he knew anything about it!

WE took him down to the dressing station on our way to the beach, and there we had to leave him. Shells were pouring over the beach when we worked our way round to the water's edge. Johnny's artfully concealed guns dominated the Anzac landing for the whole of the eight months the force was there. Thousands of men were killed and wounded while they worked at loading and unloading stores and ammunition. Yet, despite this never-ceasing shellfire, the Anzacs bathed there throughout the hot weather.

There was always a man posted during bathing parades, and when he gave the signal everybody dived until the explosion was over. It was in fact great fun, and there were very few killed or wounded during the bathing parades. After the swim a number of us would go to a sheltered part of the cliffs and sun-bathe, which was the only way to enjoy the heat over Gallipoli.

I remember there must have been about forty of us spreading our nakedness over the scrub when a shell short-ranged and exploded a few yards away. I leaped like a startled kid and dropped as suddenly. A fragment of shell had torn its way into my—to put it politely—thigh, and the blood was spurting forth. Of all those forty men I must be the one to stop a chunk of iron! I was picked up and carried across to a station, naked as on the day I was born, by men who did not wait to put on clothes. They laughed at the indecency of Johnny's mark—but it was not a bit funny to me!

None the less, it returned Digger to Alexandria—and there he found an angel of mercy in the guise of a nurse named Scotty Gale, who knew of Grace Waller, had heard she was convalescing in London, and would cable to her! And then? Well, Grace herself called it "radiance over darkness." Read about it next week.

Another Dizzy Spell!

● I had one of those dizzy spells that made me feel sick all over. Felt bilious, nervous. My complexion was a sight. The trouble? Constipation! Then I remembered FEEN-A-MINT. I didn't think it could be as good as my friends all said it was but I decided to try it. I chewed one tablet. Now I wouldn't *think* of using any other laxative.

THE 3 MINUTE WAY!
Three minutes of chewing make the difference

● When you feel "all clogged up" chew a dainty tablet of FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes—or longer if you wish. It's this 3 minutes of chewing, medical science has proved, that helps make FEEN-A-MINT different, so thoroughly dependable, such a blessing to constipation sufferers. You'll like the cool mint flavor of FEEN-A-MINT. It's convenient and so economical too!

● Next day—happy, full of vim and pep! Bowels regular. FEEN-A-MINT brings blessed relief. It's so gentle. There's no griping, nausea, nor disturbance of sleep. Non-habit-forming. Don't tolerate constipation another day. Use FEEN-A-MINT—the delicious chewing gum laxative. More than 16 million people do.

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THE CHEWING GUM LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

Family-sized boxes only 15c & 25c

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★ FLAVOUR
★ BOUQUET
★ CLEAN TASTE
HENNESSY

84 PROOF

Thank the kindly climate of the Cognac region for the incomparable flavour and bouquet of Three-Star Hennessy. And thank steadfast ideals and tireless patience for the "clean" taste and age-old uniformity that make this delectable Cognac the world's preferred liqueur.

★★★
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY

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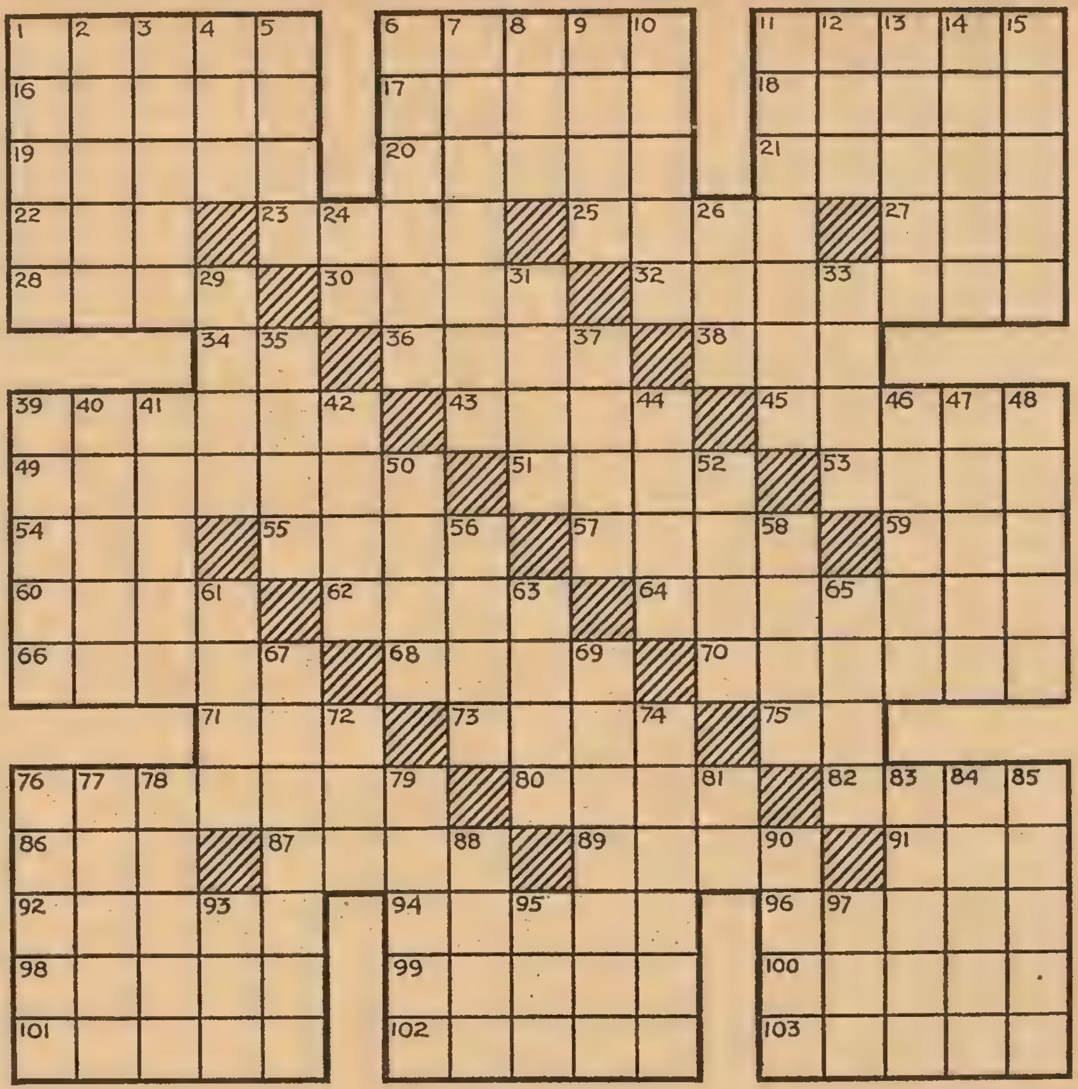
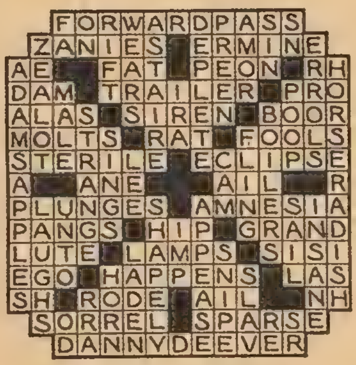
CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 To burn with hot liquid or steam
6 Extent
11 Draw off by degrees
16 More crippled
17 Gladden
18 Wash lightly
19 To show emotion (slang)
20 More unusual
21 A kind of bird
22 Writing implement
23 Dam in a river (var.)
25 A nobleman
27 Conducted
28 Clothing (slang)
30 Transmit
32 Laments
34 A conjunction
36 A certain tide
38 Edible seed
39 Alarms
43 Reclines
45 Ceremonies
49 Breathing spasmodically
51 A bristle
53 A fruit
54 A kind of boat
55 River in Africa
57 A bait
59 Cardinal number
60 Sound, as a bell
62 Cushions
64 Tinkles
66 Fine icy particles
68 A ruminant
70 Stick fast
71 Sooner than
73 Tidy
75 Japanese measure of area
76 Harassed
80 Pastry (plural)
82 A kind of color


FORWARDPASS
ZANIES■ERMINE
AE■■FAT■PEON■RH
DAM■TRAILER■PRO
ALAS■SIREN■BOOR
MOLTS■RAT■FOOLS
STERILE■ECLIPSE
A■■ANE■■■AIL■■R
PLUNGES■AMNESIA
PANGS■HIP■GRAND
LUTE■LAMPS■SISI
EGO■HAPPENS■LAS
SH■RODE■AIL■■NH
SORREL■SPARSE
DANNYDEEVER

Answer to last week's puzzle

86 A simian
87 To move, as wings
89 Domestic servant
91 Hastened
92 Pertaining to birth
94 Nominates
96 To correct
98 To urge on
99 A machine used for lifting
100 Belgian province
101 Guide
102 Revises
103 A shrub

VERTICAL

1 Reposed
2 A carved gem
3 In the midst of
4 Permit
5 Hauled
6 A shield
7 Mortuary chapel
8 Over (poetic)
9 To skin
10 Mistake
11 Machine used for scooping
12 An inlet
13 To fish
14 Small island
15 Requirements
24 Form of to be
26 A fabric
29 Classify
31 Platform
33 A bar
35 Control
37 Pare
39 Gaiters
40 A song of praise
41 A joint
42 To clip
44 A kind of nail
46 An appellation
47 Emir
48 Perception
50 Joyous
52 A song
56 Paradise
58 Terminates
61 Malicious look
63 Percolate
65 Clarified butter (East Ind.)
67 Frivolous person
69 Apparel
72 A fish
74 Irritates
76 Styles of penmanship
77 Separated
78 Rebind
79 Glide rhythmically
81 Note of the scale
83 Any formula or confession of religious faith
84 Set in a row
85 Beneath
88 A chum (slang)
90 A valley
93 Hail!
95 French word for one of the months
97 Measure of diameter

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

LIMERICK TIME IS HERE AGAIN!

BRINGING

$400

IN CASH PRIZES YOU CAN WIN!

START YOUR ENTRY NOW!

HERE'S a new contest. One that Liberty has never presented before. It's a Limerick contest based on the covers of the magazine! Liberty gives you four fifths of the Limerick, too. The first four lines are supplied for you. All you have to do is to write an original last line for each of the two unfinished Limericks that will comprise this series. Start now. Get your entry half done by ending up this week's Limerick with a last line that completes the thought of the incident pictured on the front cover of this issue. So that you can get into the game without turning from this page, the cover is reproduced below. Be sure that you start an entry now. Come on! Of course you can think of a last line. A good one, we'll wager. Let's get it into writing. You can't win unless you do. And remember, save this week's coupon to file at the same time you send in Coupon No. 2.

THE RULES

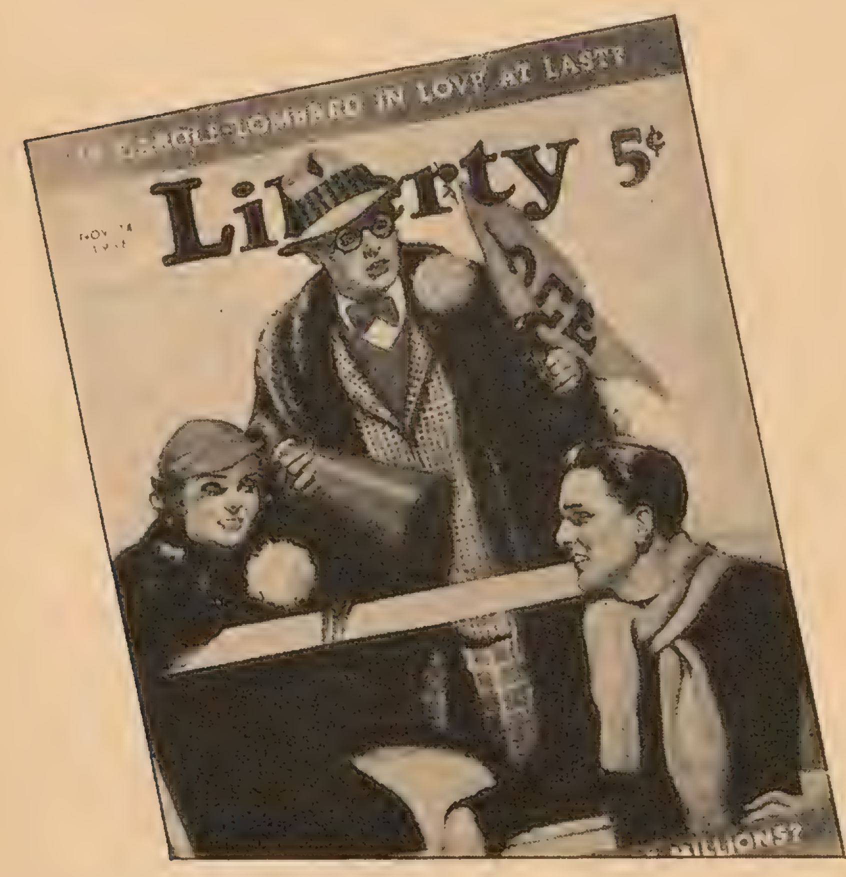
1. This contest will consist of two unfinished Limericks, one of which will appear in the November 14 issue and the other in the November 21 issue of Liberty.

2. To compete, study the cover of the issue, study the Limerick that is based on it, and then write your own original last line to complete the incident pictured on the cover. Only Limericks completed on the official coupons which contain the first four lines will be accepted. Send both coupons in as a unit at the end of the contest.

3. Send entries by first-class mail to COVER LIMERICK EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. To be considered, entries must be received on or before Friday, December 4, 1936.

4. Entries will be judged on the basis of the originality, aptness, and skill of the last lines. On this basis Liberty will pay the following prizes: First Prize, $100; Second Prize, $50; Third Prize, $25; forty-five prizes, each $5. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. The judges will be the contest board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.



COVER LIMERICK CONTEST

COUPON NO. 1

HERE IS THE LIMERICK

Imagine Joe Sideline's chagrin
When the sweetheart he wanted to win
And the sophomore hero
Whose I. Q. was zero—

____
(Write your own last line here)

HOLD THIS COUPON AND SEND IN WITH NUMBER 2

PRESIDENTS CONTEST CORRECTION: In October 17 Liberty the picture caption should read: "Are the Presidents who are described this week in this group?"

Vox Pop

How the Doughnut Queen of the A. E. F. Won the War

PORTLAND, ORE.—"Doughnuts—yes, sir, nice great big doughnuts; not so rich either, but tasting plenty good—won the World War. Accompanying a cup of coffee they were nigh unbeatable. And they warmed stomachs and lifted spirits. Something which no bullet will ever do," asserts Mrs. B. R. Stufflebeam of Portland, Oregon.

Armistice Day always brings memories to Mrs. Stufflebeam of days when, as Miss Margaret Sheldon, she earned the sobriquet of "Doughnut Queen of the A. E. F." She remembers vividly the beginning of the first American doughnut on the battlefields of France. It started the "Coffee and—" service so popular with U. S. soldiers.

MRS. B. R. STUFFLEBEAM

The wet season was on in full in France, and Margaret Sheldon, a bright yellow-haired Salvation Army worker, was stationed in a dripping tent on the edge of a woods which overlooked the little village of Montagney. In the tent also were a bunch of homesick American soldier boys, part of the fifteen hundred troops of the First Division's ammunition section stationed there.

Suddenly one doughboy blurted:

"Oh, how I'd like to have a doughnut!" Soon the entire gang was chanting: "We want doughnuts!"

"You fellows get the stuff and I'll make the doughnuts," Margaret Sheldon promised.

With that, the cantonment emptied and soldiers went in search of flour and lard. It marked the beginning of the famous "sinker" service that proved so popular.

"At the request of the United States government, a party of twelve Salvation Army workers including myself sailed for France with the First Division of American soldiers," she recalls.

"We had nothing to cook with. A Miss Helen Pervience of Syracuse, New York, who joined our Chicago party, was stationed with me at Montagney and we ate mess with the soldiers.

"But the boys wanted doughnuts, and they got them! A dobe stove of mud and stones was made out in front of the tent by some of the fellows who had served on the Mexican border. The stovepipe consisted of empty gallon fruit cans with the bottoms torn out, piled one on top of another. Soon the boys appeared with everything but lard. In its place, however, one soldier lugged a huge kettle of bacon grease. To purify the grease and take out the salt, I fried a lot of potatoes in it.

"I mixed the dough for the first doughnuts and for a rolling pin used a wine bottle. Then we lacked something to cut a hole in the doughnuts. Away went the fellows again, and presently one returned with an empty shaving can. So an empty bottle and a soap can helped produce the first doughnut!

"The smell of the frying cakes soon attracted more men than we could possibly serve. A Private Wilkins ate the first one. It was late in October before doughnuts were made again. By that time more American supplies had arrived. Shortly after that, however, other Salvation Army cantonments began making doughnuts, serving them with coffee, as did the Red Cross and the Knights of Columbus. Another girl and I often made as many as fifteen hundred doughnuts a day. Of course, then our equipment was better.

"A cup of hot coffee and a 'sinker' did a lot to revive drooping spirits. The continual rain and mud of France did more to dishearten the boys than the battles. And the fried cakes seemed to satisfy their craving for confections."

Armistice Day really marks the anniversary of the coronation of the Doughnut Queen. It was in the early hours of November 11, 1918, that she received the official title in a note sent her by the Fifth Field Artillery: "We sent an extra round of ammunition over to the Germans as greetings from the Doughnut Queen."—*Richard H. Syring.*

LETTER WRITTEN BY A BOY ON THE WESTERN FRONT IN 1918

CLEVELAND, OHIO—One night, by the glimmering light of a candle, I wrote a letter. It was on my eighteenth birthday. I scribbled many letters home during my two years in France, but this one was not to be sent at once. I wrote it deliberately, sealed it, and put it in the upper left pocket of my blouse. It was to be sent only if death came my way.

For many reasons which need not be mentioned here (they are obvious), I would rather not have my name used in connection with this letter:

P. O. 712, France.

Dear Every One at Home:

Tonight is a quiet one. Outside, but for the occasional pit-pit of a Boche machine gun which lies several hundred yards from here, the night is just like one of last summer when we were all so happy together on the island. I am going to take advantage of the occasion to write you this letter—and if it reaches you I shall never again be with you. I hope—not for my sake but for yours—that this letter shall never be read.

Several months ago, when I went into the army, on account of my youth many thought that I went only through the motive of adventure. But they were wrong. From the time when first I began to remember, you have brought me up to be a true American—and from my earliest recollection I have always considered it a privilege to fight for our country. When this war came, I could not stay. Young though I was, deceived I was not. And so I left you.

I now find myself right where the action is going on. I do not regret it. I am not afraid. I am proud to be here, and fear of death is overshadowed by the thought that I am doing only what every boy should do for his country.

As I look over the past years I cannot help but think of everything you have done for me. I remember how every evening I said my prayers on mother's lap—how dad played with me. And all these thoughts seem to make me all the gladder that I can be here helping in the fight for you.

"I have no fear or shrinking," our captain told us, "because the glory of dying for one's country is the greatest honor God gives man." I have wondered whether that is true. Only yesterday we brought in a young German just my age badly wounded, and, poor fellow, before he died he told the doctor that he was dying for a cause he believed just. He was deceived—but, mother and dad, I am not.

If I thought for one moment that I would die tomorrow knowing that it would help, I would do it willingly.

The past few months on the front have been very active. Many times I have had fortunate escapes—and all of these I owe to you at home. I am fighting for you; and how disgraced you would feel if I ever did any act which would be a discredit to myself! There is some one else for whom I am fighting. Somewhere in this world there is a little girl whom I have not yet met. I picture her to myself as some one who is watching me—and I must not be afraid, for her sake.

Whatever comes, you know I will do my duty.

During these terrible nights when everything seems so hopeless, you may always think of me as being worthy of being called an American. I really love my country. I would willingly die for it. That, even, is giving but little in return for what it has done for me.

And if I do go, do not think that my sacrifice has been great. Unfortunately, my sacrifice is small compared to yours. The sorrow that you will feel, though, is greatly overcome by the honor that will come to you. I gave little—my life. Yours is a greater burden. I am sorry it must be borne for me.

Yet this is a world of sacrifice. The debt I owe mother is greater than I ever could repay. My debt is small compared to what is owed her.

And so, when I am gone, just remember how much I loved you; that I died for you and for my country; and that in dying I had no fears, but gave my life willingly to this cause, not for my own sake, but wholly for the sake of others. If you know these things, you can be justly proud. My only regret is that I could not have done more.

GARY COOPER DID *NOT* PLAY BROTHAH ZEKE

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—After reading Mrs. J. L. N.'s groundless comment in September 26 Vox Pop, I've finally decided that there are people who will write anything to see their names in print. Gary Cooper positively did not play Brother Zeke in Hallelujah (as Mrs. J. L. N. stated). Zeke was portrayed by Daniel Haynes, a Negro who was seen only last year in So Red the Rose.

Knocking Mr. Smith, of August 15 Vox Pop, who was correct in his statement, this lady of Nutter Fort, West Virginia, inferred that she knew what she was talking about because *she* had seen Hallelujah. Now *I'm* wondering if the dear lady can tell such celebrities as Shirley Temple and Bill Robinson apart!—*Estelle Ferguson.*

REACTIVATION PREACHED BY MR. MACFADDEN

PORT CHESTER, N. Y.—Now it is reactivation instead of rejuvenation, just a horse of another color, by no less than our eminent writer, Gertrude Atherton (September 12 Liberty).

Whatever she advocates with regard to reactivation, except perhaps the vasoligature, has been preached by our worthy Mr. Bernarr Macfadden for many years.

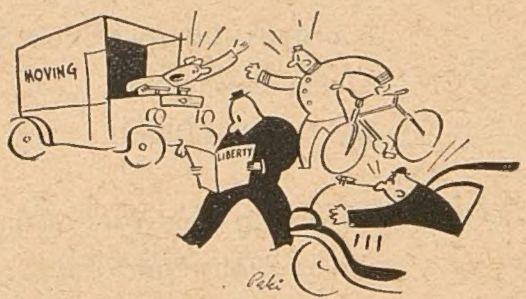
Oxygen is still the only source of long life and perfect health.

With regard to the Steinach vasoligature with the consequent diverting of the gonadal hormone (secretions), it seems to me that the creature attempts to correct or improve the work of the creator.—*A. H. Werner v. Wernigerode, M.D.*

READS US ON BUSY STREET—

COLUMBUS, OHIO—Liberty is like a woman to me. I can't get along with it, nor can I get along without it. And it may be the death of me yet.

Today I walked into a busy street while thoroughly interested in Vox Pop, and caused a big truck driver, two motorists, and a messenger boy on a bicycle to use profanity and brakes. Naturally, I feel weak in the stomach. Hoping you are the same.—*Wesley S. Bird.*



TO HEAVEN IN A BASKET

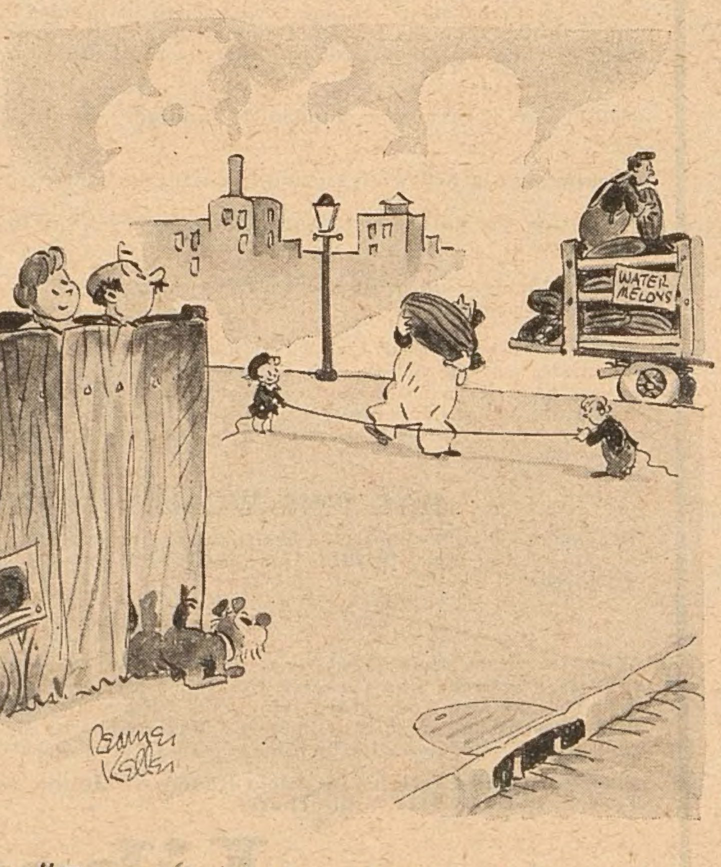
WILLIAMSBURG, KAN.—You people that write for Vox Pop do a lot of chewing the rag. I believe some of you, if you were going to heaven in a basket, would stop to argue some case until the basket would be hoisted and you would be left behind.—*L. T. G.*

"CALL IT WHAT YOU WANT"

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—I have just finished my latest story. It is one that Liberty needs, and has that love, life, passion, and deep understanding between two persons that only a woman's heart and soul can understand. Storm of Life has all these things cleverly and interestingly written, and woven in and out to give this story just what the reading public of today want and demand.

Love is a sin if not handled right, some say; but this girl had to fight a battle alone. No one could understand what she couldn't put into words. But then a man came along and taught her the finer and more lovable things in life. Suspense and drama and emotion make this a real story of today. Call it what you want, love or sex-madness, but it's all down in the little book as The Storm of Life.—*L. O. P.*

"HARDTACK"



"The men told them they could have all that dropped on the ground."

THINKS WALLACE IRWIN WROTE DARK MASQUERADE

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Why haven't I heard some praise about Wallace Irwin in your column? He sure is a wonderful writer, and I want him to know that somebody eagerly awaits his stories—he writes so true to life.

If there was nothing in Liberty but his latest serial, Wife Trouble, I'd think it was well worth the nickel alone.

I'll bet he is the author of Dark Masquerade.—*Mrs. Ingham.*

MATCH THIS ONE, POPPERS!

ALLENDALE, S. C.—How do you think a The Best Story I Ever Heard feature would go?

My favorite is an old one and I don't know its father. Neither do I know enough about the mechanics of humor to explain its charm for me. It is the best story I ever heard.

It's about the trader who was trying to sell a mule. As he led it from the barn the poor animal stumbled and, but for the help of the owner, would have fallen to the ground.

"Hold on, there!" calls the suspicious prospect, noting what happened. "Is that mule blind?"

"Oh, no!" the quick-thinking trader assures him without the slightest sign of confusion. "No, sir-ee! He ain't blind. He just don't give a damn!"

And it's applicable almost every day.—*John Gee.*

WHY NOT ASK THOSE GIRLS?

SHANGHAI, CHINA—However late, your Liberty is enjoyed very much on this side of the world. The editorials by Bernarr Macfadden are more than interesting. One only has to see China and other way places to realize what he means about "the American workers having the highest standard of living in the world."

Much has been written as to whether the nudists of the San Diego exposition were real or commercialized. Here's a pertinent suggestion: Why not ask those girls who worked for the nudist colony and froze their skins at night for the lousy sum of eighteen dollars a week?—*J. M.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

NEW YORK, N. Y.—An involved situation developed when a policeman tried to hand a summons to Harold W. Spindell for blowing too loudly the horn of his automobile. Mr. Spindell tore up the summons and informed the policeman that his automobile had no horn. The policeman then gave him two more summonses—one for littering the street with the first summons, and the other for failing to have a horn on his car.

SHREVEPORT, LA.—Justice of the Peace W. B. Sapp, of a local suburb, married a couple who said they had wedded each other four times in the last two years--without a single divorce.

"I'm gonna marry her again six months from now," Justice Sapp said the oft-wed bridegroom, E. L. Heacock, declared. "I just believe in honeymoons—lots of them."

TORRINGTON, CONN.—Clarence E. Risley, beginning his fortieth year as a postal employee, took a day off "to get away from it all." He spent his holiday riding with the parcel postman.

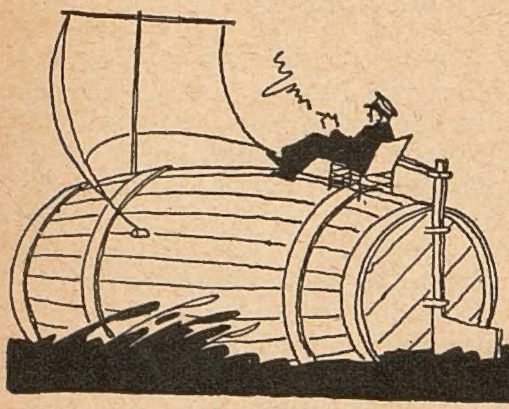
WINONA, MINN.—"Some men are scampering around in the treetops out here," a woman telephoned to the police. "Either they're crazy with the heat, or I am."

The police assured her neither was the case. The men were Soil Conservation Service nursery experts harvesting tree seed.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—A cooperage company has confirmed the statement of Ernest Biegazski that he plans to use his soldier bonus money to sail across the ocean in a barrel.

The company officials said that they are already building the barrel. It will cost about $1,000.

Biegazski plans to sail from the Battery, in New York Harbor, for "any port in Europe."



SIGNS OF THE TIMES

The following was seen in a Boston library:

Low conversation permitted.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

WHAT MYSTERIOUS POWER DOES THIS WOMAN HAVE?

Is she the forerunner of a race of people who will have almost supernatural ability?

Dr. Charles Francis Potter, who is, as he himself admits, an "extremely rationalistic, scientific-minded" man, thinks that she is, and visions a day in the near future when all people will be able to duplicate such feats as—

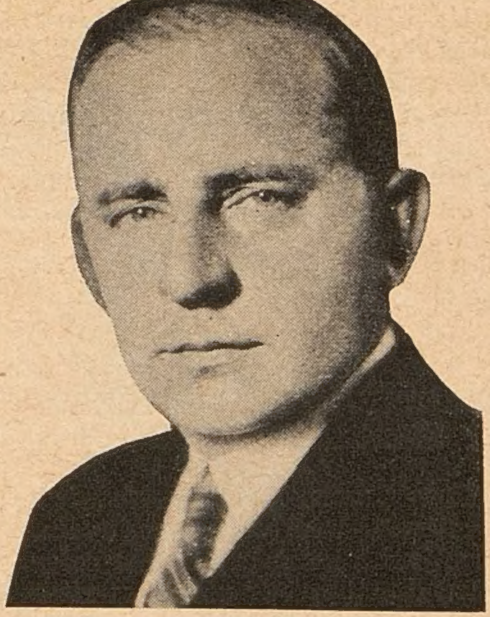
Telling of events that happened hundreds of miles away!

Looking at a locked briefcase and itemizing its contents!

Disclosing the nature of private papers locked away in a steel safe!

Playing bridge and being able to tell the hands held by each of the players!

Even more wonderful was the time—late at night—when she was motoring with friends and they ran out of gas nine miles from the nearest filling station. This woman by using her wonderful ability was able to summon her son from his home miles away to come to their assistance!



HAS THIS WOMAN SUPERNATURAL POWER?

Dr. Potter, who has subjected her to innumerable tests, tells about her and her marvelous achievements in one of the most thrilling articles Liberty has ever printed. Don't fail to get your copy next Wednesday!

HOW SAFE IS AMERICA?

With the black thunder of war growing ever more threatening over Europe, how are we in this country prepared? Can we resist invasion? An invasion that will be as sudden and quick as a lightning flash? What about our army? Our navy? Especially our air force? Are they prepared to cope with a first-class European military power? Major General Smedley D. Butler has some surprising information on this vital matter which he reveals in next week's issue.

Also stories and articles by Adela Rogers St. Johns, Frederick James Smith, Julian Field, George Trevor, Dorothy Day, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE NOV. 11

Get Your Copy of Liberty on Wednesday

Women and Children First

CCC

SAFETY PLAN

One of the country's largest factors in the financing of automobile purchases, Commercial Credit Company, urges motorists everywhere to cooperate in promoting motoring safety.

CHECK YOUR BRAKES
CHECK YOUR SPEED
CONSIDER OTHERS

CONSTANT CAR CONTROL
Will Save Lives

In times of peril, men of all nations live up to the unwritten law..."Women and children first." Americans, however, lead the world in applying this law to everyday life. Whatever science or industrial ingenuity has produced to lighten labor and add to human comfort, American husbands and fathers find a way to provide it for their wives and children.

The way, in most cases, is a time payment purchase. That's how millions of automatic refrigerators have been put in American homes, to lighten kitchen labor and to keep food pure and wholesome. That's how millions of motor cars have been bought, as well as radios, oil and gas burners, ranges, air conditioning equipment and many other mechanical aids to healthier, happier, more comfortable home life.

If you plan to acquire one or more of these for your family soon, keep in mind that the low cost and safety of Commercial Credit financing have been proved by satisfied users over a period of more than twenty years.

Remember the name. Ask any reputable dealer about the Commercial Credit plan.

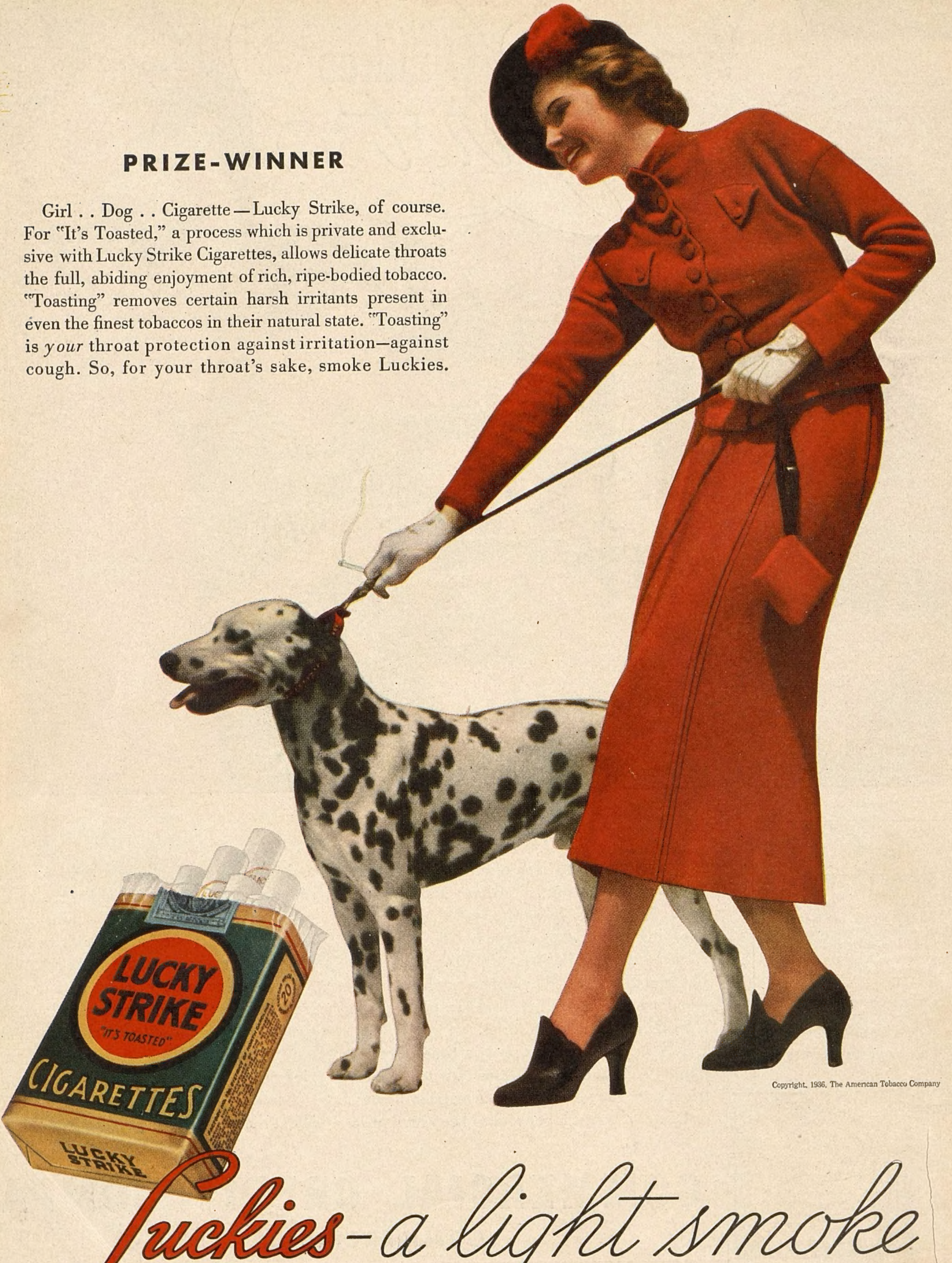
COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY

COMMERCIAL BANKERS

FINANCING SERVICE FOR MANUFACTURERS, DISTRIBUTORS AND DEALERS THROUGH 171 OFFICES IN UNITED STATES AND CANADA

PRIZE-WINNER

Girl . . Dog . . Cigarette—Lucky Strike, of course. For "It's Toasted," a process which is private and exclusive with Lucky Strike Cigarettes, allows delicate throats the full, abiding enjoyment of rich, ripe-bodied tobacco. "Toasting" removes certain harsh irritants present in even the finest tobaccos in their natural state. "Toasting" is *your* throat protection against irritation—against cough. So, for your throat's sake, smoke Luckies.



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Luckies–a light smoke

OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO—"IT'S TOASTED"